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R. Welford 1. English literature — Misc.

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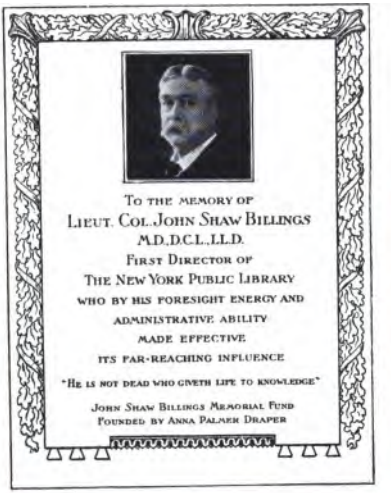

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FOUNDED BY ANNA PALMER DRAPER

research on the subject of shorthand. You wrote to Mr. Lewis, as the author of the work, but I have been credibly informed that Mr. Hewson Clark (*sic*), who wrote a work called 'The Saunterer,' is likewise the writer of the Historical Account, and of Mr Lewis's other publications," &c. (p. 17).

I do not know what truth there is, if any, in this passage, and I send it for Mr. Welford's information.

Rolfe and Molineux were writers of Dr. Byrom's system (1767), and Byrom was known amongst his followers as "The Grand Master"—hence the title of the book now referred to.

"The Historical Account of Shorthand," published by J. H. Lewis, the shorthand author and teacher, in 1815, is the best written and most impartial history of the art we have, and is now well known, I am glad to say, in all shorthand circles, to some extent through my having distributed in various quarters during the past few years, about 30 copies which I purchased in one dust-enveloped lot during my "collecting" days, in Holywell Street, Strand.—I am, &c., EDWARD POCKNELL.

London, Feb. 2, 1891.

Quarterly referred to in the Pocknell

in the Notes & Queries

NCZ
Clarke

THE

SAUNTERER,

A

PERIODICAL PAPER.

By HEWSON CLARKE.

Mores et Studia dicam.

Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obſtat
Res anguſta domi.

Newcaſtle:

PRINTED BY K. ANDERSON FOR THE AUTHOR.

Sold by T. Oſtell, Ave-Maria-Lane, London.

1805.

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DEDICATION.

TO NOBODY.

I KNOW not to whom the Saunterer can be with ſo much propriety dedicated as to one who has enforced its precepts by his life and converſation. To you, indeed, I have more particular inducements for addreſſing this trifling teſtimony of reſpect. I cannot reſiſt that warmth by which I am impelled to acknowledge the inſtructor of my infant mind, the guardian of my fame, and the friend and patron of my literary labours. To you I have been indebted for aſſiſtance and correction in the progreſs of my work, and for a munificent reward of that attention by which I have concluded it. From your generoſity I have reaſon to expect that independence of fortune which may enable me to deſpiſe, in ſecurity, the inſolence of wealth and the pride of ignorance.

When I thus addreſs myſelf to you, I labour, indeed, under no common difficulties. That energy of thought and ſplendour of genius, by which you are ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed, are ſo much graced by that modeſty which is always the attendant on extraordinary merit, that I am obliged to reſtrain that ardour with which the contemplation of your talents and virtues has inſpired me. I know

that if I wiſh to preſerve your patronage I muſt repreſs my enthuſiaſm, and admire in ſilence.

I cannot conclude without expreſſing my belief that you will judge of the SAUNTERER with your accuſtomed kindneſs. I have no doubt, indeed, (though my opinion may appear too vain,) that *you* will find in it much to admire, and little to condemn; that you will praiſe its beauties without unwillingneſs, and cenſure only when cenſure is neceſſary. Should the little bark which I have now ventured upon the ſtream of time, be waſted by the gale of favour to future ages, the praiſe of its ſucceſs muſt belong to you.

HEWSON CLARKE.

June 30, 1805.

PREFACE.

MANY of the following eſſays were firſt given to the world through the medium of the Tyne Mercury. The approbation with which they were received has induced me to reviſe the remaining numbers, and to publiſh them collectively.

For all the papers, except thoſe ſigned X. I muſt be reſponſible. I have been indebted for the latter, which form perhaps the moſt valuable part of this volume, to a gentleman whoſe name and talents would do honour to any undertaking. The criticiſms on Maſter Betty, though not conſiſtent with the original plan, are inſerted by the deſire of their former readers. I have tranſlated all the mottoes,

except the French ones, which, it may be preſumed, are intelligible to all who will *read* the Saunterer.

If the approbation by which I was firſt induced to publiſh the preſent volume be not hereafter continued, I ſhall regret the inconſtancy of praiſe, but I ſhall not accuſe myſelf of temerity or arrogance. He who has pleaſed the readers of a newſpaper without the aid of buffoonery, politics, or ſcandal, has ſome reaſon to believe that his labour has not been entirely uſeleſs. To have gained by my writings the favour and the friendſhip of a few, without influence, flattery, or riches, is a better excuſe for my literary preſumption than can commonly be offered. I am unwilling to believe that the eſſays which were applauded when their author was unknown, will loſe their intereſt when he is diſcovered.

Should

Should I even be diſgraced as a writer, I do not think that it will much diſhonour me as a man. The reader ſhould remember, whatever may be the imperfections of the following pages, that they were compoſed by a youth, who, when he firſt commenced their publication, had only juſt completed his ſeventeenth year; who owed all he knew to his own enquiries and exertions; who was neither encouraged by friendſhip to diſplay his literary talents, nor ſubmitted his writings to its correction.

With reſpect to the obſervations and the characters introduced into the Saunterer, whatever may be imagined of the inexperience of their author, I think it neceſſary to declare, that I have advanced no opinion which I had not previouſly examined, have expreſſed no ſentiment which I did not feel, nor deſcribed

any

any character (except one) which I did not know. None of my reflections upon life or human nature were formed from books, but are ſuch as were furniſhed by my own obſervation and intimacy with the world. I did not think in order to write, but I wrote in order to expreſs my feelings. When I produced the eſſay on ſecrets, a friend had betrayed me; when I deſcribed the miſeries of idleneſs, I had experienced them; when I drew the portrait of Maggot, I drew the portrait of a *Saunterer*, who adviſes others while he neglects himſelf; when I deſcribed the abſurdities of common converſation, thoſe abſurdities had diſguſted me.

That I was *partly* induced to the publication of theſe eſſays by the deſire of literary fame, I moſt readily confeſs; but ſhould my ambition be diſappointed, I ſhall not look back

back without pleaſure on the hours I ſpent in their production. They have ſometimes relieved my mind from more weighty exertion, without ſuffering it to deſcend to leſs innocent amuſements. Amid the cenſure or the praiſe of criticiſm I ſhall ſtill remember with complaceney, that I have ſometimes been preſerved from idleneſs or folly by the compoſition of a Saunterer.

It is eaſy for thoſe who can claim no ſuperiority of genius, or talents, to conceal their weakneſs under the maſk of reprehenſion. Some, who think my opinions or reaſonings erroneous, will perhaps be willing to avoid the trouble of a more laboured argument, by exclaiming againſt my writings as puerile, and conſequently fooliſh. Such cenſures as theſe, however, I ſhall always conſider as the higheſt tribute of applauſe. My ſentiments

and

and ſtyle are neither worſe nor better for the age or ſituation of their author, and he who affects to deſpiſe them becauſe they were compoſed in circumſtances unfavourable to literature, only ſhews his own imbecility. I am not ignorant that many who would have praiſed the SAUNTERER had it been given to the world as the production of an hoary philoſopher, will be unwilling to allow it any merit when it is diſcovered to be the production of an unbearded youth. The reaſons which, notwithſtanding theſe conſiderations, induced me to prefix my name are of little importance to the world; but I have taken care not "to give a proof of my ſpirit at the expence of my underſtanding."

Gateſhead, Sept. 1, 1805.

GON.

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THE

SAUNTERER,

&c.

No. 1.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1804.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri:
Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas deferor hoſpes.

HOR.

IMITATED.

But aſk not to what Doctors I apply;
Sworn to no maſter, of no ſchool am I:
As drives the ſtorm, at any door I knock,
And houſe with Montaigne now, and now with Locke.

POPE.

IT is neceſſary for him who wiſhes to gain the attention of the world without its envy, that he ſhould inſinuate himſelf into its favour by gentleneſs and good humour. He who hopes to influence others by bluntneſs of converſation and addreſs, will find too late that his frankneſs has only created him a number of enemies, equally tenacious of their follies, and jealous of imaginary honour.

The influence of the adviſer cannot be employed with ſafety till it is too ſtrong to be reſiſted. Self-love will ſometimes oppoſe every argument which ingenuity may produce; but he who engages the paſſions in his favour will find that he has in ſome meaſure ſecured the obedience of reaſon. His opinions will be heard without much reſiſtance or ſuſpicion. The obſtinate will be convinced without feeling the reſentment of inſulted vanity, and the pliant be rendered ſubſervient to his will, and by attachment ſecured from the danger of inconſtancy.

The imperceptible influence which men of moderate capacity poſſeſs over thoſe with whom they are familiar, may be in a great meaſure owing to the unguarded ſecurity with which their remarks are received. We do not imagine that men without pride or oſtentation can counteract our purpoſes, or influence our opinions. We attend to them with that indifference which mere familiarity inſpires, and do not find, till the diſcovery is uſeleſs, that our ſentiments and conduct have been influenced principally by the obſequious companion and the unobtruſive friend; by one who has liſtened to our arguments without remark, and laughed at our jeſts without criticiſm.

If mildneſs and incapacity are ſo powerful, what may not be expected from the man who to ſuperior abilities joins equal gentleneſs? Who, with energy to ſupport his principles, can enforce virtue without unmanly vehemence, and cenſure guilt without aſperity; who, in the moments of convivial mirth, can unite gaiety with inſtruction,

ſtruction, and in the circles of public life improve the morality of the ſage and the learning of the ſcholar, by the eaſe and the ſuavity of the man of faſhion.

To influence the minds of our companions without diſplaying our ſuperiority, it may ſometimes be neceſſary to aſſume the character of a SAUNTERER, to glide into the company of our friends without any apparent purſuit but that of relaxation, or amuſement, and while we direct the opinion of others to expreſs our own with ſeeming diffidence and caution. Without aſſuming a dictatorial power, the Saunterer, in the commerce of converſation, may ſometimes have an opportunity of improving his hearers by his knowledge or his wiſdom: without incurring the ſuſpicion of meanneſs he may conform himſelf to the manners and ſtation of his company: he may be ſerious with the grave, and merry with the gay: with the philoſopher he may deſcant on the curioſities of nature, and trifle with a lady on the beauty of her fan: he may enforce, by his precepts, the morality of the ſage, and join in the mirth and the humour of the trifler. But as there are ſometimes circumſtances in which ſubmiſſion is a proof of cowardice and meanneſs, ſo the Saunterer may be occaſionally allowed to exert himſelf when the ſociety of which he is a member is inſulted by ignorance or folly. The liar, the ſlanderer, or the oppreſſor of weakneſs, may be attacked without any violation of politeneſs. Even the malicious dare not accuſe him of impertinence while he is employed in the protection of innocence or beauty. As he ought to diſplay in his general character the ſua-

vity, ſo he may ſometimes be allowed to ſhew the firmneſs, the deciſion, and the intrepidity of the gentleman.

If this be the real portrait of a Saunterer, I have perhaps been delineating a contraſt to my own imperfections. Although I have the vanity to aſſume the name, I cannot hope to ſupport the character; I will not flatter myſelf that I ſhall be able to attract the gay by brilliancy of wit, or pleaſe the grave by extent of learning. Unlike the original of my portrait, I may tire the idle by ſolemnity, or diſguſt the buſy by impertinence. The ſtudent may converſe with me without hearing a ſentence of Greek on which to criticiſe, and the beau devote the time which he does not ſpend in the purſuits of gallantry, to teaze me in vain for a *bon mot* or a witticiſm.

Yet whatever may be the conſequence of theſe deficiencies, like the reſt of mankind I expect to pleaſe. I can teach the plain how to excite deſire, and inſtruct the beautiful in the art of preſerving it; I can communicate to the trifling the ſecret of living without ſcandal, and to the young the art of ſhining without debauchery. The girls, by liſtening to my perſuaſions, may gain huſbands, and the matrons preſerve unwithered the wreath of connubial felicity.

To attempt to amuſe or inſtruct the world after the appearance of the Spectator or the Rambler may be conſidered as fooliſh or unneceſſary; but whatever may be the knowledge of mankind which they have diſplayed, I cannot

not believe that they have left no room for the exertions of ſucceeding writers. Human nature will ſtill furniſh new materials for reflection, and new ſubjects for ſatire; and he who cannot command admiration by his genius, may at leaſt attract attention by his novelty. Though envy may be excited by the merit of a contemporary writer, it is ſeldom, if he be of tolerable abilities, that his advice is not more eagerly read than that of the long-departed heroes of literature. A new book is read by every man who wiſhes to ſhine in faſhionable or even reſpectable tittle-tattle, and among the number ſome may be found on whom admonition will not be ineffectual. That there is already a ſufficient number of writers in the world might have been equally urged againſt Horace, Dryden, Pope, or Johnſon; yet who would not lament the loſs of any of their productions as a real injury to the world? If it be urged that ſuch writers may be excuſed, but that petty ſcribblers ought not to force their writings into notice, it may be aſked in return, in what manner is a ſcribbler to diſcover his defects but by the judgment of the world? Let it be remembered, that ſuch an argument as this would have equally denied to the critic the works of Milton and Tate, of Burke and Bolinbroke. Horace has ſupported, by well ſelected examples, the opinion I have advanced.

Non ſi priores mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent
Ceæque, et alcei minaces
Steſichorique graves Camenæ.

And Pope, with equal felicity of judgment,

Tho' daring Milton ſits ſublime,
In Spencer native muſes play;
Nor yet ſhall Waller yield to time,
Nor penſive Cowley's moral lay.

Perhaps, like myriads of thoſe who have preceded me, I may have raiſed expectations which I cannot gratify; but when I have ceaſed to pleaſe, I ſhall retire without a murmur; and if I am not able to gain applauſe, ſhall endeavour to fly from the voice of cenſure. If I have ſhewn preſumption in attempting what I am unable to perform, I may at leaſt convince my readers that I am not devoid of ſhame, by ſubmitting to their deciſion without impertinent reſiſtance.

No. 2.

——Seu mobilibus vepris inhorruit
Adventum foliis, ſeu viridis rubrum,
Dimovere lacertæ,
Et corde & genibus tremit.

Hor. lib. 1. od. 23.

Her breath alternate comes and goes
If but a lizard ſtir the leaves;
And if the zephyrs fan the boughs,
She ſtarts and quivers, pants and heaves.

To

To the Author of the Saunterer.

SIR,

AS the writer who pretends to regard the happineſs of mankind, and who wiſhes to allay the animoſities of private life, ought not, while he attends to the ſighs of the lover, to forget the miſeries of the huſband. I flatter myſelf ſo far as to believe that my preſent complaints may not be unregarded, and that my wife may have an opportunity of diſtinguiſhing her portrait in the Saunterer.

My wife, when I firſt married her, was a plump, ſprightly girl, with eyes that ſparkled with vivacity, and cheeks that proclaimed the health of innocence. She could play and laugh, and dance and ſing, with all the gaiety of youth. During the honeymoon, as might naturally be expected, our hours were ſpent in a round of happineſs and feſtivity. The ſprightlineſs of Emily enchanted me, while in her ſolitary hours ſhe diſplayed that delicacy of feeling which conſtitutes the excellence of a female. But, alas! Sir, my wife has changed from a good-tempered, cheerful and ſprightly girl, and is become what is generally called a nervous wife; every breeze has now the power of putting my whole family into confuſion, and of occupying the whole neighbourhood in enquiries and conjectures; a change of the moon can diſcharge our ſervants, and our viſitors have been more than once diſmiſſed, becauſe one of them has chanced to remark that the weather was more hazy than uſual, and that we might expect a return of the ſhower.

To

To deſcribe all the ſymptoms with which a nervous wife is affected would deſtroy your patience. If the clouds begin to lower, ſhe is afraid that the moiſture may affect her lungs. If the ſun ſhines, the heat is too powerful to be ſupported. In winter the ſharpneſs of the wind cannot be endured. In ſummer the rarefaction of the air produces faintneſs. In ſpring the variation of the weather hurts her *nerves*, and in autumn the perpetual calmneſs renders her low-ſpirited. In *January June would reſtore her health*, and in June ſhe is always feveriſh, except in January. Every ſeaſon brings with it ſomething ruinous to her conſtitution, and every morning produces ſome change of weather which renders her life inſupportable. If I wiſh her to take a walk, it is imprudent to venture out, as *the air is dangerous*. If I with to remain at home, *too much* confinement makes her melancholy. When I prefer chocolate, ſhe thinks that tea is a greater cordial; and when I order tea, ſhe deſires chocolate as a better reſtorative. If I expect company, her health will be ruined by ſo much diſturbance; and if we are by ourſelves, ſhe wiſhes for company to amuſe her. Sometimes ſhe thinks that a book would raiſe her ſpirits, and when I have procured it, *too much attention will deſtroy them.*

As the window of the parlour fronts to the ſtreet, my wife diſcovered that the murmur of the croud made her uneaſy; I therefore contrived a window which commanded a view of the country, and then the proſpect was dull, and ſhe wiſhed for amuſement. The ſight of a fire produced the headache; I procured her a ſtove, and then

the

the fire was more cheerful. The buſtle of the town made her reſtleſs; I ſold my houſe in the town and purchaſed a ſeat in the country, and then ſhe feared ſhe ſhould die for want of company. *Thomas* was turned away becauſe he was too impudent, and then ſhe wiſhed that ſhe had not parted with him, as he was ſo humble and ſubmiſſive. If a mouſe runs acroſs the floor ſhe falls into fits, and the claſh of a door throws her into violent agonies.

A great part of my income is conſumed in paying the phyſician and apothecary, who are almoſt become inmates of my family. Every hour brings along with it leniments, electuaries, pills, and cordials. She has purchaſed of the charitable Dr. Solomon fifty bottles of the balm of gilead. One of my ſervants is employed in giving her medicines, and I am diſturbed four times in the night by her nurſe informing her that it is time to take an electuary. I am obliged to humour her in every thing, as Dr. Daffodil informs me that it is dangerous to oppoſe her wiſhes. As ſhe, therefore, knows that I dare not refuſe her requeſts, ſhe ſometimes deſires a pair of ear-rings, and ſometimes takes a fancy to a newfaſhioned head-dreſs. But that I may be able to ſhew you more minutely the nature of her complaints, I ſhall give you an extract from her memorandum book, which I have found by accident.

Monday.—Roſe at one o'clock.—The weather very cold.—Cold weather is very injurious to health.—I wonder why Mr. Z. always allows the curtain to be drawn ſo ſoon; it is inſufferable; I muſt ſpeak to him about it.

Mem.

Mem.—Lady Faddle has to call upon me at five to play a game at quadrille.—Her brother, a very pretty fellow; hope to ſee him.—Four o'clock.—Weather very hot.—Wonder that Mr. Z. does not get cloſer blinds; my talking has no effect upon him; muſt tell him that the ſun will hurt my health.—Eight o'clock.—Loſt at Q. 100 guineas.—Muſt not tell Mr. Z.—Deduct it from my apothecary's bill.—Very ſleepy.—I wonder that Mr. Z. can never go to bed ſooner.

Tueſday.—Was forced to go to bed at four.—Dr. Daffodil ſent me ſome horrid drops. Mem.—To tell him to ſend them more pleaſant; dear Dr. Solomon's medicine is far more palatable. Mem.—To ſend for a 22 guinea caſe.—Weather very fine.—Wonder that Mr. Z. never takes a jaunt in the carriage.—Three o'clock.—Very much fatigued with the jolting of the carriage.—Wonder that Mr. Z. could wiſh me to venture into the air.—Sent Mary for a cordial to Daffodil.—Very bitter; did not take it; bitters do no good. Mem.—To tell him to ſend a cordial of cinnamon or mint.—Six o'clock.—Received the apothecary's bill, 200 guineas; muſt give him 100, and pay Lady F. with the other.—Hope my huſband will not think the ſum too large. Mem.—Sir J. Faddle at Lady R's rout for a partner.

Wedneſday.—The dear polite man complimented me on my complexion. Mem.—To go to-night to Lady Faddle's rout.—I am very much ſurpriſed that Mr. Z. ſhould not turn away Thomas, he looks ſo dull!—The weather

weather is very ſtormy; muſt not, however, forget *Lady Faddle's* rout. Mem.—To have my tea medicated with Brodum's cordial as a very good reſtorative.—Muſt inform Dr. Daffodil that I am much ſurprized at his negligence.—Have not received above three cordials to-day.—Muſt diſcharge the 100 guineas.

You will, ſir, imagine, after this deſcription, that my wife is a pale emaciated woman, whoſe limbs are enfeebled by diſeaſe, and whoſe life is preſerved by medical aſſiſtance. But, on the contrary, ſir, ſhe is in appearance the ſame blooming, healthful Emily whom I married. She is as lively as any of her companions at the card-table, and can ſupport, with great vivacity, a converſation which introduces the failings of her neighbours. She is the moſt admired dancer at an aſſembly, and in the company of a gallant ſhe can render her converſation enchanting. When any of her female friends make their appearance ſhe can forget all her maladies, and meet them with the utmoſt good humour. She can chide the ſervants without the leaſt injury to her frame; and I myſelf have ſometimes wiſhed that the activity of her tongue was ſucceeded by fatigue.

Now, ſir, as the preſcriptions of Dr. Daffodil have no effect upon the diſpoſition of my wife, and as my preſent ſituation is inſupportable, I have applied to you as to a a phyſician of the mind, in which her malady principally exiſts. In the character of a Saunterer, many in ſimilar ſituations may have occurred to you; and if, by your advice

vice or assistance, my domestic happiness may be secured, you need not doubt of the gratitude of

Yours, &c.

FENELON ZANTHON.

Mr. Zanthon seems to have mistaken the caprices of his wife for the symptoms of a deplorable disease. Indeed, had I not reason to believe that he is a goodnatured man who is too fond of his wife to perceive her follies, I should imagine that she was very much afflicted with hypochondriasm. *His* situation is not a very peculiar one, as I am acquainted with a number of ladies who give equal uneasiness to their husbands, employment to the apothecary, and dissatisfaction to their friends. It cannot be supposed that I wish to add new torture to those who are really afflicted with disease: their situation is sufficiently deplorable. But a love of cordials, play, and contradiction, does not appear to me to be consistent with that delicacy of frame which so strongly marks the victims of weak nerves. Were I a physician, I might direct some mode of proceeding which might perhaps give equal satisfaction to the husband and the wife; but, as I have not the sanction of a diploma, I have prevailed upon Dr. Galbanum (who, I am assured by the college of Edinburgh, is a man of great abilities and learning) to give me the following classical prescription:—

R. Virgæ Broomensis, manipulus unum.
Signe. Applicatur Dorsalem omnæ tertio qaque horam: atque eundum datur.

Verbæ

Verbæ iracundi et juræ qs.
Patiens vincitur in roomo nigro pro horæ duos omne die.
Repetatur donæ elle curandum eſt.
Hauſtus fortiſſimum amares ſine ſperits dare dones dit
que elle melior eſt.

G. G.

As ſome of my readers might not be able to underſtand the importance of the Doctor's recipe, and as my verſion might not have done juſtice to his elegant latinity, I have prevailed upon him, in ſpite of the anger of his brethren, to give me the following tranſlation:—

Take of birch rods, one handful.

Directions.—To be applied to the ſmall of the back every third hour, and a ſufficient number of warm words and oaths to be given at the ſame time. The patient to be confined in a dark room two hours every day. Repeat theſe operations till ſhe be cured.—A very ſtrong bitter draught (without ſpirit) to be given, till ſhe declares that ſhe is better.

No. 3.

On eagle's wings immortal ſcandal flies. Pope.

AS I ſometimes divert myſelf with liſtening to the converſations which my writings produce, without appearing to be any way intereſted in the ſubject, I have

had frequent opportunities of learning the ſentiments of the ladies concerning me; and I muſt confeſs that my ſelf-love has been in ſome meaſure leſſened by diſcovering that many of them pay very few compliments to my genius or wit, but ſuppoſe my remarks to be the production of ſome ſuperanuated old fellow, whom debility compels to rail againſt the pride and the folly of the fair ſex. I have heard a lady, to whom the company of Mr. * * * * * appeared to be very agreeable, proteſt that the Saunterer was ſo full of morality that it almoſt threw her into hyſterics; and have been ſurprized to hear myſelf ridiculed as an old-faſhioned batchelor, by a beau whoſe life had been twice the duration of my own.

Now as I know no greater mortification than that of being conſidered as too dull or too ſerious for the company of the ladies, I hope to be able to gain their favour, and to hear "the dear ſprightly fellow" echoed from one ſide of the tea-table to the other, as a reward for my defence of one of the moſt valuable prerogatives of the ladies—that of indulging themſelves in the uſe of SCANDAL.

It muſt be very obvious to any one who has ever heard the converſation of a company of ladies, that without the aid of a ſufficient portion of ſcandal they could not poſſibly preſerve any vivacity, but would be all obliged to ſit without uttering a ſyllable; a condition to which I am ſure ſome of them would prefer that of perpetual virginity. Beſides, every one knows that it is a principle of politeneſs to contribute as much as we poſſibly can to the

ſatis-

ſatisfaction of our company; and ſurely this can by no means be ſo readily performed as by the relation of all the real or imaginary vices or follies which have been committed by the very deareſt friends which the company are poſſeſſed of. No one indeed, who has not been preſent, can form any idea of the pleaſure which a ſociable circle can receive from the delightful hiſtory of an intrigue or elopement; or how much one lady will be delighted by the remarks of her viſitors upon the imprudence of Miſs Q. or what ſatisfaction another will receive from the information that Miſs W. appeared at the ball in a very unfaſhionable dreſs.

Beſides, were we to diſallow the aid of ſcandal, how many of our belles would be obliged to conceal their own virtue and merit. Now as no one will be ſo unpolite as to imagine that any lady can poſſibly be guilty of the vices which ſhe imputes to another, the practice of ſcandal is eminently uſeful to expreſs the abhorrence which a lady entertains for the foibles which ſhe is ſo kind as to point out in her abſent friends. I have known a prude whoſe virtue had been very much ſuſpected, ſufficiently clear herſelf, in my opinion, of all ſuch accuſations, by her ſeverity againſt the faux pas of a lady of her acquaintance, and a coquet who was always remarkable for an affection for the men, regain her title to propriety by remarking in another the very ſame fault which had been condemned in herſelf. My friend Beau Dapple, who is more inquiſitive in theſe matters than I, aſſures me that a lady who is very awkwardly dreſſed, is by the laws of decency

allowed to be very genteel when ſhe deſcants upon the want of taſte of any of the abſent belles of the town, and that a head-dreſs which is totally unfaſhionable, is allowed to be very becoming and genteel as ſoon as its poſſeſſor has railed ſufficiently againſt the judgment of her friends.

The propriety of talking ſcandal may likewiſe be defended, becauſe that qualification may be ſo eaſily acquired. It would be ridiculous to imagine that any lady would ſpoil her eyes or her complexion in poring over the abſurdities of a few old-faſhioned fellows who only mean to improve the underſtanding, or that ſhe would employ that time in attending to any thing but a novel, which ſhe is accuſtomed to ſpend at her toilette. As no lady, in this enlightened age, is ſo unfaſhionable as to riſe before twelve, or to ſit leſs than four hours in arraying the colour of her cheeks, it is obvious that it muſt be morally impoſſible for any of them to gain a ſufficient quantity of the vulgar kind of knowledge to render them agreeable. But ſcandal is exempted from this inconvenience; for any one who is ſo goodnatured as to lend her aſſiſtance to the common ſtock, cannot fail to receive as large a portion of intelligence in return, and conſequently to reap knowledge without labour or waſte of time. If ſhe delight the company by the hiſtory of an intrigue, or an elopement, ſhe will in return be agreeably ſurprized by the relation that her very deareſt friend Miſs A. was diſcovered in a very uncommon ſituation with Mr. B. or if ſhe gratify the circle by an account of the ignorance of Miſs C. at an aſſembly, ſhe will perhaps be recompenſed

penſed by the aſſurance that her rival Miſs D. has loſt her beauty by a fever. After ſhe has gained this intelligence ſhe is amply ſupplied for the enſuing evening, and may exchange the fauxpas for an action of crim. con. or the fever for the ravages of diſappointed love.

Scandal may likewiſe be defended, with a little alteration, by one of the moſt forcible precepts of Chriſtianity; for if we alter the precept *do as you would be done by*, to *do as you are done by*, (a ſenſe in which it is underſtood by very reſpectable perſonages) it will be a ſufficient ſanction to any of thoſe ladies who remark the frailties or defects of others, ſince every one of them knows that her own character will be treated with equal freedom by her abſent friends. And ſurely no one can be ſo cruel, even without the authority of ſcripture, as to deny to any lady a privilege of which her moſt intimate friends are in poſſeſſion; or the liberty of retaliating upon her rival, by ſhewing the looſeneſs of her morals, or (what the ladies of faſhion ſeem to conſider as of equal conſequence) the awkward building of her head-dreſs.

It ſeems to have been imagined by ſome old faſhioned moraliſts, who have railed againſt the love of ſcandal, that a lady who talks againſt her neighbours has ſome malice or anger towards them; but I am happy to have an opportunity of declaring, that from long and attentive obſervation I have found this opinion to be abſolutely falſe, inſomuch that I can defend the amuſement of ſcandal as perfectly innocent, and conſiſtent with the dictates

of that Chriſtian charity which is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of the preſent age of piety and politeneſs. I have known two ladies who expreſſed in every company the moſt violent aſtoniſhment at the follies of each other, embrace with the moſt ardent profeſſions of attachment, and teſtify the utmoſt ſorrow that diſtance and engagement ſhould have denied them the happineſs of ſeeing each other more frequently. But what has given me more ſatisfaction, the very next evening I have heard the one remark that Mrs. P. was very hypocritical, as ſhe frequently ridiculed thoſe whoſe company ſhe ſeemed to deſire, and the other that *Mrs. Fiddle Faddle* was a *notorious* ſlanderer, as ſhe never made a viſit but to pick up materials for a tale.

If my remarks be juſt, and I have proved that ſcandal is abſolutely neceſſary to keep up the ſpirit of converſation; if it aſſiſt a lady to ſhew her hatred of the peccadilloes of which the world is ſo guilty; if it be gained without the leaſt injury to the bloom of the countenance, or to the whiteneſs of the complexion; if it be always promotive of goodnature and charity; and if it enable its votaries to diſplay knowledge and vivacity; although they be not poſſeſſed of learning, good ſenſe, wit, or politeneſs, I cannot help recommending its employment as of the utmoſt conſequence to mankind, and as abſolutely neceſſary to every one who wiſhes to render herſelf agreeable, ſhining, or polite.

No.

No. 4.

——Menſura tamen quæ
Sufficiat ſenſui, ſi quis me conſulit edam;
In quantum ſitis atque fames & frigore poſcunt.

JUVENAL.

If any aſk me what would ſatisfy
To make life eaſy, I would thus reply;—
As much as keeps out hunger, thirſt, and cold.

DRYDEN.

TO deſcribe the miſeries of wealth and the happineſs of poverty, has always been a favourite amuſement of the poet and the moraliſt. The inquietude of the man of fortune, ſurrounded by the miniſters of flattery, haraſſed by care, and weakened by debauchery, has been contraſted with the peace of the inhabitant of the cottage, who lives in the undiſturbed enjoyment of innocence and health, without anxiety for the future or repentance for the paſt.

Although when we fly from the illuſions of fancy to actual obſervation, we diſcover that deſpair, remorſe, and diſeaſe are equally familiar to the hours of the cottager and the prince, and that the victim of poverty is conſequently diſtreſſed by many of the miſeries of the rich without many of their luxuries; yet as theſe miſeries are not the natural attendants of the poor, but the followers of intem-

intemperance and folly, it may not be unworthy of our labour to conſider whether we may not, in a great meaſure, deſtroy them by a rigid adherence to the principles of virtue, and by a due exertion of the mind. The poorer claſſes of mankind delight to relate the diſtreſſes to which they are reduced, and to complain of the hardſhip of their ſituations; but the greater number of them may deſerve to be reminded, that the ſums which would have ſupported their families with decency, and rendered their hearts more light and their cares leſs numerous, are too often ſpent amidſt noiſe, idleneſs, or debauchery. Let me aſk them how frequently, while they complain of the dearneſs of proviſions and the neceſſities of their children, they are waſting their money and their time in drunkenneſs or gaming? How little can any of them expect compaſſion or aſſiſtance in misfortune, when their moments are ſacrificed to the revels of intoxication and impiety? There are very few of them who may not reap ſome advantage by reflecting how much of their poverty, inconvenience, and diſeaſe have been cauſed by the profuſion with which they ſquandered away, during the hours of diſſipation, not only the produce of their toil, but their health and bodily activity. Almoſt all the numerous objects of charity who ſolicit our relief might ſhew, by the hiſtory of their lives, that although their misfortunes may demand compaſſion, thoſe misfortunes have been originally produced leſs by the influence of accident, than by a want of habitual œconomy, and a too great indulgence in their love of the alehouſe or the gaming table.

And

And even to the middle claſſes of ſociety, who equally envy the happineſs of the rich, I would wiſh to recommend a greater regard to decent œconomy. I would aſk them whether the ſums which they are unwilling to grant to the ſervice of their country, and at which they expreſs their murmurs, are not unfrequently given without heſitation for ſome uſeleſs inſtrument of pride or luxury. The plaineſt tradeſman of a commercial town muſt have his breakfaſt-table ornamented with plate to half the value of his ſhop, and his drawing-room ornamented with pretended originals of *Weſt* or *Reynolds*. His daughters are trained up in a ſtile of expence and faſhion which even an independent gentleman might find inconvenient. This is the moſt ridiculous ſpecies of pride. Even ſome regard to the happineſs of their children might induce them to pay ſome attention to the decency of their dreſs. Few of them can imagine that their daughters can claim a coronet or a ſtar. Yet what effect can this prodigality of dreſs produce, but that of exciting ideas of grandeur which can only yield regret and diſappointment. The daughter or the wife of a tradeſman cannot in the preſent day be diſtinguiſhed from that of the nobleman but by her addreſs, which is indeed generally ſo remarkable as to excite an irreſiſtible ſmile of ridicule. How will an hiſtorian of a future age be believed when he informs his readers, that the daughter of the meaneſt citizen of the preſent age was dreſſed in the ſilks of Perſia, and that the value of her lace with which ſhe was adorned would have preſerved her father from bankruptcy?

But

But tho' great attention to œconomy ought to be paid before we venture to complain of the preſſure of poverty; yet, notwithſtanding their care and labour, the greateſt part of mankind muſt be condemned, perhaps fortunately, to remain in dependence, or to be content with a very humble competency. It depends, however, in a great meaſure upon every man's own exertions whether he be miſerable or happy. By far the greateſt part of the inconveniences of poverty are ſuch as prudence may prevent, or activity ſubdue. The purſuit of viſionary happineſs, of folly and of vice, is equally fatal to the peace of the peaſant and the nobleman, and will render even the obſcurity of the cottage the ſeat of remorſe and uneaſineſs.

In England there are few who have reaſon to regret the want of education. If the refinement of an individual be not ſufficient to enable him to receive pleaſure from the writers of his own country, he muſt reproach his own negligence. The amuſement of books is therefore a reſource to which every one may fly from the attacks of care. In the cloſet the peaſant and the nobleman are nearly equal. The tradeſman can enjoy the pleaſures of the imagination with as abſolute authority as the monarch. For the pleaſures of ſtudy there have been many who have reſiſted the allurements of unreſtrained diſſipation, of power and ambition; who have diſcovered in books that gratification which neither rank nor riches could procure. Yet ſuch pleaſures as theſe, which thoſe who had every means of ſenſual enjoyment have purſued with ardor, are

are forſaken by thoſe to whom they ſhould be the moſt deſirable, for purſuits which every hour may convince us produce nothing but remorſe, diſeaſe, and inquietude. While the happineſs of the great is envied, we forget that we have in our poſſeſſion an enjoyment for which the great have laid aſide their power, and to which the man of gallantry has flown as his laſt relief from the anxieties of vice, and the pangs of diſappointment.

I am not ignorant of the excuſes which are generally urged by the world for an improper application of its hours. A want of time, and the multiplicity of affairs, are readily offered as excuſes by the weak and the indolent. Of their arguments I have in a ſucceeding number endeavoured to ſhew the fallacy. If the reaſoning I have employed have weight when applied to thoſe who can command every gratification which riches or power can procure, how much more worthy of attention muſt they become when applied to the victim of indigence! If the happineſs of the man of fortune can be increaſed by a literary application of his idle hours, how much more muſt ſuch an application be neceſſary to him who is incapable of enjoying the pleaſures of ſenſual gratification, but at the expence of that which muſt preſerve him from the horrors of poverty and ruin!

Even to the man whoſe early misfortune or negligence has prevented him from enjoying the pleaſures of ſtudy, there are duties and amuſements which may render his life comfortable and happy. No man, unleſs he has advanced

vanced too far in the paths of licentiouſneſs, can fail to find happineſs in the careſſes of his wife and children. It is true that this pleaſure is too frequently forgotten in the company of noiſe and wickedneſs; but this is only a melancholy proof of the depravity of men whom example has ruined. The Hottentot would perhaps prefer the converſation of a cinder-girl to that of a Devonſhire or a Moira, but who, whoſe heart ever felt the powers of beauty and of wit, would envy his felicity?

No. 5.

"Quem tulit ad ſcenam ventoſo gloria curri,
Exanimat lentus ſpectator, ſedulus inflat
Sicleve, ſic parvum eſt; animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit aut reficit."

IMITATED.

O ye whom vanity's light bark conveys
On fame's mad voyage by the wind of praiſe;
With what a ſhifting gale your courſe you fly,
For ever ſunk too low, or rais'd too high,

POPE.

AS the natural conſequence of the difficulty every one finds in the profeſſion he has choſen, or in the rank of which he is poſſeſſed in life, we find that every man looks up to other ſituations and other employments as yielding to thoſe who poſſeſs them that happineſs which he has himſelf

ſelf in vain endeavoured to find, and as conferring upon them ſome peculiar privileges, which he imagines his own ſituation is not capable of procuring.

To thoſe who are engaged in the buſtle of buſineſs, expoſed to the dangers of war, or to any man who is diſſatisfied with the road to eaſe and honour which he has ſelected, the ſituation of an author is calculated to draw forth envy, and excite deſire; for what can raiſe the admiration of the brave or the buſy higher, than the conſideration of men, who reap the laurels of honour, and receive praiſe without being expoſed to hazards or difficulties; who can riſe to eminence without labour, and in ſolitude and idleneſs receive thoſe rewards, which are ſeldom attained by the reſt of the human race without toil, or without danger?

Yet the profeſſion of the author, like all others, when tried, fails to yield that ſatisfaction, or that happineſs, which it promiſes. Thoſe who follow it, find difficulties preſent themſelves to their eyes, and no ſooner are they conquered than new ones riſe to view, which ſerve but as ſteps by which to diſcover others, till many of thoſe who at firſt ſtarted grow tired of their journey, and fall down from the eminence they have in part attained, diſappointed in their wiſhes, and wearied with their labour.—Of thoſe who have entered the republic of literature, with the hope of admiration, and the expectation of praiſe, few have had their hopes gratified, or their expectations anſwered, by ſucceſs; and of thoſe who have acquired that ap-

plauſe they deſired, it may be obſerved that they do not receive the happineſs they expected from it, and that they have been left to ſtruggle with diſcontent, and to lament the fruitleſſneſs of their labours. He who ventures into the liſts of learning, has undertaken an enterprize, of which the reward depends, in a great meaſure, upon the caprices of mankind, and the ſuffrage which is his due may be withheld by ignorance, and denied by faſtidiouſneſs.

The man who pants for glory in the field, if his renown be once blown by the trumpet of Fame, has little cauſe for the fear of loſing that renown hereafter—he may ſit down, contented with the reflection, that however hazardous the means by which he has gained admiration may have been, the exploits he has performed, and the courage he has ſhewn, will be conſidered as heroic through every revolution of ſentiment and circumſtances, and that his fame will be echoed equally by ſavage ignorance and learned politeneſs. The actions of Alexander, or of Cæſar, are not paſſing in continual review before us: we are obliged to place reliance upon the teſtimony of others for their reality and for their merits; but the works of an author are always before the world; he has no hope of extenuating faults, or procuring regard by his own repreſentation, or the partiality of friends; he is not poſſeſſed of power to ſilence clamour, or repel truth; he is always expoſed to the arrows of criticiſm, and open to the rigidneſs of enquiry. If the queſtion be neglected by his contemporaries, and he receives applauſe undeſerved, it is taken up by poſterity, and examined with ſeverity; his faults are commented upon,

upon, and his weakneſſes magnified.—This expoſure to enquiry indeed, would be a deſirable circumſtance for thoſe who have a juſt right to the claim of merit which they offer, were the examination always conducted by the hand of juſtice, and the openneſs of candour; but it is too often entered upon by thoſe who are unqualified for the office; who ſpy out faults rather than merits, and who love to demoliſh rather than ſupport. Works may be pronounced dull by thoſe who cannot perceive beauties, and inſipid by thoſe who are without taſte; but of courage, every man profeſſes himſelf an admirer; the ignorant and the wiſe equally eſteem it, and many who, through a deficiency of intellect, or a prejudiced opinion, wonder at the mention of the genius of Shakeſpear, or the wit of Addiſon, ſufficiently diſplay the intereſt they take in the relation of the victories of Marlborough and the valour of William.

Even thoſe who have arrived at that height of literary eminence for which they wiſhed, are ſubject to inconveniences which though they apply, in ſome reſpects, to thoſe eminent in other profeſſions, yet affect writers in a peculiar degree. The merit of a book is to ſome men but a cauſe for its author being attacked; every effort of oppoſition, and every artifice of cunning, is uſed by his enemies to decreaſe the eſtimation of that man whom they cannot help envying, and every principle of falſe criticiſm is employed to cenſure that work which cannot be rivalled. He who hopes by his labours to tranſmit his name to poſterity, while he expects commendation, muſt likewiſe fear cenſure,

cenſure, and muſt expect that honour he wiſhes for, to be, in ſome meaſure, leſſened by the blaſts of calumny, and the vigilance of curioſity; for by malice or inquiſitiveneſs, the characters of thoſe who have become famous by the force of genius, have always been expoſed to the taunts of envy and ſtupidity.

An author likewiſe, after his merits have been confeſſed by the learned of his own country, is prevented from receiving univerſal fame by the locality of languages; for few are qualified to read or ſtudy tongues which are not commonly ſpoken, ſo as to be able to reliſh beauties, or diſtinguiſh merits. The hiſtory of a man who has ſignaliſed himſelf by valour and enterpriſe, may be tranſlated from one language into another, without leſſening his reputation; but every attempt to render the fame of a writer univerſal decreaſes it; no Frenchman, unacquainted with the Engliſh language, ever conceived the ſublimity of Shakeſpear; and every Engliſhman, unacquainted with latin, who reads the tranſlations of Horace, is aſtoniſhed at the praiſes he has received. The example of both theſe authors, it is true, is an evidence that writers may poſſeſs fame in other nations beſides their own; but it muſt be recollected that *that* fame is confined to a few, and that their names are almoſt unknown by the common claſs of thoſe who underſtand not their language; and who would not rather have his name echoed by the crowd, and known by every man, than reſpected by a few, whatever their learning or their dignity?

But

But a man might ſtill be ſatisfied with the proſpect of regard paid to his memory, and of reverence paid to the remembrance of his virtues; he might repreſent to himſelf in idea, his enemies being put to ſilence, and his claim to favour being acknowledged by every one; and he might conſole himſelf with the reflection, that though his fame would not extend itſelf to the boundaries of the univerſe, yet the time might come when in his own nation his name would never be mentioned without expreſſions of admiration, or his works be read without drawing forth commendations. But he is obliged by circumſtances to recollect, that there are men who, under the cloak of friendſhip, and in the garb of impartiality, to gratify inquiſitiveneſs, or to receive credit for ſuperior information, will expoſe his weakneſſes, and lay bare his infirmities.

It may be doubted whether if Milton had been able to foreſee with what obſtinacy of argument, and perſeverance of repetition, even by thoſe who profeſſed to honour him, he would have been branded with the titles of a promoter of rebellion, and an abettor of ſedition, he would have thought theſe reproaches ſufficiently compenſated by a crown of Parnaſſian laurels; and whether, if Johnſon was conſcious of the manner in which he has been treated, he would not reſign all claim to the title of lexicographer and moraliſt, to ſink into oblivion, unadmired by the learned, and unreverenced by the good.—To paint the foibles of men who, by their rank or their abilities, have raiſed themſelves to eminence, is certainly

juſtifiable; for to allow a man to poſſeſs a reputation he deſerves not, is to allow thoſe rewards which belong only to the deſerving, to be conferred upon the unworthy; and it is neceſſary that the failings of the great ſhould be placed as a mark to prevent others, while they imitate thoſe parts of their conduct or their lives which are really praiſe-worthy, from falling into the ſame errors, and the ſame weakneſſes: but ſurely that biographer cannot be juſtified who paints ſcenes, and repreſents faults, which can be of no uſe as inſtructions for mankind, which can only be diſplayed to excite the grin of malicioufneſs, and to preſent gratification to unprincipled curioſity? But of the lives of men who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves by mental excellence, how few ſhall we find which do not contain relations better concealed; which can only excite the laughter of the fooliſh, and the pity of the wiſe; which tend to leſſen that reſpect which every man ought to feel for intellectual ſuperiority, and which give occaſion to the mean and the ignorant to ridicule learning, and deſpiſe its profeſſors. Can any inſtruction be derived from the knowledge that Johnſon was voracious and indecent at meals, or that Addiſon was intemperate in the uſe of wine, or improvement from the relation of Pope's weakneſſes of body, or Goldſmith's perſonal peculiarities?

But as officioufneſs will ſtill be buſy, and malice always upon the watch, the man who endeavours to attract notice by his writings, ought to examine with circumſpection the faults of which he is guilty, and endeavour to ſhake them off, and as much as poſſible, to preſerve in the world a ſpot-

a ſpotleſs character, that his name may not be ridiculed while it is admired, or be quoted as an authority for immorality and indecency. The moraliſt in particular ought to pay attention to this, as every maxim of virtue, and every ſarcaſm againſt vice, will be ſtrictly compared with his own life, and if he do not act according to the precept he teaches, the vicious and the wanton will treat the rule he has laid down as falſe and dogmatical, and perſuade others to diſregard thoſe cautions which he who writes them ſeems to conſider as contemptible or uſeleſs.

But the dangers of oblivion, of reproaches, or of calumny, after death; the fear of ſetting a bad example to others, or of being held up to ridicule in the grave, are too far diſtant to have much effect on ſome minds; but there are other troubles which affect the heroes of the literary world, which come higher to the ſenſes, and which become important by frequency of repetition. Theſe difficulties I may perhaps take notice of hereafter, I ſhall for the preſent conclude with recommending thoſe who call themſelves critics, to conſider that nothing is more true than that "ten cenſure wrong, for one who writes amiſs," and that,

"In writers, as true genius is but rare,
"True taſte as ſeldom is the critic's ſhare.

No.

No. 6.

Quid non ebrietas deſignat? operta recludit,
Fœcundi calices quem non fecere diſertum?

What wonders cannot wine effect? 'tis free
Of ſecrets——
And what man is not eloquent o'er his cup.

THERE are few maxims which are more generally acknowledged to be true, or which are more univerſally neglected, than that one which teaches us, that *no man ever repented of having held his peace.*

Upon a curſory ſurvey of the world, one would find reaſon to imagine that men were impelled by ſome irreſiſtible impulſe to ſpeak when they ſhould be ſilent, and to diſcloſe what they ought to conceal; and that the expectation of honour, of power, or ſome other temporary advantage, was the temptation by which every one was induced to diſplay his enunciative faculties; for it might be reaſonably ſuppoſed, that no man would act without a motive, that he would be led into folly only by the omnipotence of his paſſions, and that he would only fall into error in thoſe caſes where his appetites ſtruggled againſt his reaſon: but on a farther examination, it will appear that no man's loquacity ever raiſed him to dignity, or endowed him

him with riches; but that, on the contrary, an eagerneſs of talking generally produces inconvenience and unhappineſs.

Of ſlander, and ſome other vices, which are generally accounted indications of a talkative diſpoſition, it may be obſerved, that though they cannot be practiſed without ſpeaking, yet it may reaſonably be ſuppoſed, that thoſe who are addicted to them would little regard the vehicle by which their ſentiments were expreſſed, could they by any other means equally eaſy ſtab a character, or ruin a reputation.

But there is one practice of which men are univerſally guilty, which ſeems to be the pure effect of a love of talkativeneſs; to which they are not ſtimulated by malice, nor excited by envy; which cannot owe its origin to the hope of rewards, or add to any man's happineſs or riches; but which always has the contrary effect, and has a tendency to produce poverty and uneaſineſs.

It might be ſuppoſed that things, the diſcloſure of which would be attended with danger to our happineſs, would be guarded with care, and that none would ſuffer their eaſe to depend, when they could prevent it, upon the will or the caprices of others, or their peace to be unneceſſarily in danger of being deſtroyed by the thoughtleſs or the indiſcreet; yet, if we examine the conduct of the world with attention, we ſhall ſee men committing the ſecrets of their boſoms to thoſe whoſe morality of principle they can doubt, and

and who have had little to recommend them but the caſual converſation of an hour.

Every man who reviews his paſt life, will recollect innumerable times in which, without any motive which he can now recollect, in the ardour of diſcourſe, or in the warmth of temporary attachment, he has opened his heart to one who has proved unfaithful to his truſt; who has betrayed the converſation to the next man with whom he has met; who has, in *his* turn, repeated it to others, who have had the ſame laxity of principle, till at length, by imperceptible degrees, it has become the property of every one.

The ſecrets of others are ſometimes revealed through maliciouſneſs or envy, but far oftner through the vanity which every man diſplays, of ſhewing how he has been truſted by his friends; but he who betrays his own ſecrets, has not the excuſe that he has been led away by *this* folly; but he is guilty of indiſcretion in the moſt ample ſenſe of the word: he muſt be conſidered as one, who, to gratify loquacity, will endanger his own happineſs, and conſequently that of others; and who will be reduced by the violence of *that* paſſion to violate the laws of friendſhip, and break his promiſes.

It is true, that the man who betrays only his own ſecrets, is not guilty of a breach of truſt, of faithleſſneſs, or deceit; and may think his honour loſt, were he to diſcloſe thoſe which are the property of others; he may conſider

ſider promiſes as worthy of being regarded, and the communications of friendſhip as ſacred; but it is ſurely not abſurd to ſuppoſe, that he, who cannot keep in his own boſom things which belong only to himſelf, will not (whatever may be the goodneſs of his intentions) be prevented by diſcretion from betraying thoſe which are of conſequence to his friend.

This laſt conſideration ought to impreſs upon the mind of every man, that, if he be eaſily inclined to place confidence in others, he will be treated by mankind as one guilty of fooliſhneſs and void of prudence; and one who is utterly unworthy, from his thoughtleſſneſs and levity, of being confided in by any one; and it ought to prevent him from being ſeduced to a return of confidence by any one who has made him the depoſitory of his ſecrets on a ſlight acquaintance, or in the hour of gaiety. It may be urged by thoſe who are guilty of this folly, "that it is a taſk of great difficulty to judge with accuracy of the tempers of thoſe with whom we aſſociate, to diſtinguiſh the real from the pretended friend, and to chuſe one who is really faithful and worthy of being truſted:" but beſides that this excuſe ſhews the neceſſity of reſervedneſs and caution in the ſtrongeſt light, it may be obſerved that it is eaſy to avoid thoſe who are remarked for betraying every ſecret, and to know the difference between volubility and taciturnity, and between levity and ſteadineſs.

There are ſome men who eſteem this freedom of diſcloſing our affairs and opinions, as a proof of a virtuous

ous and great mind; they imagine that he who practices it, ſhews that he does or thinks nothing of which he need be aſhamed, or for which he has occaſion to bluſh; but it muſt be recollected that this is only a *greatneſs* which the drunken and the licentious can diſplay, and is as much a ſign that a man has loſt all ſhame and all fear, as that he does nothing which he cannot ſubmit to the examination of the world.

It has, indeed, been urged, in the madneſs of philoſophy, that he who has plans or opinions of which he wants the world to be ignorant, tacitly acknowledges that they are unfit for the public eye; and that, unleſs a man committed ſomething of which the diſcloſure would be attended with ſhame, he would have no occaſion to keep a ſecret.

But to overturn this argument it ought to be recollected, that it ſuppoſes that there are in the world none who are malicious or envious, that no man wiſhes againſt reaſon and againſt conſcience to circumvent the lawful deſigns of another, and that the world is not addicted to ſlander, or guilty of forming ungenerous and uncharitable opinions. If mankind were wholly virtuous this reaſoning would be unanſwerable; but the life of a good man is in ſome meaſure a ſtate of warfare with the wicked and the worthleſs; and he ſurely muſt be highly culpable who expoſes himſelf to be defeated by his own imprudence, who puts arms into the hands of his enemies, and who ſhews.

ſhews them the means by which they may attack him ſucceſsfully.

It is unfortunate for mankind that the gay, the volatile, and the forward, who are generally the leaſt capable of keeping ſecrets, are thoſe who, by means of their inſinuative arts, are the moſt frequently truſted with them: there is ſomething in freedom and gaiety which imperceptibly ſteals upon our affections, and we do not conſider that he who is acquainted with every one, and can call every man his friend, will ſeldom be checked by the fear of offending, or be faithful to one while he is intimate with many.

The man whom we chuſe to be the keeper of our ſecrets ought to be religious and devout; he ſhould be modeſt and reſerved, rather than free and loquacious; he ſhould be tried by experience; he ſhould be one who ſeldom is communicative with reſpect to himſelf, and not inquiſitive with reſpect to others: if ſuch ſhould be our choice, what can we ſay of the common ſelection of confidants, but that they have been made by caprice, and continued through folly; that they have owed their origin to the revels of drunkenneſs or to a ſimilarity of vicious purſuits. To thoſe indeed, who are directed to chuſe each other for companions, through a love of licentiouſneſs, who are joined together by the ties of vice, and who relate their ſecrets to each other becauſe they would be heard with abhorrence by the reſt of the world, advice is uſeleſs, and reaſoning impotent; they ought only to be mentioned

ras a diſgrace to mankind, and not with any expectations of reforming them, but as a beacon for others; vice like virtue is ſtronger when united, and there is little hope of reclaiming him whoſe companions will keep him in countenance, and diſplay to his underſtanding, the one triumphant by its ſtrength, and the other ſubdued through the want of unity in its followers.

No. 7.

——— At ingenium ingens
Inculto latitat hoc ſub corpore. Hor.

——— A noble mind
Beneath this awkward form lies hid.

ONE of the weakneſſes of human nature, upon which philoſophers have employed their pens with ſeeming earneſtneſs, but with little effect, is that of being grieved or affected with the want of the advantages of external appearance—a fault which they have ſtigmatized with the title of inexcuſeable. They have repreſented beauty as unworthy of regard, and have recommended every one to ſtudy the cultivation of his mind, as the baſis of happineſs, and the criterion of ſuperiority.

I am

I am sometimes doubtful whether these instructions, or these maxims, which counsel every man to disregard his own deformity, and which instruct the world to despise beauty, have not been given as a means of preventing the writers of them from being despised because of their personal defects; and when I read a dissertation, meant to prove that negligence is not disagreeable, I am apt to imagine, that the person of the author has had a nearer resemblance to the crookedness of Æsop, than to the symmetry of Narcissus.

One of the greatest impediments to the respect which mankind ought to pay to those who endeavour to instruct them, is the practise which the latter have of endeavouring to depreciate the value of those things which are generally desired by mankind, and to persuade their readers to disregard, as unworthy of giving uneasiness, those evils which every man has learned from his infancy to dread. They have represented with unwearied diligence, the impotency of power, the insufficiency of wealth, and the uselessness of honour, to confer happiness; have employed every power of eloquence and reasoning, to increase in our estimation those circumstances which are generally accounted evils; and have displayed, with every argument in their power, the happiness of obscurity, the healthfulness of labour, and the freedom of poverty. But of the fallacy of these reasonings every man is convinced, and therefore every man despises them: those who have once been detected in striving to deceive, are seldom trusted again; and men after they have once discovered the fallacy

of the reaſonings of authors upon ſubjects of which they themſelves can judge, naturally imagine that they will equally deceive in thoſe things which are not ſo eaſily examined. They therefore reject admonitions, and ridicule inſtructions; they ſuppoſe, that he who ſatirizes follies, or praiſes virtues, does it rather to procure honour to himſelf, than to improve or aſſiſt mankind; and that an author is regardleſs of the truth or juſtice of the ſentiment he wiſhes to inculcate, if it but allow him an opportunity to diſplay his learning, or to introduce an unuſual thought, or a beautiful metaphor.

But were writers not to be run away with by the deſire of alleviating the miſeries of mankind, ſo much as to uſe arguments without ſolidity, and repreſentations without truth; were they honeſtly to confeſs and diſplay the miſeries of poverty and the advantages of wealth, and endeavour to adminiſter conſolation, not by fictitious repreſentations, but by directing the mind to new objects and new attainments, they might hope for better ſucceſs; they would not have reaſon to fear, that thoſe who believe them would be deceived; but would find that the uſe of their picture of human life would be in proportion to its truth.

The general concurrence of mankind ſeems to contradict the ſentiments of thoſe moraliſts, who have deſcanted upon the inutility and inefficacy of beauty, and the experience of every man is a ſufficient argument of the futility of thoſe maxims and theſe reaſonings, which tend to perſuade

ſuade us, that perſonal appearance is unworthy the care of a man of ſenſe; for, ſurely, that cannot be deemed unworthy of the attention of the wiſe, which can procure notice wherever it is found; which can aſſiſt him who poſſeſſes it in his journey through the world; which can add grace to virtue, and dignity to learning; which ſerves as a paſſport into every company; which increaſes the value of the rich, and preſerves the poor from contempt; which engages the ſmiles of the fair ſex, excites love, and creates reſpect.

To the Saunterer.

Sir,

Although the circumſtances in which I am placed, may be to the greater number of your readers neither ſingular nor new, yet the relation of them may perhaps ſave you the trouble of compoſing a paper, and have the merit of repreſenting in the language of truth common ſituations and common occurrences.

"I have the misfortune to be poſſeſſed of an ungraceful form, and an unpleaſing countenance. My father, with a foreſight and prudence which ſeldom attend the generality of parents, endeavoured to make up to me, by the advantages of education, for the inconveniences I might find from the effects of my external appearance. I therefore entered the world, if I may believe what the tongues of thoſe who had no intereſt to flatter me, and the eyes of thoſe

who have envied me, have declared, with a mind endowed with learning and intelligence. I was too conſcious of my own inferiority in ſome accompliſhments, and of my ſuperiority in others, not to ſtudy to improve talents of which I found myſelf poſſeſſed, without being very anxious to conceal my failings: for I conſidered that the effect of ſingularity or incapacity is much greater when it is diſcovered by accident, than when it is candidly avowed.

"My reception in the world is ſuch as might naturally be expected from theſe circumſtances. At my firſt interview with ſtrangers, my addreſs and figure render me far from prepoſſeſſing; but when I am more intimately known, and join in the converſation, little elſe is regarded—every eye is directed towards me, and every ear is attentive; and I ſeldom depart without leaving thoſe who have heard me in aſtoniſhment at my abilities, and in admiration of my eloquence. My company is afterwards ſought after with avidity, and loſt with regret. Among my friends I can excite reverence and affection; the gay are attracted by my wit, and the ſerious by my knowledge; the wiſe admire me, and the ſelf-ſufficient fear me.

"But not only in the circles of private life am I known: my fame has been extended in the republic of learning; my productions have been received by the learned with applauſe; my opinion is deciſive upon every literary queſtion; and I have a happineſs ſeldom enjoyed, of being at the ſame time an author and a patron.

tion. To these advantages I must add, that my fortune is easy, and that I have the reputation of being a good tempered man.

"Surely then (you will say), there can be nothing wanting to your happiness. Of what consequence is your deformity of person, when notwithstanding it, you may be admired and respected; and how small in the comparison is the laughter caused by an unsightly shape, to the applause of nations, and the attention of philosophers.

"Were there none but men in the world, Mr. Saunterer, I might perhaps be satisfied, and even flattered by these honours and these attentions; but, unfortunately, I am endued by nature with a heart susceptible of the power of beauty, without the means of attracting the smiles of those who are possessed of it, but in derision: I have a soul formed for the tenderness of love, without the power of raising the passion in the breast of another. If the magic of my tongue, the brilliancy of my wit, and the power of my understanding, have prepossessed those whose affections I would have valued in my favour, my hopes of happiness have been disappointed by the appearance of a coxcomb, whose elegance of form, and gracefulness of behaviour, have seduced that mind on which understanding or knowledge has had little effect. I have lost a mistress by the superior manner in which my rival has danced a minuet; and that heart I have in vain endeavoured to engage, has been won by the ease of a salute.

"Not

"Not long ago I paid my addreſſes to Belinda. In Belinda I thought I had diſcovered every requiſite that could be deſired in woman: beautiful without pride, and without volubility, ſhe ſeemed to poſſeſs all the perfections of body which poets have ſung, and all the accompliſhments of mind which moraliſts have recommended. From her conduct, I ſuppoſed that I had in her diſcovered a woman, who, ſuperior to the reſt of her ſex, could look with indifference upon outward appearances; who could deſpiſe fops, and diſregard flattery.

"Her converſation, which generally repeated the pleaſures of ſympathy between congenial minds, the vanity of beauty, and the purity of affections diſengaged from corporeal conſiderations, flattered me with hopes that I was not unintereſting to her. If you, Mr. Saunterer, have ever been affected by love, you will not want to be informed how a frown can depreſs, and a ſmile can enrapture; my nights paſſed in dreams of happineſs, and my days in repreſentations of future felicity. But let no man truſt to the force of a woman's underſtanding; the ſex will ſtill be ruled by caprice and levity; they will always gratify their eyes rather than their minds; they will liſten to flattery rather than to truth, and prefer fooliſhneſs to wiſdom.

"Happening to enter into her breakfaſt room rather unexpectedly, I ſaw a young officer ſeated at the table, and before ſhe had the preſence of mind to be ſilent, I had an opportunity to hear my name *dignified*, by the mouth from

from which I had never before heard a ſentence which did not convey gladneſs to my heart, with the appellations of "the old faſhioned book worm, the aukward creature, and the inſufferable fellow."

"However the reſt of the world may behave, if the loſs of fortune or the unfaithfulneſs of friends affect us, our misfortunes and our griefs may be alleviated, and we may be enabled to endure them with patience, by the aſſiſtance of amuſements, and the conſolations of philoſophy; but what philoſophy can enable us to bear with fortitude the ſcorn of beauty, or what amuſements enable us to forget the frowns of the fair ſex. The former is ineffectual, and the latter but cauſes us to regret that our pleaſures are not ſhared by one who can increaſe them, and that we have not a partaker of our happineſs.

"To a man of ſenſibility, the ſociety of one in whoſe heart he can have a place, who can ſoothe him in the hour of melancholy, and enliven the moment of gaiety, who can ſympathize with his joys and his ſorrows, muſt be an object of deſire. But from theſe participations I am excluded; and amidſt the applauſes of the wiſe and learned I in vain ſeek for happineſs. It is in vain that I reflect upon the ſuperiority of intellectual over corporeal advantages, when I find theſe powers and that learning, which have employed years of labour to gain and improve upon, baffled by arts and accompliſhments, which have required to acquire them not the labour of ſtudy, but the inſtructions of a dancing-maſter.

"I know

" I know not, Mr. Saunterer, how many may laugh at the recital of diſappointments they do not feel, or mortifications they are in no danger of receiving; but it may prevent thoſe who are in a ſimilar ſituation from labouring uſeleſsly in purſuits, which can only yield vexation and diſappointment.

" I am your's, &c.

AMORPHOMUS."

No. 8.

THERE is nothing which can afford a ſtronger evidence of the reſtleſſneſs of human nature, than the anxiety with which we look back upon the days of childhood; days in which we imagined we poſſeſſed that happineſs we now ſeek after in vain, and in which we were free from the cares and ſorrows which now oppreſs us.

Every man, in ſome part of his life, has repreſented to himſelf the period of infancy as a time without care or miſery, in which his heart beat with continual rapture; when the ſun roſe but to raiſe him to felicity and gladneſs; when every day but cloſed to leave room for regret that it was paſſed; when he lay down to ſleep as a ceſſation from the fatigue of perpetual pleaſure; when his mind was not deformed by paſſion, and when innocence and artleſſneſs accompanied him.

But

But what a picture does he form to himſelf of manhood, of hopes formed to be diſappointed, and ſchemes planned but to prove abortive. He is oppreſſed by care and anxiety; his portion of miſery exceeds that of happineſs; he is continually in fear of diſeaſe and poverty; he has to ſtruggle with fraud and violence, and is frequently defeated; his body is a prey to fatigue or laſſitude, and his mind the victim of jealouſy and envy.

I cannot accuſe myſelf of being an *apathiſt*; yet theſe repreſentations have always appeared to me to be viſionary. I have never looked back with a lingering look upon the times of my childhood; I have not any reaſon to believe that my boyiſh days were more chequered with ſadneſs or grief than thoſe of others, or that I have at preſent a larger ſhare of happineſs than commonly falls to the lot of man; yet, I can thank Providence that I have now gained the eminence of manhood, and that though my path be but unfrequently ſtrewed with roſes or myrtles, it is free from being rendered troubleſome or difficult by thiſtles or thorns.

Whether mankind, in their more mature years, experience a greater portion of joy or ſorrow, of ſucceſs or calamity, the ſhortneſs of my paper will not permit me to examine; but I feel little heſitation in avowing my opinion, that peace and happineſs attend the ſteps of manhood more cloſely than thoſe of our boyiſh years.

There is ſomething ſo congenial to the human mind in the remembrance of paſt times—times of which we know the return

return is impoſſible; we recollect with ſo much enthuſiaſm the happineſs and pleaſure we then experienced, and regard with ſo little care terrors and griefs we are not now afraid of, that it is not wonderful if infancy, in compariſon with our preſent ſituation, have the advantage.—We place on one ſide pleaſure unalloyed, and on the other ſorrow and unhappineſs.

But childhood, however it may perplex the imagination of the diſcontented or unhappy, ſeems to poſſeſs few advantages worthy of a ſigh. Were any man indeed aſked, if he would change his preſent ſituation for another, in which he would not be troubled by anxiety for riches, or by the dread of poverty; in which he would be free from danger or toil, he would perhaps anſwer "yes;" but if he were at the ſame time informed, that the ſight of an apple would cauſe him to feel all the torments of deſire, and that the loſs of a plumb would cloud his brows with vexation; and that he ſhould be under the government of another, who would have an unlimited power of puniſhing him, he would reject the offer with diſdain, and conſider the perſon who propoſed it as guilty of malice or folly.

Although a child is in ſome meaſure free from the fears and anxieties which affect a man when he has arrived at maturity—although he is not ſubject to the uncertainties of love, the cares of fortune, or the feebleneſs of age, yet he experiences miſeries, which, though they may appear trifling to one who is acquainted with their cauſes, affect the mind of the boy with ſadneſs and melancholy.

It

If we were obliged to labour for years in tasks, of which we could not perceive the use—if we always considered our time and our abilities employed unprofitably, and only to gratify the passion or the will of others, we would do little but lament the unhappiness of our lot, and waste our lives in endeavouring to shake off the load which encumbered us. Yet this is the general situation of a child; he sits down every day to an employment which he hates—he regards the school as a prison, and his teacher as his keeper. He is no sooner liberated from his confinement, than the moment is dedicated to playfulness and rapture; but this sport has scarcely begun, till he is again summoned to his study; he again sits down with reluctance—he is again pleased by liberty, and again disappointed by confinement.

Nor is youth without revenge, cunning, or jealousy; when a child has been excelled in play, or surpassed in learning, what envy takes possession of his bosom! Were we to examine into the private annals of a school, we should discover leagues and conspiracies: we should sometimes find its members divided by two chiefs into opposite parties, and sometimes united against their governors;—we should find every one endeavouring to gain his point by menaces or flattery, and such examples of art and intrigue would be disclosed, as would leave us little room to wonder at the scenes which are so common in the more advanced stages of life. If it be urged that the sorrows of a child are transitory; that grief has no sooner affected him, than it is effaced by gaiety and mirth; that his enmity

mity and his jealouſies are ſoon laid aſide, and that he quickly returns to his former ardour and attachment; yet it cannot be forgotten, that his joys are equally fleeting; that as trifles can elevate, trifles can depreſs him; and that every tranſport of merriment is in danger of being checked by a frown or a reproof.

In youth the more refined pleaſures are unknown; we cannot then relax our minds by ſcience or by ſtudy. We have few pleaſures but thoſe which depend on the ſeaſon or the weather: thoſe things which are the greateſt ſource of our felicity in our future life, are then regarded with diſguſt and averſion; we cannot then ſurvey new worlds, and bring the ſecrets of nature before us: our happineſs depends in ſome degree on our ignorance, and is therefore uncertain and inſufficient. We have not then underſtanding or philoſophy to enable us to bear our petty griefs with temper; if paſſion once ſeizes us, it is irreſiſtible. The effects of a tale of terror are not checked by reaſon or reſolution; even our improvement depends in a great meaſure on this principle. If we were directed by our judgment to perceive the futility of the threatenings of our teachers, it would be in vain that the rod was held over our heads to caution us againſt falling into error.

If this be a true picture of the ſtate of childhood, the recollection of it may perhaps prevent thoſe who are now overwhelmed with miſery, from encreaſing their burden by regretting imaginary felicity and eaſe; and they may perhaps

perhaps be taught by it the neceſſity of patience, if they but reflect, that the misfortunes under which they now labour, were once equalled by others which are now forgotten, and that as time has obliterated the remembrance of the latter, it will with equal certainty bring us to the period when we will look back on our preſent troubles with the ſame indifference.

No. 9.

La facon toujours varie;
D'objets en objets emporte
Je veux imiter ſa magie
Que nait de la diverſite.——LE POT POURRI.

To the Author of the Saunterer.

SIR,

"AS I perceive that you have not yet condeſcended to be influenced by me, and that, however you may ſtand in the opinion of the reſt of the world, you are not regarded by the *beauxgarcons* or the ladies, I have taken the trouble to endeavour to convince you, that, unleſs you pay ſome reſpect to me, your labour will be uſeleſs, and your ingenuity vain. But it will be neceſſary to remind you, that, from the ficklenes of my diſpoſition, you muſt not expect this letter to contain a long chain of arguments, but a jumble of thoughts, without order or connection.

"I need not yield to any one with reſpect to antiquity; there is ſome reaſon to believe that I was not unacquainted with the daughters of Eve when *ſhe* was living; and her deſcendents did not fail to reſpect *me*, when they had loſt the remembrance of *her*. Every ancient nation, renowned either for arts or politeneſs, has left ſome monument of my greatneſs—from the repreſentation on a ſtatue of the robe of Auguſtus, to the remains of a buckler of a ſoldier of Hanibal, or the tattered remnants of a ſandal of Julius Cæſar.

"But you muſt not imagine that I have no influence upon modern times, or upon more diſtant nations: I have had equal power over the poliſhed Frenchman and the ſavage Greenlander; I firſt inſtructed the inhabitants of the Friendly Iſlands to diſtinguiſh themſelves by the whale-bone placed in the noſtrils; and it was I who firſt taught the ladies of China, that little feet were neceſſary to beauty. But the government of thoſe uſages, which have become ancient by time, I have left to cuſtom, who, altho' he never gains an authority which I have not previouſly reſigned into his hands, yet afterwards curtails the extent of my power, with the rigour of an uſurper. My influence, indeed, is ſeldom felt by the Aſiatics or Africans above once in a century, when I perhaps produce ſome ſingular revolution in their ideas or their manners; but the commotion ſpeedily ſubſides, my power is ſoon laid aſleep, and thoſe who have regarded me ſink again into their former ſentiments and circumſtances. The bigotry of the Turk, the pride of the Spaniard, the coldneſs of

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the Ruſſian, and the heavineſs of the German, are too great to allow me to flouriſh in any of their reſpective nations; even the Frenchman is not ſo much my ſlave as he formerly was, except in the government of his country. Under the auſpices of Bonaparte it is in vain that I am cheriſhed; for I love not to reſide where I can be hurt by oppreſſion, or checked by authority.—It is in England, where every one can execute the whims of his own imagination without fear; where the men are ſuperior to controul, and the women above reſtraint—that I delight to dwell: my votaries are not here arreſted, becauſe their coats are lined with a particular colour; nor are they obliged to forbear going to a theatre, becauſe it is the Emperor's birth-day; a book is not ſuppreſſed becauſe it contains novelties, nor a newſpaper prohibited becauſe it publiſhes truth.

"In the beginning of the laſt century, my female diſciples were diſtinguiſhed by the nakedneſs of their boſoms, and the height of their head-dreſſes, the feathers of which ſometimes equalled in length the reſt of the body: I was then the patron of cold formality and clumſy dignity—the gentlemen moved along with an air of ſtate and importance, and the ladies ſeemed always as if they were caſting down their eyes with contempt upon a lover whom they deſpiſed. One of your predeceſſors, however, by his abilities and his wit, ſucceeded in lowering the height of his countrywomen's heads, and in covering their boſoms: he taught them to ſubſtitute eaſe for conſtraint, and elegance for majeſty. Thanks, however, to the race

of Saunterers, one ridiculous form was ſcarcely condemned, than another ſprung up in its place: the ladies of rank were now diſtinguiſhed by the height of the heels of their ſhoes, the length of their waiſts, and the ſhortneſs of their petticoats.

"It would be uſeleſs to repeat all the varieties of dreſs and manner, by which thoſe who wiſhed to honour me have been diſtinguiſhed: my male admirers have ſometimes been known by the ſmallneſs of their hats, the largeneſs of their boots, and the neatneſs of their ſpencers; and the ladies have endeavoured to gain my favour by imitating the dreſs of the men: they have ſometimes endeavoured to pleaſe me by unnatural reſtraints, and at others by artificial protuberances.

"I might, Mr Saunterer, ſtop here, and leave you to reflect, that you may be the favourite of the ladies, and the friend of the beaux; that you may ſpeedily gain reputation, by flattering any of the foibles I have mentioned; that you may engage the gay in your favour, by deſcanting upon the advantages of politeneſs; and ſecure the ſmiles of your fair neighbours, by a defence of the practice of *cheek painting*; but there is a larger field in which you may exerciſe your genius:—you may gain popularity by imitating the *jeux d'eſprits* of modern literature, and have your name waſted upon the gale of applauſe, by parodying the letters of Junius, and applying them to Mr. Pitt: It has been under my patronage that moſt of the productions of the preſent day have been uſhered into the world

—from

—from the poetry of West to that of Dellacruſca and Mrs Robinſon, and from the novels of Gooch to thoſe of Radcliffe. Plays without number, although poſſeſſed neither of ſpirit nor delicacy, have owed their ſupport to me. I have brought into reputation the nonſenſe of Darwin, the tameneſs of Pye, and the abſurdity of Lewis. I have inundated the Engliſh preſs with the doleful ditty of Leonora, and the productions of Kotzebue; and I have amuſed your countrywomen, by introducing tranſlations of the novels of Rouſſeau, and the romances of Voltaire. The reveries of modern reformers, and the enthuſiaſm of pretended philoſophers, have owed their favourable reception to my good offices. You may perhaps be ſurprized, Sir, that, while I know theſe productions are abſurd, I patroniſe them; but you have paid little attention to the world, if you do not know, that I ſeldom decide according to my judgment: that I am ſometimes confounded by boldneſs, and ſometimes corrupted by flattery; notwithſtanding, therefore, I perceive the ridiculouſneſs of the claims of thoſe whom I praiſe, yet I continue my applauſe, after the pretenſions of thoſe who ſtrove for it are condemned.

"By theſe means my power has become ſo great, that in the world of dreſs little attention is paid to decency, when put in competition with me; and in the republic of learning, the pen of criticiſm, when in oppoſition to my opinion, is employed in vain. By my encouragement the ladies will ſoon return to the nakedneſs of Eve, and your literature will be only remarkable for obſcurity and folly.

"Every

" Every ſucceeding year will probably produce temporary ſtories and gipſey tales; you will again be aſtoniſhed by the appearance of Italian horrors and Monkiſh myſteries, and again be ſurpriſed at the attention they receive, and the fame they acquire.

" In literature, however, it has ſometimes happened, that my deciſion has agreed with that of reaſon. I have not neglected the Purſuits of Literature, or its candid oppoſers. The poetry of Hayley, and the proſe of Godwin, have received from me and from the critics the character of elegant and eaſy. I have not denied the merit of the Travels of Holcroft, or withheld my approbation of the Materials for Thinking.

" But as the changeablneſs of my diſpoſition is proverbial, it will not be wonderful if many of thoſe productions which are, and many of thoſe which are not, excellent, loſe my patronage: the time may come, when I will look with equal indifference upon the inſipidity of Stockdale and the ſimplicity of Bloomfield; but I have never given conſideration to any work, without at the ſame time cauſing its real merits to be diſcovered.—If you are, therefore, inclined to believe, that your writings contain beauties which have not been remarked, wit which has not been celebrated, or learning which has not been admired, you may attain eminence by flattering my followers—a looſe thought, tranſlated from the French, will preſerve a Saunterer from oblivion. You may attract the attention of the men, by deſcanting upon the ficklenes

and

and the levity of the women; and pleaſe the ladies, by dwelling upon the inconſtancy and falſehood of the gentlemen; and you may be quoted by every one, if you take care to rail againſt the luxury, the pride, and lazineſs of the clergy.—The roguery of lawyers will likewiſe afford you a copious ſubject for wit and merriment; and when you are at a loſs for matter, you may introduce ſeveral entertaining reflections upon the number of people murdered by the faculty. It will be adviſeable for you ſometimes to introduce, as if by chance, a quotation which has no connection with your ſubject; and you may enter with great *eclat* upon the examination of an author you do not underſtand. If you uſe theſe methods to gain notice, I may venture to propheſy, that your reputation will ſpeedily eclipſe that of Johnſon; that your volumes will ſtand conſpicuous in the library of the beau, the philoſopher, and the nobleman; and that you will ſoon become one of the principal favourites of

FASHION."

No. 10.

Etre jeune et volage
Voir tout avec mepris;
Tenir en eſclavage
Tous les cœurs qu'on a pris
Rire, chanter ſans ceſſe, et n'aimer rien
Tris, voila ton portrait.

To

To the Author of the Saunterer.

SIR,

I WAS bred up under the tuition of parents who were univerſally allowed to be *good ſort of people*: my father always took care to make me be attentive at church, and my mother did not fail to teach me the principles of domeſtic œconomy—to inſtruct me to delight in aſſiſting her in her ſchemes of frugality and houſewifery, and to make it my ambition to diſtinguiſh myſelf by my induſtry and diligence.

Thus the early part of my life paſſed away in that indifference which is natural to thoſe who are not faſcinated by the faſhionable refinements of female delicacy. I ſtill was contented with pleaſing my father or my mother, and ſometimes contrived to delight the one and pleaſe the other. As my age encreaſed, however, I grew leſs and leſs the baſhful, the unaſſuming, and the reſerved Emily. My ambition was now placed on higher objects than cooking or œconomy, and I imagined that my abilities were better employed at an aſſembly or a viſit, than in making paſties or pickling cucumbers.

In a town like * * * *, where every mind was employed upon buſineſs, and where poliſhed ſociety was uncommon, I procured reſpect and love without poſſeſſing dignity or eaſe. Though I was not then very elegant in dreſs, or graceful in behaviour, I was conſidered as the moſt polite young lady in the place. I had every beau who ſaw

me,

me, dangling after me, and I was the object of purſuit to every man who pretended either to gallantry or taſte: it will not appear ſurpriſing, therefore, if I thought myſelf every way accompliſhed. What could I imagine, when every man who addreſſed me declared, that the elegance of my form was only equalled by the vivacity of my mind, but that I was eminently beautiful and witty? When every tongue informed me that I was the object of admiration and of love, was it not natural in me to ſuppoſe, that I had the power of captivating all who approached me?

As the effects of this attention encreaſed, I grew more uneaſy under the reſtraints which I endured. It was not long before I equalled all my acquaintances in levity, gaiety and thoughtleſſneſs. I ſoon became ſufficiently artful to give hopes to a lover whom I deſpiſed, and to diſcourage one whom I in reality wiſhed to ſecure. I learned all the myſteries of prudery and coquetry, and managed my addreſs with ſo much ſkill, that I at length attained the character of *a profeſſed beauty*.

Such was the manner in which I employed my time when Mercator paid his addreſſes to me. His perſon was elegant, his mind not uninformed, and his circumſtances good.—I now thought I had an opportunity of gaining a greater degree of liberty and freedom—that the commands of a huſband could be obeyed with more readineſs than thoſe of a father, and that I could willingly reſign the pleaſure of attracting univerſal attention to have

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the happineſs of ſecuring Mercator's love by my beauty and accompliſhments.

It was propoſed, however, that previous to my marriage, I ſhould take a journey to London with an aunt who had viſited us, for the benefit of her health. With this propoſal it will, perhaps, be unneceſſary to ſay I was delighted; for, though I was content with the knowledge I poſſeſſed, when no other was brought to my remembrance, yet the name of *London* operated like magic. I was oppreſſed by an anxiety and uneaſineſs I never before felt; I pictured to myſelf the ſights I ſhould ſee, the company into which I ſhould be introduced, and the conqueſts I ſhould make.

At laſt the day arrived in which I was to leave, for the firſt time, the place of my nativity. The carriage arrived at the door, and I leaped into it with ſuch eagerneſs and joy, that I could ſcarcely take leave of my parents without impatience. The horſes, however ſwift, did not keep pace with my wiſhes; but at length, after three days of ſolicitude, I arrived at the place which my imagination had taught me to conſider as an Elyſium of pleaſure and amuſement, where little was to be ſeen in the countenance of any one but happineſs and gaiety. I was not a little ſurpriſed, however, as the carriage danced through the town, to ſee every face expreſſive of buſineſs and care, and to ſee thoſe employments which I had almoſt learned to deſpiſe, followed here with as much eagerneſs as at * * * *. My reflections, however, were

were ſoon driven away by the brilliancy of the carriages, and the changing of the crowd, and when I at laſt alighted, I confeſſed that I thought London was *a very fine place.*

As my aunt is one of thoſe beings who are afflicted with imaginary maladies, I could not expect her to introduce me to the circles of politeneſs and gentility; but I was informed that my couſins would be in town in a little time, and that I ſhould be conducted by them to the ſociety of the faſhionable and the gay. Shall I confeſs, Mr. Saunterer, that this intelligence gave me additional ſatisfaction; I figured to my imagination the deſpair of my young relations at the ſuperiority of their couſin, and how much I ſhould be gratified by their confeſſion of my claim to preeminence in every female accompliſhment.

My mother, with that attention to œconomy which had always characteriſed her, had provided me with dreſſes ſuitable to my fortune; I therefore had no doubt that I ſhould, by that elegance and taſte which every one admired at * * * *, as well as by the ſplendour of my appearance, eclipſe the gayeſt ladies of the metropolis. I flattered myſelf with hopes that I ſhould be able to attract the attention of every man of rank or fortune, and to excite jealouſy in the boſom of every female, however diſtinguiſhed by beauty.

Filled with theſe expectations, I repaired, (ſuch was my impatience) to the theatre, with no other attendant

than the ſervant I had brought with me from the country.

You, Mr. Saunterer, will perhaps have experienced the mixture of elevation and depreſſion which we feel when we are expecting our actions to be the object of curioſity to every one; and you will not be ſurpriſed that I felt ſome degree of embarraſſment upon entering the boxes. I expected every eye would be fixed upon me, and that I ſhould be the object of attention and aſſiduity, not only to the ſprightly and the young, but to every one who took delight in receiving the ſmile of (what I imagined myſelf to b. a woman of faſhion.

I was indeed gratified by every eye being directed towards me, but when I had recovered the preſence of mind to look up, I thought ſome other expreſſion was viſible in every countenance, than admiration or envy. I obſerved that ſigns and glances paſſed from one ſide of the box to the other, and that all who were preſent ſeemed to have found an object for merriment. I imagined, (as I could not perceive the cauſe of ſuch an univerſal emotion) that the audience had diſcovered ſome object which lay out of my ſphere of obſervation. But I was not long deceived; the manner of the ſmiling and moving of fans among the ladies, and the ſuppreſſed laugh among the gentlemen, convinced me that I was the object of their ridicule. It was not till now that, with a mixture of mortification and aſtoniſhment, I perceived that none of the ladies who were preſent had a dreſs ſimilar to mine; that my feather extended about two feet above my hat, while thoſe of the

reſt

reſt of the ladies were dwindled to one fourth of the ſize—that I wore a veſt which was not in the *mode*—that my ear-rings were conſidered as unfaſhionable; and, in ſhort, that my dreſs afforded to every one a ſubject for wit and ſarcaſm.

As this was a circumſtance of which I had had no idea, and as I had formed hopes of univerſal conqueſt, the diſappointment affected me ſeverely. I hurried home to my aunt in tears, and made a reſolution not to appear again in public till I had every thing in the faſhionable ſtyle: this was ſoon accompliſhed; I again revived my ſpirits, and again ſet off upon the work of deſtruction to an aſſembly. I will not relate the incidents that occurred in the courſe of the evening, but will merely obſerve, that I was again mortified. I had not learned the town method of dancing. I was aſſured that the ſteps I uſed had been long ago forgotten by every well bred perſon; and it was hinted that I had probably learned them from ſome maſter who had never viſited the metropolis. My pride was now completely deſtroyed, and I reſolved to ſeclude myſelf till I acquired every London accompliſhment: I therefore hired teachers and inſtructors, and ſoon qualified myſelf, with the aſſiſtance of my couſins, (who had returned to town, and who were perfectly polite) to dance a *la francois*, and to ſing a *la italiano*, to move my body with inimitable eaſe, and to handle my fan with graceful negligence. I have been taught to place my *paraſole* in the moſt favourable manner for diſplaying my beauty. I have learned when to practiſe the glance of

coldneſs and diſdain, and when to encourage by a deceitful ſmile. I can now trip along with careleſſneſs and grace—I can ſpeak without meaning, and dance without aukwardneſs.

But you muſt not imagine, that while I have thus improved my behaviour and appearance, I have neglected the culture of my mind: No! all the maxims which my papa and mama endeavoured to impreſs upon my memory, are now (thanks to the relations into whoſe hands I have fallen) forgotten, I am now taught that love does not add to the happineſs of matrimony; that for the old-faſhioned ingredients of affection and obedience, I muſt ſubſtitute indifference and freedom; that while my huſband is tortured with jealouſy, it muſt be my pride to have a number of admirers at my *toilette*. I am adviſed to marry a batchelor worn down with years, rather than a man in the bloom and vigour of youth; as the impotence of the one will draw towards me the attention and the officiouſneſs of men who will, by their company, obliterate the remembrance of feebleneſs and age; but the heat of the other will excite him to revenge any attack upon his honour or his happineſs.

Thus improved, I turn with diſguſt from the recollection of my contract with Mercator. I intend expoſing thoſe charms which have formerly been thrown away in the littleneſs of a country town, as a ſignal to excite the malice of the women, and the love of the men: to paſs away the time in a round of perpetual amuſement, and to captivate

captivate the gay, the fashionable, and the great; till at length, when I have sickened with pleasure, and have engaged the heart of a man whose fortune and rank will satisfy my ambition, I may return in splendour and riches to dazzle the eyes of my former intimates, and to raise wonder and emulation in the bosoms of my less fortunate townswomen. EMILY HOPEFUL.

No. 11.

Το προσαγμα και το επιτηδευμα κινειν και μετατιθημι το μη καλως καθιεως. ——ISOCRAT.

Remove and change those laws, and customs which have not been rightly established.

THAT every exertion ought to be used to encourage the virtuous and check the vicious, and that those who are employed in drawing men from irreligion to piety ought to be chosen only with respect to their qualifications and abilities, are propositions of which the truth immediately convinces the mind; and were we unacquainted with the reality, we should naturally imagine, that they would have some influence upon our selection of those who are intrusted with the guardianship of the morals of their fellow creatures; and that none would be distinguished by the title of a PRIEST, but those who were eminent for their accomplishments and their usefulness, as well as for their learning or their talents.

But I am afraid that, upon a ſtrict examination, it will appear too evident, that thoſe who exerciſe the duty of a preacher, can ſeldom give a proof of their having been ſelected for their merit or their worth; but that ſome other motive than zeal for religion has been the ſtimulus by which thoſe, who have had it in their power, have been induced to eſtabliſh or promote thoſe who have applied to them. We ſhall, perhaps, diſcover that the office of prieſt is too often ſported with, like that of an exciſeman; and that, if there be any difference, it is, that thoſe who are appointed to fill the latter are admitted with greater difficulty, and are more circumſpectly examined, than thoſe who are candidates for the former.

There is nothing which can afford a ſtronger evidence of the want of diſcipline in our religious inſtitutions, than the number of the members of our church, who are, by ſome impediment in their utterance, prevented from convincing, or perſuading us by their eloquence. When a preacher can ſpeak his native language with fluency and juſtneſs, the force of rhetoric and the grace of action are but ſecondary aſſiſtants; and it ought ſurely, therefore, to be required, that all who attempt to do the good which might be reaſonably expected, ſhould have at leaſt a tolerable decency of delivery, and have no peculiarity of ſpeech, which might affect the minds of an audience with merriment or laughter.

Yet a perſon unacquainted with our manners, would, when he entered our churches, naturally form the idea, that

that our prieſts were choſen for their ſingularities and abſurdities; that he was the moſt honoured, who could diſplay the greateſt improprieties of language; and that the few who ſpake like the reſt of mankind, had obtained their ſituations by accident, and were ſecured by the ſmallneſs of their number from being moleſted or diſgraced.

Thoſe to whom the promotion or eſtabliſhment of clergymen principally belongs, ſeem rather to require teſtimonials of their learning than of their underſtanding: they forget that a man may be learned without being intelligent, and may be qualified to explain the properties of a Greek particle, without being able to expound a precept of chriſtianity. It will indeed, upon a minute enquiry, appear, that it is uſeleſs to examine how far a candidate for orders is a proficient in Greek or Hebrew: for if it be intended that the knowledge of theſe tongues ought to be applied to the ſtudy of the ſacred writings in their originals, yet it may probably be proved that this intention is fruſtrated, as it will be difficult to produce many who make this uſe of their time, whatever may be their qualifications or their talents. Nor does it appear that learning excites that reſpect for an eſtabliſhed clergyman which might be expected. Are the members of the church of England more reverenced by their pariſhioners than thoſe of the Diſſenters, moſt of whom have comparatively neglected the languages? No: the former, it is true, may excite admiration; but admiration ſeldom indicates reverence or love: it may make us conſider its object as ſuperior

rior in talents to the multitude, but it will not cauſe us to attend his recommendation of the piety, the virtue, and the charity of chriſtians.

I would not wiſh to have it underſtood, that I mean by theſe remarks to inſinuate that learning in a clergyman is unneceſſary; but the principle I wiſh to ſupport is, that we ought to pay more attention to natural than to acquired accompliſhments: The latter may gratify the pride or vanity of their poſſeſſor, and may raiſe envy in ſome, and reſpect in others, but the former, while they ſecure the reſpectability of the individual, impreſs a ſenſe of all that is good and honourable upon the minds of multitudes: The man who is eminent for adventitious acquiſitions, may be conſidered as a maſter to whom we may look up; but the man who is remarkable for natural excellencies, is regarded as a friend, who can not only adviſe us in perplexities, but aſſiſt us in difficulties.

If no inferior power *will*, the Legiſlature *ought* to pay ſome attention to a grievance ſo enormous. It ought to be recollected, that the ſecurity of happineſs hereafter to millions of human beings depends upon their being by perſuaſion incited to virtue, and by argument deterred from wickedneſs; and that without an eaſy elocution, perſuaſion cannot be employed, and argument is ineffectual. This ſtrictneſs, indeed, and this rigour of ſelection, may have its inconveniences, and ſome may conſider the examination of a man's enunciative powers as without delicacy; but want of delicacy is of no weight when put in com-

competition with the happineſs of nations, and want of convenience is but a poor excuſe for neglecting any effort which may conduce to the felicity of mankind.

It ought to be conſidered, that by the facility with which we admit men into the church, we increaſe the number of candidates; for when it is perceived that failings are overlooked, and that our churches are frequently governed by men who are totally void of an impreſſive manner of delivery, no man is checked by the conſciouſneſs of his own defects from aiming at the ſame eminence; but were we to obſerve with ſcrupulouſneſs the peculiarities of every one who aimed at the dignity of a clergyman, no one who ſuſpected his own deficiencies would hazard going through a courſe of ſtudy, or employing himſelf in labours which might be ultimately uſeleſs. We ſhould then find theological learning only ſtudied by thoſe who were poſſeſſed of other acquirements, and have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing thoſe who, were we leſs rigorous, might be uſeleſs or injurious to the community, acting in ſpheres in which they might receive honour and applauſe.

The man who attempts to leave any impreſſion on an audience, ought to have an elocution melodious, but not effeminate; bold, but not coarſe; energetic, but not violent: he ought not to diſguſt by affected vehemence, or to diſſatisfy by indipidity or coldneſs:—His action (if I may mention it) ought to diſplay the confidence of a man who is conſcious of the power of the being he repreſents, of the dignity of his office, and the importance of his miſſion. But

But the common claſs of preachers preſent a ſtriking contraſt to this picture. In voice, coarſe and unintelligible;—ſometimes, by their ſing-ſong, mimicking the hum of a bagpipe, and at others approaching to the bellowing of madmen. In their manner, imitating the behaviour of a criminal at the bar of juſtice, who, conſcious of guilt, dare not look in the face of his judges; or, looking upon their congregations with the eye of ſcorn, the front of impudence, and the countenance of ſtupidity, producing by their dullneſs or apathy the effects attributed to the elder tree, of lulling all who ſit beneath its ſhade to ſleep or forgetfulneſs.

But if the neglect of the ſubjects I have mentioned diſhonours the community, there is one indiſcretion which clergymen are very generally guilty of, which can only diſgrace the individual who falls into it:—Many of thoſe who have paſſed, by their diligence and their talents, through a life of honour and reputation, unwilling to believe that their powers are weakened, or their abilities decreaſed, continue their exertions till they loſe in age that popularity they have gained in the ſtrength of manhood, and till at length their congregations are only affected by hearing them with laſſitude and wearineſs.

Should our religious policy be regulated by the principles of experience, we may hope for ſome ſucceſs in reforming the principles, and amending the hearts of mankind; but ſhould it be neglected, and thoſe who aſſemble in our churches be doomed to paſs their time in drowſineſs and

and ſlumber, what can we expect, but that the nation become only remarkable for its inclination to vice, and its hatred of virtue and of honour; that our taverns be frequented by the votaries of drunkenneſs, and our ſtreets by harlots; and that, after the generation which is now paſſing away is forgotten, the one which ſucceeds it, and which has been brought up under its inſtructions, will again return to the infidelity of Heathens, that our public places be ornamented with idols, and that our churches be converted into temples dedicated to the worſhip of Priapus.

Such forebodings as theſe are too frequently regarded as the productions of romantic enthuſiaſm; but we ſurely are not in danger of exaggerating, by any repreſentation we can give, the conſequences which may ariſe from the want of energy in our recommendation of religion: Nor can we pretend to eſtimate in our minds the changes which may be cauſed by the want of warmth in our miniſters, when we perceive that the downfal of nations, and the riſe of empires, have frequently been cauſed by cauſes comparatively ſmall—cauſes, the effects of which had any one poſſeſſed the power and inclination to foretel, he would have been conſidered as one who was led into folly by the fervor of his imagination, or who loved to ſport with the fear and the credulity of his fellow creatures.

If I have therefore ſeemed to hazard ideas which are too bold, or to have pointed out errors which cannot be corrected, I ſhall only obſerve, in excuſe for my temerity, that

that with zeal for my religion, yet with reſpect for its miniſters, I ſhould have held myſelf culpable, had I concealed my opinions on ſuch a ſubject, becauſe they might appear ridiculous, through the dread of reſentment or the hope of favour.

No. 12.

Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.

HORAT. SATS. LIB. 2.

To virtue only and her friends, a friend.

AN author has always been juſtly conſidered as a man to whom poverty and inconvenience are familiar. He is by one part of the world, looked upon with contempt, as a being who poſſeſſes pride without the means of juſtifying it; and by the other, as one who aſſumes an importance he is not capable of ſupporting. He is deſpiſed by the rich, as claiming an equality which they are not willing to grant; and hated by the poor, as aiming at a ſuperiority to which he is not entitled. He is viewed with jealouſy by the great, and with envy by the mean; by the one, as impertinent enough to place intellectual in competition with hereditary advantages; and by the other, as wiſhing to elevate himſelf above them, without giving ſufficient proofs of his right to do ſo from his birth, his fortune, or his rank.

If

If we take a ſurvey of the lives of thoſe who have been obliged to employ their pen as a means of ſubſiſtence, or of acquiring riches, we ſhall diſcover how far the profeſſion of an author has been from anſwering either of theſe purpoſes; how many men have paſſed through years of poverty and domeſtic inconveniences, while their works have been yielding rapture to thouſands who would not, in return, have ſaved their author from a priſon: how many have been almoſt periſhing under the preſſure of penury, and how few have ſucceeded, by their labours, to ſecure a competency in old age, or to acquire a reaſonable reward for their diligence or their labour.

Thoſe who have *not only* reached the eminence of learning, but have likewiſe ſtood foremoſt in honours and in wealth, have generally owed their advancement to other cauſes, than their reſpectability as authors; and have been raiſed to dignity and to riches by connections, and by intereſt, rather than by their literary abilities. Addiſon, by his addreſs, and a fortunate concurrence of circumſtances, could attain the rank of a miniſter; but Johnſon, without connections or addreſs, after years of labour and ſolicitude, was obliged to graſp at a penſion, comparatively contemptible, without attaining the elevation of the ſtateſman, or the independence of the gentleman. Even the intimacy of men of ſuperior fortune or rank (an intimacy which is ſeldom granted to other men) is frequently one of the moſt diſagreeable attendants upon the life of an author. He who is treated as a companion or a friend by his ſuperiors, is not in an enviable ſituation; he feels

a conſtraint which his reaſon cannot enable him to ſhake off, and is perpetually familiarized to ſcenes of ſplendor, elegance, and refinement, when he is by his fortune condemned to obſcurity and indigence. Such a ſituation as this cannot ſurely be pleaſing to any man; little delight can be received from pleaſures for which we are indebted to the kindneſs of others, which every moment threatens us with loſing, and which continually remind us of our own inſignificance. But though an author is ſubject to the contempt of the proud, and the deriſion of the ignorant; though he cannot by his merit gain *perſonal* dignity or honour, and is ſeldom gratified by independence; yet he may (unlike thoſe who are engaged in other purſuits) ſtand in the claſs of thoſe who have by their genius or their talents diſtinguiſhed themſelves above the reſt of mankind, without performing actions, the remembrance of which can only raiſe in his boſom the horrors of compunction; and he may have his name wafted to diſtant ages, without becoming the oppoſer of virtue, or the encourager of vice. He is not obliged to flatter or delude; to court reputation by inſinuation and by falſehood; to lie, to cheat, or to deceive; he may reſt aſſured, that the object he deſires will be gained by probity and by candour, rather than by diſſimulation or treachery. He is not, like the warrior, obliged in his purſuit of fame to wade through the blood of millions, to plunder cities, or to ruin nations; he can riſe to eminence without murdering the innocent, or terrifying the weak; without having reaſon, amidſt the pomp of triumph, to reflect with remorſe upon the numbers he has ſlain, or the multitudes he has ruined;

ruined: nor has he, like the politician, to put on the appearance of cordiality while he meditates deſtruction; he is not compelled to form contracts which are not intended to be regarded, to employ every diſingenuous means of preventing the attempts of others to preſerve their liberty or their honour, to wear continually the maſk of hypocriſy, to ſmile on him he hates, and to affect kindneſs for the man againſt whom he is meditating vengeance.

An author may recollect, that his fame will only be durable in proportion to his regard to virtue; that it will be vain to employ the powers of learning or of wit in the cauſe of wickedneſs or folly; that if his pages be tinctured with irreligion and obſcenity, the beauties which may be diſcovered in them will be diſcovered in vain. They may indeed riſe for a moment under the protection of the licentious and the profligate, but it will too ſoon be diſcovered, that every moment brings them nearer to the gulph which has ſwallowed up the proſe of Voltaire, and the poetry of Rocheſter.

If he wiſhes, therefore, his volumes to ſupport their character through the revolutions of time and of opinion, a reſpect to decency, and a reverence for religion muſt be the characteriſtic of his writings: he need not be afraid that his fame will be the leſs, becauſe he has gained it without artifice or violence; or that his works will be neglected, becauſe they do not produce excuſes for folly, or arguments for wickedneſs.

The politician, the warrior, and the actor, are all perſonally expoſed to the ſcrutiny of the world; their actions are the object of every eye, and they are placed in too conſpicuous a light to be able totally to elude obſervation; if they acquit themſelves negligently or unſkilfully, they cannot flee from diſgrace: but a writer can endeavour to gain notice by his abilities, without expoſing himſelf to be mortified by ridicule; if the public do not encourage his efforts, and treat his performances with contempt, he can remain in his original obſcurity; he has the chance of gaining immortality without expoſing himſelf by a failure to be pointed at by the finger of deriſion; he can remark in ſolitude the progreſs of his works, and if *they* receive the tribute of *admiration*, he can burſt from behind the cloud which conceals him.

If we re-examine the remarks I have laid down, we ſhall perhaps diſcover ſome ſentiments which it would be well if the majority of our writers regarded.—We ought ſurely to uſe arguments, rather than declamation, againſt the fooliſh; and however we may be provoked by their ſtupidity, to oppoſe them with moderation and candour. Yet we cannot help obſerving how many of the authors of the preſent day endeavour by a literary perſecution, rather than by reaſoning, to defeat thoſe who have the hardihood to oppoſe them in opinion. It is on this principle, and on this alone, that I condemn ſome of the moſt celebrated productions in the Engliſh language, and among the reſt, the Purſuits of Literature. With reſpect to the latter work, after I have ſaid, that, in my opinion, it

diſplays

diſplays an erudition which has ſeldom been equalled; a ſtrong and elegant ſtyle, and a forcible and eaſy verſification; that it captivates the fancy, while it convinces the underſtanding, and ſupports ſentiments which do honour to human nature; it ſurely cannot be imagined that I am prejudiced againſt it; yet I cannot help wiſhing that its author had betrayed a leſs outrageous ſpirit of indignation againſt thoſe who profeſſed principles of which he could not give his approval: it ſurely would have ſtrengthened his cauſe, and have added to his honour, had he merely ſtated the facts which appeared againſt his opponents, without loading them with epithets they may not deſerve. Although little defence can be made for the diſregard which *Peter Pindar* ſhews for rank and morality, yet it does not juſtify the author of the Purſuits of Literature, when he brands him with the title of *execrable*; nor does the contempt which Mr. M. expreſſes for the writings of Godwin, prove, that his arguments are futile, or his opinions erroneous.

No. 13.

THERE is one accompliſhment which has been allowed by thoſe who have looked with a ſcrutinizing eye upon the manners of the world, to encreaſe the intereſt which the young are able to excite, to give additional force to the charms of beauty, and to add to the luſtre

of those who are poſſeſſed of learning. It has ſometimes ſucceeded in giving to plainneſs the attractions of beauty, and to ignorance the dignity which generally accompanies knowledge; and has, by its power, preſerved folly from contempt, rank from envy, and virtue from ridicule. It might naturally be ſuppoſed, that any thing which poſſeſſed ſuch recommendations as theſe, would be the favorite of the fair, the wealthy, and the great; and that all would conſider it worthy of their attention and their time. But when it is recollected that this accompliſhment is MODESTY, it will at the ſame time be remembered that the ignorant deſpiſe, and the learned neglect it; that the beautiful think it unworthy of their regard, and the homely complain that it is uſeleſs.

A *ſuperficial* obſerver of the world might indeed imagine that modeſty does not procure the regard which is gained by a contrary behaviour; but though this may be particularly true, it is generally falſe, and we ſhall perhaps find, upon a nearer view of mankind, that modeſty is more ſucceſsful in the general commerce of the world than impudence or aſſurance.

The ridiculers of modeſty may, it is true, aſſert, that its followers do not poſſeſs that eaſy addreſs which is the attendant upon the man who pays it no attention; that they who deſpiſe it, can acquit themſelves without confuſion in every ſituation; that they are not liable to have their excellencies diſregarded; and that they do not, like the reſerved or the unaſſuming, ſuffer their talents to lie hid

hid in unmerited obscurity. But though the impudent and the bold are frequently successful in forming intimacies, and are sometimes able to distinguish themselves in situations in which the modest would not have been able to appear, and though their talents are frequently displayed where those of a man with less confidence would be unnoticed; yet even in these cases, modesty has an evident superiority; and, in private life, if it do not produce unexpected familiarity, yet it seldom fails to secure a friendship solid and satisfactory, to steal upon the affections, and to procure esteem.

But the regard which is granted to impudence is not that of affection; it is rather the regard which we have for another, because he seems to claim, and we know not how to deny it, than that which is excited by union of sentiment; it seldom extends to actual services, or to a return of good offices, but it is generally evaporated in professions, and ceases with the presence of its object. But the intimacy which is produced by the modest is generally lasting: if it be not suddenly formed, it is durable and strong; it is not weakened by trifles, nor lessened by absence. There is something naturally disagreeable to the human mind in assurance and forwardness; from him who is possessed with great talents, (however he may display them, and however he may be admired,) every one withholds his praises, if he appears to be conscious of them. From the man who, seems by his conversation and behaviour, to tell us that he ought to be respected for his knowledge and abilities, we turn with disgust, we cannot persuade

ſuade ourſelves to encreaſe the pride of one who is already elevated by ſelf importance, and whoſe addreſs ſeems to indicate that he is conſcious of being our ſuperior, and that, he has little doubt of his own attractions. But the man who, beneath the garb of modeſty, conceals excellencies, is reſpected in proportion, when they are diſcovered: We willingly give attention to him, who ſeems not to claim it, nor do we heſitate in expreſſing our admiration of the man who does not appear to be conſcious of deſerving it—It is true, that, by ignorance, boldneſs may be miſtaken for a juſtifiable conſideration of our dignity as men, and modeſty for a conſciouſneſs of our own inſignificance; but he who truſts to ignorance for advantage or applauſe, will be diſappointed of the one, and uncertain of the other.

If we examine the biography of thoſe men who have not by intrigue or by commerce, but merely by their accompliſhments and their knowledge, been exalted above the reſt of the world, we ſhall diſcover that a becoming diffidence did not hide their value, nor depreſs their fortunes; and that many who could not enter a drawing-room without confuſion, have been reſpected by the wealthy, and careſſed by the great—have been honoured during their lives, and been immortalized after death.

It cannot, indeed, be denied, that there are ſome inſtances of thoſe who have pleaſed the world, having been proud and overbearing; but it is not unreaſonable to imagine, that if they had diſplayed equal arrogance before their

agreeable

agreable qualities had been celebrated, they would have remained in obſcurity, without admirers and without friends; and that if they had added to their other accompliſhments that of modeſty, their powers of delighting, however great, would have been encreaſed, and their fame, however univerſal, would have been extended. It muſt likewiſe be recollected, that it falls to the lot of few to be capable, by the merit of their converſation, of compenſating for the diſguſt which may be excited by their pride or their dogmatiſm. All who are eminent for their political abilities, do not poſſeſs the attractions of a *Fox*; nor is every man who creates admiration by his literary talents, able to equal the colloquial eloquence of *Johnſon*.

The man who is remarkable for his want of modeſty, every one may obſerve, is known to all, but beloved by few: Every man he meets ſalutes him, and every company into which he enters, treats him as a friend with whom all have long been familiar; his jeſts create a ſmile, and his opinions are attended to. But view him in ſocial life, amongſt thoſe whom every man would wiſh to call his friends; he is treated by all with coldneſs and diſreſpect, hated by many, and reverenced by none. Theſe effects, it is true, may depend on other circumſtances; he may be looked on with contempt for his ignorance, and with diſguſt for his vulgarity; but it will not be difficult to prove that both might have been in a great meaſure overlooked, had he paid ſome regard to modeſty.

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Though impudence is generally the attendant on ignorance, yet it is not uncommon to ſee men of learning and knowledge falling into a very abſurd ſpecies of it: What I allude to is, the practiſe of diſregarding all converſation which is not literary: The uſual ſocial *chit chat* is to many of them inſupportable; they wonder what pleaſure and improvement a human being can receive from talking about the common affairs of life, and return in a hurry from the company of an Engliſh matron, to meditate on the warmth of Cleopatra or the chaſtity of Lucretia. To men who have long been uſed to conſider themſelves as acting more reaſonably and wiſely than the reſt of mankind, I doubt my advice will be of little uſe; but I cannot help thinking, that even a philoſopher may ſometimes forget the pages of Tacitus, to partake of the comfort of an Engliſh fireſide, and to diſcourſe on ſubjects which are level to every underſtanding, without waſting his time or leſſening his dignity.

It will, perhaps, be unneceſſary to recommend to the ladies an accompliſhment which the univerſal conſent of mankind has pronounced to be abſolutely neceſſary to the perfection of a female, and which adds ſo much to her attractions. What expreſſion does it not give to her countenance, what dignity to her mien, and propriety to her demeanour? How ſevere it renders her frown; how enchanting her ſmile; and how becoming her freedom! Without it, a plain woman can pleaſe, a witty one can enrapture, and a beautiful one delight: Without it, the homely are diſguſting, the witty diſagreeable, and the beautiful contemptible.

No.

No. 14.

Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1804.

——— Breeve et irreparabile tempus
Omnibus est vitæ.———

"Life is short."

THE period has again arrived, which brings to our remembrance the rapidity of time, and the slowness of improvement; which reminds us of designs that have not been executed, and of resolutions which have been broken. We can now recollect, that the commencement of the last year brought with it the same sensations as the commencement of the present; that we looked forward with the hope, that it would in its course bring with it some relief from the troubles which affected us, and that we expected at its conclusion to be able to boast of having triumphed over some difficulty, or of having gained some advantage. But while we bring these expectations to our remembrance, we may perhaps feel that many of them have been disappointed; how little lighter the burden we formerly complained of has been rendered by time; that many opportunities of improvement have been suffered to flee unregarded before us; and that we can now recollect little which can allay our anxiety, or gratify our pride. —But these reflections, however mortifying, will not be without their use, if those who have been obliged to indulge

dulge them be led to conſider how much of their miſery and diſappointment has been cauſed by their own folly and want of prudence; that many of their hours of pain and ſorrow have owed their origin to the revels of debauchery; how ſmall a compenſation a moment of vicious rapture has afforded for days or months pined away upon the bed of ſickneſs; or how little proportion the pleaſure received from unbounded extravagance bears to the proſpect of poverty and ruin.

The man to whom the end of the year has brought indigence and want, may look back with regret upon the money he has ſpent in trifles which are now forgotten, or in follies which are remembered with compunction; he may conſider, that had he huſbanded with care the ſums he has ſquandered away in licentiouſneſs, he might have had at the beginning of another year, ſome evidence of his œconomy or his care, and have had reaſon to congratulate himſelf on his induſtry and diligence.

The man, too, who has neglected the cultivation of his mind, who has dedicated thoſe hours to idleneſs and vice, which might have been honourably and uſefully employed in the retirement of ſtudy; who has been ſeduced by every new allurement of pleaſure, to forget the labour and the perſeverance which are neceſſary for improvement; may probably be brought by the commencement of another year, to reflect what opportunities of acquiring knowledge he has waſted: how many of thoſe things, which, had they been regarded, would have elevated him

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a degree higher in the ſcale of intellectual excellence, have been neglected for frivolouſneſs and trifling; and how neceſſary it will be, that, while he feels regret for his idleneſs, he endeavour with every effort to reſume his career with new activity.

The man who has now little to remember but miſery, and who looks back upon a year ſpent in ſorrow and unhappineſs, may reap ſome advantage from his reflections, if he be at the ſame time led to conſider, how many of the troubles he has looked upon as unſupportable and undeſerved have been cauſed by his own wickedneſs or folly. He may, by the recollection, be warned to avoid rocks which have before deceived, and to ſhun pleaſures which have formerly allured him.

To all, indeed, the return of a day like this ought to be uſeful: it may teach the avaricious man generoſity, and the proud humility: it may encourage the unfortunate to look forward with hope, and teach the ſucceſsful to moderate their tranſport. But the only man who can contemplate with unmixed pleaſure and gratitude the ſwiftneſs of time, is he who has employed the days which have paſſed before him profitably and uſefully; who has not, for a ſcene of wantonneſs, been induced to neglect the duties and accompliſhments which do honour to the dignity of man; who has finiſhed the year which has cloſed with a mind unclouded with the remembrance of guilt; and who can now review with pleaſure the ſcene which

has paſſed before him, as one in which he has acted his part with propriety and honour.

For my own part, I may, perhaps, without being accuſed of vanity, aſſert, that I can look with a degree of real pleaſure upon the latter part of the preceding year; as convincing me, that I am not in danger of loſing the patronage of the public, becauſe I have ſedulouſly *endeavoured* to avoid the aid of falſe wit, and to employ my pen in the cauſe of morality and of truth. My writings have received attention in proportion to the care with which I have endeavoured to preſerve their purity. I have pleaſed thoſe whom I wiſhed to pleaſe,—the learned and the virtuous.

Whether, however, in my literary labours, I neglect the advice which I recommend to others, and fall into inſipidity, through a falſe confidence in the favour of the public, or in my own powers; or, on the other hand, conſider the approbation with which I have been received as a ſtimulus to new exertions; and whether I become ſo much elevated by ſucceſs, as to imagine my writings are without faults, or conſider my defects but as new incitements to correctneſs, the courſe of the ſucceeding year will perhaps ſufficiently ſhew; but I have not at preſent much reaſon to doubt, that when I have finiſhed my undertaking, I ſhall have ſome reaſon to look back upon it with ſatisfaction, and to congratulate myſelf upon having in ſome meaſure diverted the public taſte from nonſenſe and vulgarity, to reliſh the volumes of the Spectator and the Rambler.

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At a time like this, indeed, all who have formerly been diſguſted or offended may be eaſily ſoftened: thoſe who have hitherto read my paper with wearineſs, and laid it down with contempt, may, when I wiſh them a *happy new year*, relax their features into a ſmile; and many, who have formerly differed with me in opinion, may agree with me in the hope, that the year which we have commenced may be more worthily employed than the year which has paſſed. Such an opportunity as this, therefore, in which I may, with ſome chance of ſucceſs, endeavour to gain the favour of the rigid and the attention of the indolent, ought not to be neglected; and I therefore requeſt thoſe who have diſcovered imperfections, to bear them with patience, as natural to every human undertaking: and thoſe who perceive beauties, to conſider them as promiſes of ſuperior ones hereafter.

No. 15.

AS communication with his fellow-creatures is, when properly employed, one of the chief ſources of happineſs to man, it might naturally be expected that our care to make it as agreeable as poſſible would be unwearied; that the intercourſe which we held with each other would in ſome meaſure tend at once to delight and to refine, and that while we endeavoured to paſs away an hour in the company of our intimates, we would ſtrive to do

it in a manner which might entertain for the moment, and leave behind it ſomething pleaſing for future reflection. But that ſuch expectations as theſe will far oftener be diſappointed than gratified, every company into which we are introduced, may ſufficiently convince us. Hour after hour, and day after day, are ſpent in a manner which can only yield diſguſt and aſtoniſhment. Our meetings of friendſhip produce little but diſſatisfaction and regret. We paſs thoſe opportunities, which, were they properly improved, might add to our pleaſure and our inſtruction, in drunkenneſs or folly, in formal civility, or indecent rudeneſs. We cannot but obſerve that a converſation which can adminiſter real ſatisfaction is ſcarcely to be found; that the circles of friendſhip, or of gaiety, are ſeldom the places in which we can be *delighted* by the ſenſe, the vivacity, or the judgment of thoſe who frequent them; and that we ſeldom can leave them without feeling that we have ſpent the time amidſt dulneſs or nonſenſe; amidſt thoſe whom the pride of learning has diſabled from adding to the entertainment of others, or with thoſe who have rendered themſelves ridiculous by their ſtupidity or their ignorance.

To preſcribe rules by which to regulate the conduct in converſation, ſo as to render it agreeable and polite, can only be uſeful to thoſe who have committed violent outrages againſt good manners and good ſenſe; to endeavour to teach the more delicate graces of the polite companion, would lead us into abſurdity. The eaſe of the gentleman muſt be gained by attention; and the vivacity

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of the wit muſt be inherited from nature; but in correcting the fooliſh or the rude, advice may perhaps be effectual. Never to ſpeak on a topic we do not underſtand, is a caution which ought to be regarded by the man who wiſhes to ſhine in converſation. We may by chance perſuade our companions to believe that we are maſters of a ſubject of which we are ignorant, but ſurely ſuch a *chance* as this ought not to induce us to hazard the diſgrace which might enſue upon our failure; and we ought to recollect, that, as we ſeldom have occaſion to ſpeak but in the preſence of thoſe who will hear us hereafter, ſhould the ſame ſubject again be introduced by one who can detect our miſtakes and our ignorance, we ſhould be treated with contempt by thoſe who have formerly admired us for knowledge of which we are not poſſeſſed.

It is likewiſe neceſſary for him who wiſhes to acquit himſelf with honour, that he preſerve his temper amidſt every argument or opinion which may be advanced in his company. To treat thoſe with whom we converſe with rudeneſs, is ſurely not a method of perſuading them that we are in the right; beſides, when we call the ideas which are oppoſite to our own, ridiculous and abſurd, we forget that ours are perhaps equally fooliſh in the opinion of others, and that, by venturing to condemn him who oppoſes us, we become a judge in our own cauſe. We have ſo great a partiality for the ſentiments we have uttered, however ridiculous they may be, that our ſelf-love is alarmed at the expoſure of their abſurdity, and we become too much intereſted for our own honour to judge with

impartiality of the arguments of our antagoniſt. Nor ſhould we, if we wiſh to make ourſelves agreeable, betray a wiſh to engroſs all the converſation. If we appear impatient when others are addreſſing themſelves to the company, we loſe that reſpect after which we are ſeeking, and are deſpiſed or hated in proportion to the capacities of our companions.

But while we perceive the neceſſity of preſerving good humour and eaſe in converſation, we ought not, on the other hand, to let ſociety ſink into a mere interchange of civility and politeneſs. While we ſtrive not to offend, we ought not to neglect endeavouring to pleaſe; while we are careful to preſerve decency, we ſhould ſtrive to promote a reciprocity of entertainment and delight.

Our common viſiting parties diſplay a ſtrange mixture of politeneſs and inſipidity, of ſcandal and humour, of conjecture and remark. While the gentlemen deſcant over the bottle upon the goodneſs of the wine and the ſeverity of the weather, the ladies diſcuſs the propriety of the manner in which Miſs A. led down a ball, or condemn the aukwardneſs with which Miſs B. danced a minuet; and dwell upon the characters of their abſent friends with as much diſſatisfaction and ſeverity, as upon their dreſs. In the drawing-room every one waſtes his time in enquiring whether Mr. A. did not deſerve the title of a *coward* for fighting with the knowledge that his antagoniſt's piſtol was not loaded, and whether the *courage* of Mr. B. ought not to be called *raſhneſs*, and his *forbearance*, *folly*: and among

among the ladies at the tea-table, the time is occupied by inquiries concerning routs and aſſemblies; about the faſhion of a gown, and the value of an ear-ring. In endeavouring, however, to avoid this trifling, and to elevate converſation to that dignity which it ought to poſſeſs, many expoſe their ignorance and their pedantry, and ſome in their eagerneſs to diſplay their learning, change an aſſembly of friends into a ſociety of philoſophers.

There is no practice more ridiculous, or at the ſame time more common, than that of introducing into diſcourſe alluſions to the mythology, or quotations from the languages of the ancients. Every company into which we enter affords us examples of men who can ſcarcely ſpeak their native language with propriety, pretending to be captivated with the eaſe of Horace, or the vigour of Juvenal; or to admire the ſublimity of Homer, and the fire of Pindar. Every blockhead imagines that in mentioning the power of Love, a ſentence from Ovid will aſſiſt his rhetoric; and every admirer of the fair ſex can pronounce "*Lalagen amabo dulce ridentem.*"

To quote the words of an Engliſh author in common converſation, if it be not too frequently practiſed, is agreeable and amuſing; it adds to the warmth of real diſcourſe, the charm of elegance, and the vivacity of wit: but when we introduce a ſentence from a Salluſt or a Cicero, we do not reflect that there may be in our company many who do not underſtand the language we are uſing, and that they will conſider our diſplay of learning as a tacit reproach of their ignorance. Yet

Yet, however diſguſting we may imagine the pedant or the babbler to be, there is another ſpecies of beings whom I muſt diſtinguiſh by the appellation of the *ſmokers*; who are, in the compariſon, contemptible, and who ought to be driven from that ſociety which they are too pompous or too ſelfiſh to amuſe. Theſe men diſplay their importance, or ſatisfy their curioſity, by remaining in ſilence amidſt the hilarity of mirth and the heat of reaſoning, and ſeem by their behaviour to be anxious to improve by the remarks of others, or to gain that reſpect by taciturnity which they are afraid their converſation will not procure them. But he who expects to reap greater advantage from commenting in ſilence upon the opinion of others than from introducing his own, will be diſappointed. It is by our own inquiries, and by expreſſing our own ideas, and hearing the obſervations which *they* produce, that we receive the greateſt pleaſure and amuſement. There are few men who, when they hear an argument produced, do not wiſh to attack or ſupport it, or who, when they hear the roar of merriment, do not wiſh to join in it, unleſs they are biaſſed by their pride or their miſanthropy. Nor can any improvement we can receive atone in the opinion of others for our ſingularity and ſelfiſhneſs. While we try by ſilence either to employ our time well, or to preſerve reſpect, we only miſpend our hours, and loſe the affection of our companions. If we wiſh to gain amuſement without being willing to deſcend to familiarity with others, or are conſcious that we are not qualified to pleaſe by our converſation, we ought to relin-

relinquiſh the ſociety of men for the company of books, and to retire into ſolitude as a ſhelter from diſgrace.

I have intended theſe remarks for that miſcellaneous converſation which occurs in the middle ſtations of life. The etiquette of an aſſembly precludes variety, as the plainneſs of commercial diſcourſe deſtroys animation. In a feaſt of joy we can only aſſiſt in promoting mirth, and in a ſociety of *literati*, it is only neceſſary to diſplay our learning. While we endeavour to engage the ſmile of beauty, we may pay our court in the language of love; and amidſt our families, cuſtom and nature will teach us propriety of behaviour and diſcourſe: but, in the uſual converſation of mankind, our knowledge is agreeable, and our vigilance is neceſſary.

No. 16.

[The two following Papers are the ſubſtance of a ſpeech which was intended to be ſpoken at a meeting of an Aſſociation for the encouragement of induſtrious poor.]

OF thoſe abſurdities in the conduct of mankind which have employed the pen of the ſatiriſt, or perplexed the mind of the philoſopher, none is more remarkable than the inclination which every man diſplays to abuſe his power over the weak, and to oppreſs the defenceleſs. Our avarice of power is encreaſed by poſſeſſion, and our inſolence

lence becomes more insupportable by being gratified. To those who are above our support, and who despise our assistance, we are servile and officious; but to the man whose weakness claims our attention, or whose misfortunes demand our compassion, we refuse our aid, and suffer him to sink beneath oppression. Of this love of power, however, and inclination to cruelty, every man wishes to convince himself that he is not guilty: while we insult poverty, we fondly imagine we are depressing insolence; and endeavour to justify our tyranny, by saying that it is necessary.

To see the hero, while his country decrees a triumph in honour of his bravery, dragging behind him a monarch he has driven from his throne, or a general he has conquered; or to observe the soldier, while every voice resounds the cry of "victory," driven to desperation by danger, and enraged by opposition, continuing to murder after his enemies are discomfited, and to stab the captives who implore his protection, cannot excite much wonder in the man who knows the effect of flattery or praise, or who considers the impetuosity of passion, and the ardour of revenge. But that men, unbiassed by interest, and in the tranquillity of the closet, neither corrupted by flattery nor provoked by insult, should be emulous to use the weapons of literature in the cause of oppression, and to display by their writings that contempt for the inferior classes of mankind, for which they are prevented, by their situation, from distinguishing themselves in the cabinet or the field, may justly create in our minds astonishment and regret.—

gret.—There can ſcarcely be a more ſtriking inſtance of this abuſe of ſtudy and miſapplication of talents, than in the reproaches which have been echoed by periodical writers againſt a claſs of ſociety, which might have reaſonably looked up to the circles of learning and philoſophy for a defender and a champion. *Our ſervants* have been repreſented as beings who live in profligacy and ſloth; who gain their ſupport without induſtry; and who, conſcious of their liberty, inſult their ſuperiors, and waſte the property of their maſter; who ſpend the wages which belong to induſtry in the purſuit of vice, and in return for kindneſs or affection, betray impudence and ingratitude.

But after every inquiry, it will perhaps be difficult to diſcover many marks of ſuch debauchery and inſolence, or to find examples of the prevalence of idleneſs: we ſeldom obſerve that deceit has been returned for affection, or treachery for kindneſs.

Our ſervants have likewiſe been accuſed of applying their wages to purchaſe the inſignia of pride, of loading themſelves with indecent finery, and rivalling their ſuperiors by the ſplendor of their dreſs. Every power of rhetoric has been uſed to convince us, that the amount of their wages ought to be leſſened; that their inſolence ſhould be mortified, and that the ſums they receive are only ſquandered away in luxury or unneceſſary exceſs. A man who lives in future times, when he reads theſe declamations, will naturally imagine that the wages received by our ſervants were enormous; that in paying them their maſters

maſters were reduced to beggary, and were ruined for their gratification; but how will he be ſurpriſed when he is informed, that the wages which were expended in every ſpecies of wantonneſs and profligacy, which injured the nation and ſupported inſolence, and at the magnitude of which every philoſopher expreſſed his wonder, amounted to the *aſtoniſhing* ſum of ten pounds ten ſhillings a year!*

That ſuch a conſideration as this ſhould have eſcaped the men who have deſcanted upon the extravagance of ſervants, can only be accounted for by imagining, that, with that forgetfulneſs which commonly accompanies a bad cauſe, they have been likewiſe too eager to lay their arguments upon a ſure foundation. Nor have thoſe who have endeavoured to give confidence to tyranny, neglected to charge our ſervants with diſhoneſty: even thoſe who have confeſſed their wages have not been ſufficient to adminiſter gratification to pride, or to ſupport finery, have only allowed it as an argument, that the ſums which have not been gained by labour muſt have been procured by roguery; and that our ſervants are conſequently vagabonds and thieves, who revel amidſt the riches of their maſters, and procure their pleaſures by waſting the fruits of the œco-

* That I might not be accuſed of an unfair ſtatement, I have rated the wages of ſervants at 10l. 10s. a year; but they are frequently no more than half that ſum, and generally about 8l. per annum. It is true that there are a few who have enormous emoluments, and to whom I have alluded; they cannot, however, be called ſervants, but the governors of ſervants. It muſt be recollected that I ſpeak of female ſervants alone.

œconomy of others! But how thoſe who have not an opportunity of deceiving, if they wiſhed for it; who have every office which requires fidelity taken from their hands; who are watched with ſtrictneſs, and ſecured by every device which ingenuity can contrive, are able to live upon the property of others, or to wallow in wealth procured unlawfully—in what manner they can ſquander riches which are concealed from their eyes, or live in extravagance upon treaſures which are carefully kept from their attempts, it will require ſome ingenuity to explain. Sums which can gratify avarice or attract attention, are ſeldom entruſted to the care of common ſervants, but to thoſe who are by their ſtation exempted from labour, and by their emoluments ſecured from temptation.

But though I have thus argued againſt thoſe who declaim upon the extravagance and the villainy of ſervants, as being in its own nature impoſſible, yet I do not heſitate in aſſerting, that the obſervation of every man may convince him, that they ought to be commended for their honeſty and their care. In their appearance they are not ſplendid, but neat; and have an art which might be imitated by their miſtreſſes with advantage—of uniting in their dreſs œconomy with elegance. If we want to prove that they are addicted to treachery or deceit, we ought to ſhew that there are circumſtances which prove them to be more guilty of theſe vices than the other claſſes of mankind.

The inſolence of ſervants is likewiſe a ſubject of remark to thoſe, who have long been taught to expect a humble

and a ſlaviſh addreſs. We are told, that, ſpoiled by kindneſs, and taught by familiarity to forget their ſtations, they become inſolent and impatient of ſervitude; that they diſobey commands, affront their ſuperiors, and ridicule their maſters.

That men are impatient of ſervitude is, I hope, true; becauſe a deſire to throw of the ſhackles of ſlavery is honourable to human nature. But the inſolence ſo much complained of is ſcarcely to be found, and is frequently a ſhadow which floats before the imagination of their maſters. Firmneſs is to many of *them* impudence; and confidence, inſult. If ſervants ſpeak with the freedom of a human being, and if they do not caſt down their looks, or appear to be terrified, they fall under the appellation of ſaucy and impertinent; if they have the courage to diſregard anger, and to defend themſelves againſt falſe accuſations: if they refuſe to ſubmit to every ſpecies of abuſe and inſult, they are impudent and wicked. If, when they have fallen into error, they are diſpleaſed, becauſe they are continually reminded of it, or refuſe, when they are in the right, to ſolicit for pardon, they are obſtinate and perverſe; too inſolent for ſervitude, and too proud for labour.

No. 17.

It is now become cuſtomary (and the cuſtom has been recommended as worthy of the ſanction of the law,)

to

to reject every ſervant who is not able to produce a ſufficient character from her former ſituation; but it is ſurely as reaſonable to imagine, that a miſtreſs may be influenced by prejudice or malignity to refuſe a character, as that a ſervant may not deſerve one. It is at leaſt as probable, that the *reſpectable* part of the world are ſometimes influenced by hatred, as that the *inferior* claſſes of ſociety are actuated by diſhoneſty. If every one be compelled to refuſe a ſervant who cannot produce an unobjectionable character, arms will be put into the hands of the revengeful, and injuſtice be enabled to triumph in ſecurity. The privilege which ſervants poſſeſs, of changing their governors, is the only check they have upon oppreſſion: let us not, therefore, take away the only ſafeguard of domeſtic liberty, or by a miſguided zeal add ſtrength to the arm of tyranny.

It may be urged, that the neceſſity of preſerving a character, which may be a teſtimony of worth and a letter of recommendation, and the fear of being deſpiſed by ſociety, or condemned to want, will deter the unprincipled from vice, and lead the ſelfiſh into the path of rectitude. But a very ſlight ſurvey of the world will convince us, that thoſe who have forfeited their reputation by miſbehaviour, will rather be hurried by deſperation into the depths of iniquity, than driven from their vices, by the fear of puniſhment. Admitting, for a moment, that our ſervants are as profligate and as idle as they are repreſented to be, we muſt not imagine that they will be reformed by ſeverity, or humbled by correction. It cannot be expected,

that the frown of a maſter can have much effect upon thoſe who have given up their minds to knavery; nor is it probable that the loſs of reputation will have much influence on thoſe who are not reſtrained by honeſty, nor terrified by ſhame.

Would we not, therefore, diſplay our humanity and judgment, were we to endeavour to excite the ſlothful or the vicious by the promiſe of reward, and to encourage the diligent by a ſuitable compenſation, rather than by terrifying the idle by menaces, or diſcouraging the induſtrious by ſeverity. Thoſe who have, for a ſeries of years, given proofs of their fidelity, are, at the preſent day, condemned to look back upon care which has not been honoured, or toil which has been ſuffered to paſs without recompence; while the few who have only been diſtinguiſhed by their ingratitude or ſloth, can conſole themſelves by reflecting, that their idleneſs and guilt have only left them in the ſame ſituation with thoſe who have been fooliſh enough to waſte their lives in uſeleſs labour.

Let it be recommended, therefore, that a ſociety be formed, the members of which may be enabled to give pecuniary rewards to thoſe ſervants who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves by good behaviour and diligence. Such an undertaking as this will, indeed, be attended by ſome difficulties; but only by ſuch as are conquerable. I have before obſerved, that a character may be blackened through prejudice or malice, and conſequently the judgment of a ſociety

a ſociety would ſometimes be perplexed by a contradiction of teſtimonies: but this may be in ſome meaſure avoided by conſidering, not only the character of the ſervant, but likewiſe that of her miſtreſs. If the latter appear to be proud or ill-humoured, this ought to be conſidered as a proof of the virtue of the former; for it ſurely cannot be imagined, that any one is without honeſty or care, who has been for a ſeries of years employed by a woman, only remarkable for ill-nature and moroſeneſs; or that, on the other hand, that ſervant is without humility and patience, who has for a conſiderable time endured a miſtreſs, addicted to caprice and diſcontent, whom no induſtry could pleaſe, nor any obedience gratify.

In the provincial hiſtories of this country, we have ſome examples of a few individuals uniting to reward induſtry, in the manner I have propoſed; but thoſe aſſociations were not only too ſmall to have much effect, but the rewards they offered were, likewiſe, too contemptible to excite emulation No one was incited to diligence by the offer of one guinea and a-half, in addition to her wages, for the labour of 30 years; nor could the hope of receiving *a ſeven ſhilling piece*, induce any one to ſubmit to the fretfulneſs of a valitūdinarian.

To give ſuch an inſtitution, as I have recommended, any effect, it will be neceſſary that it be not ſupported merely by a few individual, but by the higher claſſes of the community in general; and that it be protected by

the legiſlature of the country. It cannot, ſurely, be imagined that it can want ſupporters of reſpectability and wealth, or that men of rank and reputation will refuſe to ſanction an attempt to improve the happineſs of a third part of the community; when our noblemen can employ their fortunes in rewarding the inventor of a ſtove! and our miſſes, without leſſening their portions, are able to reward the merit of an ITALIAN OPERA DANCER.

It muſt not be ſuppoſed, that this propoſal contradicts my opinion, that "ſervants are not ſo profligate or idle as they are repreſented to be." It cannot with any more propriety be imagined, that the former part of my reaſoning is falſe, becauſe the latter part of it recommends the encouragement of virtue, than that the generality of artizans are unſkilful, becauſe we reward the ingenious, or that the world is univerſally wicked, becauſe the upright are honoured!

[Some of theſe remarks apply to male as well as female ſervants.]

No. 18.

Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto.
Quæris fugam morbi. HORAT.

IMITATED.

Rack'd with ſciatics, martyr'd with the ſtone,
Will any mortal let himſelf alone.

IT

IT is with great indignation and ſurpriſe that I peruſe the reproaches which my incorrigible predeceſſors have publiſhed againſt thoſe gentlemen who are commonly called Quacks. I have not yet diſcovered a periodical writer who does not repreſent them as beings who live at the expence of the eſtate and health of their patients; who vend for the cure of diſeaſes articles which are pernicious to the human frame, and who diſperſe around the earth fevers, dyſenteries, and ſcurvies, under the form of balſams, lozenges, or pills.

This declamation, however, has been moſt unfortunately directed, for it cannot be expected that ſuch abſurdities will have much authority, when oppoſed by undeniable marks of merit, or by men who can cure a fever without ſubjecting their patients to confinement, and produce witneſſes to prove, that an elixir has in leſs than an hour cured them of the gout, or that a lozenge has in a moment mitigated the torment of the tooth-ache!

But though theſe evidences are ſufficient to convince the ſimple, they have not, it appears, been ſufficient to ſoften the obſtinacy of thoſe pretenders to wiſdom, and they ſtill inſiſt that a fever cannot be cured without confinement; that if a paroxyſm of the gout be ſuddenly relieved, the patient will have reaſon to expect that the diſorder is exaſperated, and that relief from the torture of the tooth-ache is ſeldom afforded by medicines.

Such

Such ridiculous arguments as these cannot be supposed to have much influence, and surely every one will confess that their propagators deserve to be reprobated, when it is considered that they are used against men who are totally influenced by philanthropy; who have no other object than that of delivering mankind from misery, nor any other encouragement, as they kindly assure us, than the numbers who are snatched by their medicines from the jaws of death!

It seems, indeed, to have been unaccountably forgotten, that the persons who are denominated Quacks, are always men who possess the commendable virtue of charity in the most eminent degree, and who never utter a word, or publish an advertisement, without giving evident proofs of their piety and meekness. When it is considered with what self-denial and humility they disclaim all honour to themselves for the miracles they perform, and with what earnestness they ascribe all success to the blessings of the Almighty, we cannot but consider them as men of modesty and religion, who unlike the rest of the world are too humble to admit that their skill could have much effect, and too pious to exalt themselves for what was performed by omnipotence! Nor can their charity be easily denied, when every day will present us with an example of the poor being enabled to swallow the air with greater avidity? or of men who have been kindly driven, gratis, from a fit of coughing, into a lingering consumption, or been charitably delivered from the dropsy by the presence of the rheumatism!

The

The learning of Quacks ought, likewiſe, to be admired: how nobly have many of them, for the public good, travelled through all the countries of Europe; ſtudied philoſophy in every foreign univerſity, and unravelled the intricacies of ſcience; and after their return to their country, in conſideration of their abilities and their learning, been honoured by a diploma from the College of Aberdeen!

As there are, however, ſome men, who, in oppoſition to the moſt irrefragable teſtimonies, continue to ridicule this moſt reſpectable body; and as many of my friends inſiſt that caſes may be forged, or patients cured by accident, I have at a great expence of reaſoning and time, diſcovered that all theſe clamours may be ſilenced at once by *Quacks employing their own medicines.* Such a ſimple and unobjectionable meaſure as this, will, no doubt, be received by the whole fraternity with applauſe, eſpecially when I further recommend them to make themſelves immediately ſick, that they may, without more delay, produce proofs of the infallibility of their drugs, give new ardour to the languiſhing, by ſhewing that thoſe who recommend a reſtorative, are not afraid to employ it themſelves, and convince the healthy by their own example, that they may hereafter place diſeaſe and debility at defiance.

If ſome of theſe gentlemen ſhould prove refractory, and tell us that a fit of ſickneſs is a very diſagreeable thing, I ſhall only remind them, that the potency of their remedies will

will no doubt afford them immediate aſſiſtance; and even ſhould the diſorder which they ſelect be of ſome duration, yet it ſurely cannot be imagined, eſpecially when they are ſure of ultimate relief, that they will refuſe to endure a little inconvenience or pain, to ſatisfy that public which has ſo generouſly patronized them, and to convince the world, that aſſiſted by them, it may hereafter bid defiance to fevers, conſumptions, and dyſenteries; that deafneſs need only be endured for an hour, and that an aſthma may be relieved, and cured in a week!

It is therefore, with ſome exultation, that I conſider myſelf the propoſer of a plan ſo reaſonable and eaſy; and that I may further contribute to the emolument of Quacks, and the ſatisfaction of the public, I hereby aſſure the world, that every certificate I receive from Dr. Solomon, or any other gentleman, of his having proved the efficacy of his medicines upon himſelf, ſhall be gratuitouſly inſerted in the SAUNTERER.

I muſt not loſe this opportunity of congratulating my country upon the recent multiplication of noſtrums. Some may indeed aſſert, that the increaſe only proves that, notwithſtanding the infallibility of the remedies which have arreſted the progreſs of mortality for theſe fifty years, ſome aid is ſtill required to alleviate the torture of diſeaſe, and new inventions are neceſſary to retard the approaches of death. But I cannot but aſcribe this circumſtance in ſome meaſure to the perverſeneſs and incredulity of mankind. They have fooliſhly conſented to deliver up their lives,

lives, or to languiſh under ſickneſs, when a cordial would have ſaved them from the grave, or a powder mitigated their tormens. It is therefore doubtleſs, with a charitable alacrity, that the proprietors of medicines preſs forward to attract the attention of the public, that they employ novelty where argument has failed, and allure by adverti-ſments thoſe who have not been compelled by diſeaſe. By ſuch exertions as theſe, and the effects of my propoſal, the valetudinary will probably be enabled to ſee their own intereſt, and induced to ſhew that no man is ſo infatuated as to pine beneath ſickneſs and debility, when the diſtributors of health ſolicit his attention, and the only perplexity is that of choice.

No. 19.

Quis placet aut odio eſt, quod non credas, mutabile?

HOR.

IMITATED.

For what diſguſts our fancies what does pleaſe
But may be chang'd——

CREECH.

UPON an attentive examination of the progreſs of reaſon, it will appear that opinions diametrically oppoſite to each other have been ſilently eſpouſed by the learned, and have equally received the tacit approbation of the world through the lapſe of ages, without either of them being detected as erroneous, or proved to be true. This,

This, however, is not, as might be expected, *peculiar* to the more abſtruſe conjectures of philoſophy, but is equally obſervable in opinions of which every day and every hour enable us to judge.

It has been acknowledged, not only in the diſcuſſions of the moraliſt, but by the general concurrence of mankind, that to change our opinions when they are overturned by argument, is laudable; that an obſtinate adherence to prejudice betrays ſtupidity or cunning, and that few things add more to the reſpectability of a man, or the dignity of a reaſoner, than an acknowledgment of error, or a deſertion of abſurdity.

The experience of every day, indeed, gives us ſo many opportunities of deſpiſing the futility of reaſoning which we formerly ſupported, and the changes which time has operated upon our minds are ſo remarkable, that little attention is required to convince any one that the progreſs of his life will preſent before him equal reaſon for conſidering the ſentiments which he now fondles to his boſom with the ſame diſapprobation, or that his preſent arguments ought not to be hazarded with too much warmth, ſince a future period may expoſe their weakneſs.

But though theſe conſiderations have been univerſally allowed to be wiſe, and though we commend in the theory the candor of a man who can reſign his errors to the force of truth, it will be found that reproach is ſeldom more laviſhly indulged than againſt the man who has eſ-

pouſed

pouſed a cauſe which he has formerly ridiculed, or deſerted a ſyſtem which he has once defended.

The charge of inconſiſtency is one which may be ſo ſtrongly uſed by the offended party, that it is not wonderful if it be ſeized with avidity. It affects, in ſo comprehenſive a manner, not only the abilities, but the morality and virtue of the man againſt whom it is employed, that it gives thoſe whom he has irritated ſome chance of convicting him of treachery without ſtronger proofs, as well as of ſtrengthening their cauſe by ſhewing his imbecility.

This accuſation is ſeldom urged with greater acrimony than againſt the man who has changed his political principles. If he recede from pretended patriotiſm, we are informed that his ſupport has been purchaſed by a penſion; if he forſake the banner of power, "a thirſt for popularity has deluded him." His ſupport of the conſtitution is repreſented as the ſubmiſſion of a dependant, or his reſiſtance of oppreſſion is condemned as the outrage of a diſappointed place-hunter. When it is conſidered, however, how many of thoſe who were formerly our favourites, are now neglected as unworthy of our confidence, and with what warmth we have frequently defended the characters of thoſe whom we now allow to be treacherous and unprincipled, we may ſurely confeſs that a change of parties will not convict a man of deſerting his principles for the proſpect of wealth, or a deſire of popularity.

Yet, however abſurd this declamation may be conſidered, its employment is one of the cauſes of a want of public virtue; for many who have in the more advanced ſtages of their public lives perceived the fallacy of their former opinions, have been prevented by the dread of raillery from candidly acknowledging their errors, and publiſhing their conviction of the juſtice of the cauſe which they formerly oppoſed.

The inconſiſtency of an author ſeems likewiſe to be conſidered as equally culpable with that of the politician; for whether it be expected that he who aſſumes the office of a dictator to the world, ſhould poſſeſs a greater acuteneſs of penetration or ſolidity of judgment than the generality of mankind, or, that no one ſhould preſent his opinions to others before he has attentively conſidered them himſelf, the recantation of a writer has always been in ſome meaſure conſidered as a proof of incapacity or folly. Pope ſeems to have recollected this when he defended the principles of his "Eſſay on Man;" for it appears that the opinions which he had advanced, when the tendency of them was diſplayed, alarmed him, but that his falſe delicacy or pride prevented him from confeſſing his indiſcretion, and compelled him to approve the zeal of Warburton. There are few men who will not acknowledge, at this diſtance of time when controverſy and flattery are alike forgotten, that the abſurdity of his ſentiments are but ill compenſated for by all the melody and magnificence of his verſe.

If we descend from politics and literature to the common affairs of the world, we shall find that the effect of this censure is exactly similar. Almost every man has, in some period of his life, acted contrary to his judgment, through a dread of being charged with inconstancy. Many who have formerly been unbounded in their praise, have been afterwards afraid to condemn, lest their change of opinion should be ridiculed; and some have suffered the character of their neighbour to be blackened without remorse, when it has been in their power to defend him, lest it should be imagined that they then loved the man whom they formerly hated.

This fear of censure, however, is but a feeble excuse in public or private life for concealing our opinions. To retract our errors is not only a duty to ourselves, but to the world,—to ourselves, as convincing others that we act conscientiously; and to the world, as giving our influence to that cause which we consider the most worthy of its attention.

Those who are influenced by this false shame, as well as those who consider with indignation the wavering of others, may perhaps receive some benefit from retracing the progress of their own opinions, and comparing their present retrospect of the world with their former view of it. They will probably find that sentiments which they lately defended with warmth, have scarcely left an impression behind them; that pursuits which they formerly followed with ardour, are now remembered with disgust;

and that much of what they once deſpiſed as fooliſh or contemptible, is now the favourite of their imagination, and the ſolace of their ſolitary hours.

Many of the refinements and conveniences of life, and much of the civilization and happineſs of mankind owe their origin to ſome revolution in the opinion of the world. Every nation which has emerged from barbarity, has owed its improvement to the gradual amelioration of the mind, to the rejection of former prejudices, and to an adoption of foreign ceremony or learning. To an examination of ancient abſurdities, we are obliged for the decline of popery, and the progreſs of the reformation; and to the reception of the diſcoveries of Jenner, the world is indebted for its ſecurity from the contagion of diſeaſe, and the preſervation of millions from inevitable death.

If this readineſs to adopt has thus refined and elevated nations, a pliancy of mind will neceſſarily improve an individual. If we accuſtom ourſelves to examine with candour whatever preſents itſelf to our attention, we may gradually become leſs influenced by prejudice, and better qualified to unravel our perplexities. A compariſon of the opinions which we have imperceptibly eſpouſed with thoſe which are oppoſite in their tendency, will, if it produce no other effect, ſecure us from obſtinacy, and teach us to hear the ſentiments of others with greater calmneſs.

But this openneſs to conviction ought to be carefully diſtinguiſhed from inconſtancy. We ought not to be led from

from our path by every meteor which plays before us. To reject truths becauſe they are generally acknowledged, or to be allured by every ſyſtem which is recommended by novelty, is not only ridiculous, but culpable. When we endeavour to forget all perſonal conſideration, to reaſon without paſſion, and to decide without paying an undue attention to the murmur of the world, we poſſeſs that freedom of mind which equally ſecures us from being deluded by ſingularity, or enſlaved by prejudice; but if we be ſeduced by every object which fancy places before us,—if we deſpiſe what is true becauſe it is reverenced, or love what is contemptible becauſe an enthuſiaſt has dared to ſupport it, we will become, whatever may be our opinion of our own independence, the ſlaves of caprice, and the victims of abſurdity.

No. 20.

Inſpicere, tanquam in ſpeculum, in vitas omnium jubeo: Atque ex alio ſumere exemplum ſibi. TERENT.

I command him (my ſon) to conſult the lives of men, as a mirror, and to regulate his conduct by their example.

IT has been obſerved, that unleſs the natural powers of the human mind be excited by the proſpect of ſome excellence which can only be attained with labour and difficulty, it is too apt to be diverted by every trifling impreſſion, or to be lulled into a culpable indifference. To

preſent before the imagination examples of unſullied virtue, or extraordinary talents, has been therefore recommended by reaſon, and by the ſanction of experience, as the moſt efficacious method of leading the unprincipled from vice, and exciting the indolent to activity.

But thoſe who have thus attempted to place before the world objects which might ſtimulate or allure, have frequently been ſeduced by enthuſiaſm to aſcribe to their heroes, attainments above the reach of the human capacity, or virtues which no man could hope to imitate, whatever might be the elevation of his mind or the purity of his heart.

That claſs of biography which deſcribes the progreſs of an individual with reſpect to the general learning or refinement of the age in which he lived, as it precludes in ſome meaſure the facility of deception, and diſplays the comparative claim which its hero has upon the applauſe of poſterity, ſeems to be the moſt generally uſeful. The reſpective merits of Homer, of Alfred, and of Bacon, muſt in ſome meaſure be judged of by comparing their attainments with thoſe of their contemporaries, while the political hiſtories of CHARLES and of GEORGE ſerve to caſt a light upon the virtues and blemiſhes of MILTON and of CHESTERFIELD.

The ſubject of the following ſketch, whether we conſider his eminence as a ſtateſman, his connection with the literary characters of his country, or the importance of the

the ÆRA in which he flouriſhed, is worthy of the attention of the Biographer. The hiſtory of his life, if properly executed, might afford a more perfect view than has yet appeared of the literature and manners of France, from the time of BOILEAU to that of VOLTAIRE. The talents of a ROSCOE might not be unworthily employed in recommending a relation ſufficiently extraordinary to ſtimulate the inactive, without being too elevated to extinguiſh emulation, and which might poſſeſs much of the novelty of fiction, with all the credibility of truth.

HENRI FRANCOIS D'AGUESSEAU was born at LIMOGES, the 27th of Nov. 1688. His father, HENRI D'AGUESSEAU, Counſellor of State, ſketched the outlines of the education of his ſon, and firſt awakened his mind to obſervation and enquiry, by allowing him to viſit the curioſities of Languedoc in the company of his tutors, who endeavoured in their journies to promote the literary advancement of their pupil, by pointing out to him, in the poets of antiquity, thoſe deſcriptions which were applicable to the ſcenes he viſited. The attention and ability of their pupil ſufficiently rewarded their aſſiduity. His ſtudy of the writers of ancient and modern times was ſo intenſe, and his perception ſo acute, that, before the 20th year of his age, the Greek, the Latin, the Arabic, the Hebrew, the Portugueſe, the Spaniſh, the Italian, and the Engliſh languages were familiar to him. Yet his knowledge of theſe tongues was not gained with unwillingneſs, but was owing to the pleaſure which he took in the ſtudying of their rudiments, a ſtudy which he often declared to be no contemptible amuſement. But

But this familiarity with the languages, however extraordinary it may appear, was equalled by his knowledge of philoſophy and the mathematics. His taſte for poetry and his talent for criticiſm were ſo great, that they procured him the friendſhip of Boileau and Racine. He was acquainted more intimately than any of his contemporaries with the conſtitution of his country, the nature of its commerce, and the intricacies of its laws. He ſtudied the legiſlative policy of the Greeks and Romans, examined the governments of the neighbouring ſtates, and enquired into the principles of feudal ſlavery.

With theſe qualifications he became ſucceſſively the advocate, the attorney-general, and the chancellor of France, and executed the duties of thoſe important offices with equal fidelity and wiſdom; with the approbation of his ſovereign, and the ſuffrage of the people. Notwithſtanding the multiplicity of his employments, he never diſmiſſed a cauſe without having examined it with minuteneſs and accuracy. His ſagacity and his vigilance were diſplayed in various plans for the regulation of the hoſpitals and the relief of the poor. His judicial knowledge was ſo remarkable, that before he had reached the ſummit of his honours, the ſenators of France conſulted him in private, that their public conduct might be regulated by his advice; and his harangues were conſidered as the moſt accurate ſtandards of judicial elocution.

Yet amidſt his power and his honours, when perplexed by a variety of intricate employments, he never allowed the

the fatigues of his office or of ſtudy to induce him to neglect the duties of humanity and benevolence. His juſtice to his country was tempered by mildneſs to the criminal. His hand was always ſtretched out to the aſſiſtance of the unfortunate; and, as he ſelected with judgment, he gave with delicacy.—He had thus, for 27 years, continued in his ſituation, uncontaminated by the vices of a court, when the REGENT, with that caprice which frequently attends the ruler of a nation, deprived him of the ſeals. That knowledge and thoſe acquirments which qualified him to ſhine in the cabinet, enabled him to fill up the vacuity of ſolitude. He dedicated a portion of his time and his learning to the purpoſes of ſtudying the ſacred writings in their original, and re-examining the opinions of the ſages of the law upon the conſtitution of his country. But theſe, which would have occupied the lives of many men, were to him but ſecondary purſuits: the cultivation of muſic, of poetry, of chemiſtry, and of botany, likewiſe divided his attention. His knowledge of ſcience was ſo extenſive, and his love of ſtudy ſo ardent, that what were to others the cauſe of anxiety and of labour, were to him the principle ſources of delight. Among thoſe men to whom no intricacy is perplexing he may juſtly be diſtinguiſhed, for he ſurely muſt have been poſſeſſed of no mean acuteneſs of perception, who, when wearied by exerciſe, or overpowered by laſſitude, could fly to a treatiſe of Algebra for relaxation and amuſment.

Yet, notwithſtanding the variety and depth of his enquiries, it does not appear that he neglected the duties of domeſtic

domeſtic life. He inſtructed his children in the rudiments of the ſciences, and endeavoured to inſtil into their minds the principles of virtue with perpetual ſolicitude, while he regulated his pecuniary affairs with regularity and prudence. Nor was he diſtinguiſhed by any of thoſe diſguſting ſingularities which are generally ſuppoſed to be the concomitants of genius, but united the erudition of the ſcholar to the politeneſs of the gentleman.

He continued in ſolitude, with ſome intervals of public duty, till the year 1737, when he was reinſtated in his office without his ſolicitation, or rather without his conſent, and executed his duty with his former ability and virtue. He now applied more particularly the fruits of his ſolitary ſtudies to the intereſt of his country, and formed by his own meditation a code of juriſprudence which will remain, while regulated ſociety ſhall exiſt, a monument of verſatility of talent and energy of thought.

But the moment was approaching in which his learning or his genius would be uſeleſs. His infirmities increaſing, in the 83d year of his life he retired from his public employments, after having held the dignity of chancellor of France for 34 years, without reproach, and almoſt without an enemy. Shortly after, his weakneſs becoming unſupportable, he prepared to meet the ſtroke of death with piety and calmneſs. During his illneſs a book was placed upon his pillow, in reading which he expired, Jan. 5th, 1751.

That

That this extraordinary man was exempted from the frailties and vices of human nature, it would be ridiculous to imagine; but that his moral character was exemplary, may be reaſonably believed, ſince thoſe who oppoſed his meaſures with the greateſt vehemence acknowledged his virtue. If we conſider his attention to literature, and the propriety of his domeſtic conduct while employed in the higheſt offices of the ſtate, we muſt be obliged to rank him in the number of thoſe men who have preſerved their integrity amidſt the corruptions of a court, and who have ſhewn that a ſtateſman may benefit his country and riſe to eminence, without the aſſiſtance of intrigue or wickedneſs. Although his abilities were employed in ſituations to which few of my readers will aſpire, yet his ardour in the purſuit of knowledge, and the conſtancy of his perſeverance, may be imitated, not only by the men who are born to add to the ſplendor of a throne, but by thoſe who are doomed to languiſh in comparative obſcurity.

No. 21.

Eupolis atque Cratinus, Ariſtophanes que poeta
Si quis erat dignus deſcribi, quod malus, aut fur
Quod mœchus foret, aut ſicarius, aut alioqui
Famoſus; multa cum libertate notabant.

HORAT.

Cratin,

Cratin, and Eupolis, that laſh the age
If they were to deſcribe, a vile, unjuſt,
And cheating knave, or ſcourge a lawleſs luſt
Or other crimes, regardleſs of his fame
THEY SHEW'D THE MAN.

OLDSWORTH.

AMONG the various ſpecimens of falſe or pretended delicacy which are to be found in the writings of literary men, there is none more remarkable than an affectation of one left their pages ſhould be contaminated by alluſions to the perſonal aborations of living individuals. We find that Addiſon, amidſt the variety of characters which he delineated, ſtudiouſly endeavoured to convince his readers that they were formed from a general examination of the human mind, and that none were introduced which could be conſidered as peculiarly applicable to any one.—That Addiſon, in this inſtance, affected a delicacy which he did not feel, may perhaps be proved in a future ſpeculation; I ſhall examine, for the preſent, whether the moraliſt who wiſhes by his writings not merely to gain reputation to himſelf, but to improve or amend the world, ought not to hold up examples of living turpitude and folly as the moſt efficacious means of executing his purpoſes?

If the narratives of characters of fiction be ſuch as can ſurprize, they will probably be too elevated to excite ſhame or repentance in the boſoms of mankind, or to prove more intereſting than the general amuſements of an hour. It is true, that the portraits of RICHARDSON, and the precepts

cepts of JOHNSON, have a tendency to fortify the mind which has been previouſly inſpired with honour and with virtue; but will they affect the man who has violated the principles of honeſty, or riſen to eminence through treachery or wickedneſs? Will thoſe who have laboured ſucceſsfully in the intricacies of vice, or who can by their addreſs elude the vigilance of common curioſity, be reformed by ideal repreſentations, which no man can imagine were deſigned for himſelf, and of which it is impoſſible to diſcover the originals?

But when we employ the aid of perſonal ſatire, that ſatire *muſt* be applied; if we give a faithful delineation of the mental features of an individual, we not only employ the advantages of fiction, but have the ſatisfaction of reflecting that there is at leaſt ONE MAN in the world, whom, if he be not already too deeply involved in the perplexities of folly or of guilt, our advice muſt lead to propriety or virtue.

The force of imaginary character may ſhew us in the theory the miſery of vice, and perſuade us that rectitude is the only foundation of felicity; but it will not teach us the neceſſity of virtue to preſerve the attention of the world, or threaten us with mortification and diſgrace, if we perſiſt in the courſe of our licentiouſneſs or impiety. But the efforts of the perſonal ſatiriſt may be reaſonably expected to be more ſucceſsful; he may affect the hypocrite by unmaſking his diſſimulation and his falſehood; and

reform the vicious, by expoſing him to the contempt and deriſion of the world.

That charm and that novelty which are the excellence of the works of fiction, would be loſt in the relation of trivial ſcenes and occurrences. The effect of truth in the delineation of perſonal character, is equal to that of novelty in the delineation of imaginary ones. While we know that we are reading the hiſtory of facts which have really happened, or the deſcription of characters which are really exiſting, we dwell with pleaſure upon circumſtances which, in a work of imagination, would have only diſguſted us. Our attention is excited by incidents neither unexpected nor ſurpriſing; we delight in the deſcription of a family fire-ſide, we are pleaſed with the prattle of a child, or ſympathize with the ſorrows or the joys of inſignificance and poverty. In the life of GIFFARD, we are gratified by the minuteneſs of the narrative; we read with pleaſure the hiſtory of his ſervitude, and are intereſted in the hopes or the deſpair of a boy condemned to waſte his life in ignorance and in poverty; in the difficulties to which he was reduced, and the means by which they were overcome. But were we convinced that Giffard was an imaginary character, that his adventures were fabulous, or that the benevolence of COKESLEY had never been employed, we ſhould turn with wearineſs from the inſipidity of the action, cenſure the minuteneſs of its writer, and condemn it to perpetual oblivion.

If, therefore, the delineation of the characters of real individuals be more efficacious than the ſketches of fiction,

tion, if it poſſeſs the peculiar advantage of uniting attraction with minuteneſs, if it enable us to reform by fear and by ſhame thoſe who would liſten to the precepts of morality with indifference, and if it extend its influence to domeſtic ſociety and manners; it becomes in ſome meaſure our duty to employ an agent ſo powerful, if we wiſh that our writings may be ranked with thoſe which have tended at once to cultivate the mind and to purify the heart.

One of the objections that are generally levelled againſt this ſpecies of ſatire, is, that it enables the malignant or the cunning to gratify their malice under the pretence of a regard for their country or for virtue, and to calumniate the objects of private reſentment, without being liable to contradiction or to puniſhment. But it muſt be recollected that the guilty alone can be hurt by its ſeverity. It is only by the fidelity of the likeneſs that its object is diſtinguiſhed, while the character of the innocent will remain unblemiſhed. If we delineate the villany of a man who has violated the dictates of juſtice, or betrayed the ſecrecy of friendſhip, the unjuſt or the treacherous alone will be condemned. Will the portrait of a woman who has ſpent her youth in the revelry of lewdneſs be miſtaken for that of the matron or the virgin? Will the deſcription of cruelty and avarice be applied to the man who employs his life in acts of mercy and benovolence? No. The proſtitute may be awakened to ſhame, and the miſer be harraſſed by compunction, but the character of

the modeſt and benovolent will acquire new luſtre by the contraſt.

The world is likewiſe too apt to aſcribe to the man who attacks the votaries of folly, ſome miſanthropy of diſpoſition which leads him to delight in ſubjects which ought only to yield diſſatisfaction and diſguſt, however he may be free from perſonal malevolence. But ſurely to endeavour to amend the heart or to check the folly of a fellow-creature, to exhibit to the world the deformity of vice, and to warn the incautious or the weak againſt errors or practices which have ruined the happineſs of others, is a taſk which no man will ever have reaſon to look back upon with repentance, which is not inconſiſtent with the dictates of mildneſs nor of virtue.

It muſt, however, be recollected, that the delineation I have recommendend is not that which leads us to diſtinguiſh the original by other circumſtances than the fidelity of the copy. While we direct the indignation of the world to cunning or to iniquity, by expoſing *that* cunning and *that* iniquity, our ſatire is only felt where it is merited; but when we deſcribe a man by characteriſtics which will apply to him alone; if, while we characterize a lawyer, we mention the cauſes in which he has pleaded, or, in cenſuring the avarice of a governor, deſcribe the ſituation of his government, we not only gratify the malignant and the curious, but draw the deriſion of the world upon men whoſe motives we may have miſtaken, or whoſe conduct we may have viewed with unconſcious

felous prejudice. Instead of becoming the protectors of morality, we become, however laudable our intentions may have been, the instruments of malice or of envy, and the judges of men who, if our accusation be unjust, are obliged to submit to the condemnation or the derision of the world, without being able to punish us for our violation of candour or of truth.

Yet those who have employed their talents and their time in this species of satire, have universally considered the resentment of men, whom they have injured by their error or their falsehood, as a proof of guilt, have triumphed in the justice of their portrait, and have exclaimed "Let the galled jade go wince!" with exultation and with pleasure. But is not the submission to a charge, which, however false and malicious it may be, will only be applied to ourselves, and which tends to effect our reputation in the most essential points, a proof of imbecility or of meanness? Is it justifiable in any man to suffer his character to be destroyed by wantonness or malignity, without endeavouring to preserve it? Is it not rather his duty to repel the attacks of envy and folly, and to expose the misrepresentation and injustice of his accuser? *Pope*'s celebrated character of *Addison*, whatever may have been its falsehood, could not possibly be applied to any other individual. *Pope* did not leave the original to be discovered by the resemblance, but by the title of Atticus, a title which was universally allowed to Addison alone. Yet if Addison had publicly resented the malice and the acrimony of Pope, the latter would have probably considered

the remonſtrance of the former as ariſing from a conſciouſneſs of guilt, and his readineſs to apply the ſatire to himſelf as a confeſſion of its juſtice. Yet is it not eaſy to perceive that Addiſon, if innocent, muſt have felt that the cenſure of the world would fall upon himſelf, and that he was accuſed of vices of which it would be impoſſible to convince the world of his abhorrence, and of which he would be conſidered guilty in proportion to the zeal with which he might endeavour to diſplay his innocence.

With the intention of concealing thoſe peculiarities *of ſituation and of circumſtance* which can only be applicable to a few individuals, the SAUNTERER will endeavour, in his future progreſs, to give to the world ſuch ſketches of real individuals as are the moſt favourable to the execution of the purpoſes with which he firſt commenced his undertaking; but it muſt not be expected that my readers will be entertained with the hiſtories of elopements and intrigues, or be gratified by Phillipics againſt MEN who have betrayed their country for a penſion; or DUKES who ſpend their lives in debauchery and lewdneſs. My pictures will be generally taken from the middle claſſes of life, and from the ſcenes of domeſtic ſociety. If I fail to excite aſtoniſhment, I may perhaps adminiſter pleaſure. If my ſatires neither ſupport a kingdom, nor reform a ſtateſman, they may have a tendency to regulate the more important, though leſs remarkable irregularities of life,—to allay the miſeries of private animoſity; or to teach the duties of a huſband, a father, and a friend.

No.

No. 22.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos,
Matura virgo, et fingitur artibus
Jam nunc, et inceſtos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.

Hor.

The blooming virgin ripe for man
A thouſand wanton airs diſplays;
Train'd to the dance her well taught limbs ſhe moves,
And fates her wiſhing ſoul with looſe inceſtuous loves.

I have ſometimes obſerved with indignation, and ſometimes with regret, the imprudence of mothers with regard to the education of their daughters. It might almoſt be imagined, from an examination of the bias which they endeavour to give to their minds, and the care with which they are nurtured in folly and in pride, that many of them were deſigned to rival each other as the votaries of licentiouſneſs and pleaſure, and that we judged of the perfection of the fair ſex by their taſte in dreſs, their love of ſcandal, and their diſregard to modeſty and frankneſs.

No ſooner has the young lady attained ſufficient capacity to comprehend the inſtructions of her mother, than ſhe is carefully initiated in all the trifling and minutiæ of dreſs: her hours are ſpent in a perpetual attention to this

this object, while all that is useful, all that is virtuous, or really lovely, is forgotten. If her parents be in a rank of life which precludes the consideration of expence, and allows of polite intimacy, her time is spent in listening to the important confabulations of their visitors, upon the fashions which have troubled the repose and perplexed the engagements of half the *belles* of the metropolis. If she be in an inferior station, she is directed to envy the splendour which she is not able to imitate. All the grandeur and the elegance of fashion are diligently commented upon. A slight misbehaviour is forgiven, and a fib is excused; but a disordered head-dress produces severity and reproach. An inattention to French, to drawing, or to music, is but a trifling provocation, but a neglect of dress is insufferable. Can it be imagined that such maxims as these will produce any other effect than that of instructing her that dress ought to be the most important concern of human life; that, without it, esteem or love is impossible to be procured, and that with its assistance, every vice and every mental deformity will be rendered agreeable and alluring?

If this want of consideration extended no further, its effects would be comparatively trifling; but there are other absurdities in the present system of female education which merit more severe reprobation. Before a girl has escaped from the trammels of childhood, she is taught (even by those who are entrusted with the care of her morals and her welfare) to consider herself as already entitled to enjoy the privileges, and to claim the respectability

of

of a WOMAN. She is familiarized to the attention of coxcombs before ſhe has gained ſenſe or diſcrimination: ſhe is eager to be followed by a lover, before ſhe is capable of love; and aſſumes the air of maturity and experience, while ſhe poſſeſſes the ignorance of a child. There are not a few mothers who, although they would be ſhocked at any imputation of indelicacy, converſe with freedom upon the ſubjects of marriage and of love, in the preſence of their children; while others allow them, before they have attained that diſcretion which might lead them to the duties of propriety and prudence, to aſſociate in all the amuſements of the thoughtleſs, the giddy, and the fooliſh, ſatisfied that they puniſh every impropriety which is committed in their preſence, without guarding their child againſt the effects of example and of vice, rendered more captivating by the influence of affection.

To ſuch as theſe, a ſketch of the progreſs of a woman, who, with happier fortune, might have become the ornament of the one ſex, and the admiration of the other; whoſe mind, naturally pure, was depraved by too early an intimacy with the world, and whoſe ruin was completed by the imprudence and the folly of others, may not prove entirely uſeleſs. I ſhould not have inſerted it, had I not imagined that there are ſome who love to trace the progreſs of virtue or vice in the ſolitary paths of life; who delight to examine the minuter actions of mankind, and who believe that the happineſs of the world is no leſs influenced by the conduct of men, who languiſh in inſignificance and obſcurity, than by the victories of the warrior, or the intrigues of the ſtateſman.

" AN-

"ANNABELLA is the daughter of a man who has raiſed himſelf from poverty and inſignificance to commercial reſpectability and opulence. His ſucceſs has not unjuſtly been aſcribed to the united powers of cunning, knavery, and induſtry. His underſtanding is feeble, and his mind uncultivated: the utmoſt ſtretch of his enquiries is gratified by the papers of the day, while with learning or politeneſs he is totally unacquainted. His wife is equally diſtinguiſhed for her deficiency in underſtanding and accompliſhments; though poſſeſſed neither of beauty nor of wit, there are few who can equal her in ſelf-importance: ſhe is reſerved and affected, without chaſtity or elegance.

"Annabella was employed, during the hours which were not ſpent in the confinement of a ſchool, in the uſual routine which children are allowed by their parents to purſue; in teaſing the maids by her peeviſhneſs and ill-nature; in provoking the anger of her mother, and then allaying it by her tears; in diſplaying every caprice which indulgence or folly could help to gratify; and in cheriſhing every paſſion which might add to the ſorrows and the miſery of her future life.

"What that readineſs with which all her deſires were gratified, ſhe was ſuffered, as ſhe grew up, to aſſociate in the pleaſures and amuſements of the ſervants: when ſtrangers arrived, it is true, ſhe was immediately forbidden to be ſeen in their company; but at other times ſhe was left at full liberty to chuſe her companions, and to ſpend her time in what manner ſhe deſired.

"At

"Although her parents took every means to foſter her pride, and to inform her that Miſs ——— and Mr. ——— ought not to be allowed to take liberties with her, and that *ſhe* might reaſonably aſpire to ſociety in which *they* would be ridiculed, yet they reflected, that as their ſervants were immediately beneath their own commands, there would be little fear that their child would be cured of her pride, eſpecially when they were wiſe enough to inform her, that her ſuperiority over them ought not to be conſidered as owing to the inferiority of their converſation or laxity of their morals, but to the meanneſs of their ſituation and their dreſs.

"Thus aſſiſted by advice, and perverted by example, ſhe poſſeſſed all the diſguſting ignorance of pride, while ſhe heard and beheld without bluſhing every ſpecies of indecency and wickedneſs; ſhe was ſufficiently vicious to mingle with the ſervants in their profligacy, to liſten to their tales, and to take pleaſure in their company. The various converſations among them, which did not unfrequently tend to immodeſty, and which were generally thoſe which paſs among the loweſt claſſes of mankind upon amatory ſubjects, gratified her curioſity, and corrupted her heart; every ſpecies of vulgar licentiouſneſs and cunning became familiar to her; and I have heard her, with a mixture of aſtoniſhment and regret, converſe with freedom and with knowledge in language which might have raiſed the bluſhes of the moſt profligate, and gratified the curioſity of the moſt inquiſitive.

"Nor

" Nor did the imprudence of her parents merely extend thus far: they allowed her to aſſociate with all who could equal her in real or pretended fortune or rank. Without paying attention to the propriety of their demeanour, or the extent of their underſtanding, ſhe was ſuffered (although ſhe had not quite attained her thirteenth year) to appear in their company at every place of public reſort, to frequent the theatre, and to parade the ſtreets. She was familiarized to the ſenſeleſs flattery with which her companions were entertained by rakes and coxcombs; her envy was excited by the adulation and attention they received, and ſhe languiſhed, notwithſtanding her youth, to have the pleaſure of coquetting with a lover, and of mortifying a rival. As her ſtature far exceeded her age, and her levity was ſufficiently viſible, ſhe was not long without pretended admirers, who ſatisfied her vanity for a while, but who gradually neglected her, diſguſted by her ignorance, or offended by her folly.

" The parents of Annabella perceived the indiſcretion of their daughter with a mixture of anger and ſurpriſe; but they did not reflect, that her forwardneſs was owing to the contagion of example, and to the pride, the love of company, and the delight in dreſs with which they had inſpired her. They did not endeavour to convince her that her folly would be the cauſe of future miſery and repentance; that the beings who addreſſed her, wiſhed but for an opportunity of gratifying their paſſions at the expence of her happineſs; and that her conduct, if perſiſted in, would reduce her to the contempt of her friends, and the

deriſion

deriſion of her enemies. They informed her, that they expected ſhe would not any longer demean herſelf with men ſo much her inferiors in fortune and appearance; that her beauty might be reaſonably expected to procure her a lover of greater reſpectability and wealth; and that the want of pride would finally condemn her to want and poverty.

"Such admonitions as theſe but gratified her vanity, without producing reformation. She could not diſcover any motives of prudence, which were ſufficient to reſtrain her in her converſation and addreſs. While ſhe cheriſhed the hope of wealth and ſplendour, ſhe imagined that ſhe might gratify her inclinations in chuſing for the preſent what companions, and in following what purſuits, ſhe pleaſed, without endangering her proſpects of future elevation.

"The gaiety of her appearance, the freedom of her diſcourſe, and the voluptuouſneſs of her manners, *ſtill* attracted a crowd of all whoſe ſociety was too inſipid to be acceptable to the ſenſible, or whoſe licentiouſneſs debarred them from intimacy with the modeſt. While thoſe who had been diſappointed in their hopes of gratification by the reſiſtance of her pride, were too prudent to expreſs their diſappointment; ſhe was ſurrounded by others, who aimed at the ſame object, captivated by her affectation of ſimplicity, yet encouraged by the levity of her converſation and demeanour.

" But at length even her pride was ſubdued by the ungovernable fury of her paſſions; ſhe fell, without being ruined by the arts of ſeduction or of treachery, the victim of her own inſatiable luſt. She devoted herſelf to every ſpecies of debauchery and lewdneſs, abandoned even the appearance of decency, and, except in the company of thoſe whom intereſt or alliance induced her to reſpect, when ſhe could aſſume with facility the artleſſneſs of innocence, and the reſerve of a veſtal, exceeded the libertine miniſters of her pleaſures in outrageous and wanton indecency.

" Although by her cunning and her caution ſhe concealed the extent of her vices from her parents, her levity and indiſcriminate connections were ſufficiently viſible; but as they had ruined her by their weakneſs, they hurried her by their miſconduct to more diſguſting and more various wickedneſs. When her father perceived that the ambition which he had endeavoured to inſtil into her mind was inſufficient to prevent her imprudence, he had recourſe to cruelty and violence. With the rage of folly and of ignorance, he endeavoured to reſtrain and to terrify her by perſonal torture and abuſe, without regarding the ties of nature or the dictates of prudence. The unfortunate object of his reſentment was too deeply immerſed in pleaſure, to forſake it through the fear of ſeverity and reproach. As a refuge from the brutality of her father, and her own reflections, ſhe flew to a vice equally deceitful and injurious: while ſhe rioted in all the revelry of luſt, ſhe deſtroyed her health and diſgraced her ſex by

per-

perpetual intoxication, and finiſhed the folly of the day by a night of inſenſibility or delirium."

No. 23.

Mobilis & varia eſt ferme natura malorum
Cum ſalus admittant, ſupereſt conſtantia quid, ſas
Atque nefas, tandem incipiunt, ſentire peractis
Criminibus ———

JUVEN.

He that once ſins, like him that ſlides on ice,
Goes ſwiftly down the ſlippery paths of vice,
Tho' conſcience checks, yet theſe rubs once gone o'er,
He glides on ſmoothly and looks back no more.

DRYDEN.

THE folly of neglecting the advantages of the preſent hour, and looking forward to a future period—a period which may not arrive, or the employment of which the moſt trifling accident may prevent, and the weakneſs of imagining that time will enable us to conquer the vices which now fetter our reſolutions, have always afforded a theme of merriment to thoſe who have endeavoured to pleaſe the world by raillery and wit, but a ſubject of indignation and complaint to thoſe who have looked upon the miſeries of life with greater ſenſibility.

That the ſatire of the gay, and the reaſoning of the ſerious, ſhould have been employed without effect, cannot

reaſonably excite any emotions of ſurprize, when it is conſidered how eaſily every man ſubmits to ſome ſubterfuge which diſables him from ſhaking off the influence of ſloth; how readily we liſten to the flattery of hope, when ſhe promiſes us ſome releaſe from the reſtraints which wiſdom and which virtue would place upon our paſſions, or droop in the anguiſh of deſpair, when induſtry is required to reach the object of deſire.

When we are diſcouraged by unexpected difficulty, or diverted from attention by the allurements of pleaſure, we willingly believe that time will produce an opportunity more favourable for exertion, and that a ſlight deviation will only engage us for a while, and enable us to return to more noble purſuits with renovated ardour. But let every man who is ſeduced by illuſions ſuch as theſe: who imagines that the enjoyment of vice will give new animation to weakneſs; or, that wandering in the paths of pleaſure will enable us to delight in the ruggedneſs of labour, contemplate the lives of thoſe with whom intimacy has made him familiar, and retrace the progreſs of his own. He will diſcover that almoſt all the accompliſhments or the talents he has gained, have been thoſe which he has attempted with warmth, and purſued with diligence; that the reſolutions which have once been broken, have been ſeldom renewed with ſufficient vigour to produce much happineſs or improvement, and that every ſeduction to which he has once ſurrendered, has hurried him into vices againſt which he has vainly employed the energy of his mind.

But

But were it to be allowed that we could reſtrain our paſſions whenever we deſired, and mingle in the follies of the world without contamination; could pleaſure always be rejected when it conquered exertion, and vice be forgotten when we were ſatiated by enjoyment, we ought ſtill to be excited to activity by reflecting, that the period muſt ſpeedily approach when the fruits of our labour ought to be enjoyed; we ſhould take care that we have not to learn when we might be expected to apply, and be condemned to finiſh, by a contemptible old age, a life of miſery, ignorance, and folly. Nor let it be urged that this argument overturns itſelf; that the rapidity of time is but a reaſon for the enjoyment of pleaſure, and that the ſhortneſs of life but teaches us the vanity of human excellence; for not to mention thoſe arguments which are too ſolemn for my preſent purpoſe, let any one compare the life of a man who has ſpent his time in activity and ſtudy, with that of the profligate who has paſſed his life in perpetual debauchery. The former poſſeſſes that vigour of the body and ſatisfaction of the mind, which are the attendants upon the man who is not weakened by the arts of diſſipation, or haraſſed by the horrors of anxiety and compunction; he is reſpected in youth, and honoured in age. How different is the fate of the latter! His youth is ſpent in the midſt of thoſe who feel not the ties of affection or of love; who court him as the companion of their pleaſures, or the maſter of their fortunes, but hate him as a man. His hours are paſſed in a perpetual ſucceſſion of ſolicitude and ſorrow, of wickedneſs and repentance. His fortune is ruined, and his health deſtroyed,

while his fears are a ſource of perpetual unhappineſs. He becomes the victim of irregularity or drunkenneſs; an object of contempt to the world, and of pity to his friends. The wild rapidity of his thoughts, the frenzy of his eyes, and his hurried but feeble ſtep, proclaim him, at the age of manhood, the victim of diſeaſe. If he ſtruggles he ſtruggles with torture and miſery, or ſinks into the grave without receiving the tribute of a tear to his memory!

There are others who are not deluded by the faſcinations of pleaſure, but who remain in ignorance and ſloth, ſatisfied that they avoid indecent licentiouſneſs, without endeavouring at excellence. But ſurely the man who is ſeduced by pleaſure to neglect his duty; who imagines that the gratification of the ſenſes is ſuperior to that of the mind, and who prefers the haunts of a brothel to the cloſet of the ſtudent, is more excuſable than he who neglects the charms of virtue, without being attracted by the allurements of vice; the former neglects real for imaginary happineſs, but the latter deſpiſes the attainment of the one without being gratified by the poſſeſſion of the other.

But by far the greater number of mankind attempt to lull their own reflections, and to elude the obſervation of others, by lamenting their inability to attain excellence without neglecting thoſe duties which are abſolutely neceſſary. But when I obſerve the conduct of the world, and find men who complain of the multiplicity of cares and the ſhortneſs of time, debating the merit of a race-horſe,

or

or waſting their ſtrength in endeavouring to rival the rapidity of its motion; when I conſider how many there are who verify the portraits of Juvenal, and ſpend their time in the circle of a tennis-court, or in calculating the ſecond of an eclipſe; what numbers of our noblemen place the meridian of happineſs at Newmarket, and how much of the lives of the lower claſſes of mankind is ſpent in the precincts of a tavern; I cannot help imagining that ſuch complaints as theſe are generally the offspring of indolence and folly; rather meant to hide the power which ſloth poſſeſſes over our minds than to teſtify our regret for the miſapplication of our time.

No man can re-examine his own life without remembering periods in which his virtue or his learning has been encreaſed, by the accidental employment of hours which he had reſolved to ſpend in ſome purſuit which he now looks back upon with laughter or contempt;—how much a regular employment of every moment which was exempted from the neceſſary duties of his life, and which might have flown unperceived in the enjoyment of idleneſs or vice, has contributed to the vigour of his body, or the improvement of his mind.

There are others, who allow that the hours which they now ſpend unprofitably might add to their happineſs and knowledge, were they properly employed; but who urge at the ſame time the neceſſity of amuſement, to preſerve that activity of the mind, without which ingenuity and judgment are uſeleſs: nor can I make any

objection

objection to an opinion, to which the experience of every one has given ſome authority, but by enquiring the motives which induce the world to fly for delight to the converſation of the dull, the ignorant, or the fooliſh, rather than to the ſociety of virtue, of learning, or of wit. We might ſurely amuſe our minds in ſtriving to poſſeſs the language of a VIRGIL or a TASSO, as well as in endeavouring to underſtand the intricacies of politics, or to learn the ſcandal of the neighbourhood. It might reaſonably be imagined, that the ſtudy of nature or of art might furniſh as much entertainment as the *tittle tattle* of a drawing room, or (if the beaux will allow me to compare the one with the other) the clamour of an ale houſe, and that relaxation might be as eaſily diſcovered in our ſtudy, ſurrounded by the productions of fancy or of genius, as in the circles of debauchery, where brutality is rendered more diſguſting by inſipidity and folly.

I am not ignorant of the little effect which ſuch reaſonings as theſe may have upon the impetuoſity of youth. When every object poſſeſſes the allurement of novelty, and our attention is engaged by ſcenes of diſtant happineſs, it is with difficulty that we are perſuaded, that the nearer we approach the object of deſire, our enjoyment will be leſs: we glide along the ſtream of pleaſure with irreſiſtible violence, deluded by a thouſand phantoms which play before us, and lulled to ſecurity by the ſhade which paſſion enables us to place before miſery and ruin.

But

But when old age approaches, with perceptible rapidity; when the ſhadows which have bewildered the imagination diſappear; when life has been waſted by perpetual inquietude; and when ſenſual gratification can no longer be enjoyed, we look back with regret and forward with deſpair. When we contemplate the purſuits which have engaged our time, and when we reflect how little of life has been ſpent in enjoyment; how much of what has enſlaved our minds gives us conſolation in our declining years; we ſigh for that courſe, which, though attended at firſt with difficulty, would have not only adminiſtered pleaſure, but left behind it the poſſeſſion of innocence; would have ſmoothed the path of life with perpetual fragrance, and rendered the couch of death the abode of ſerenity and peace.

No. 24.

"And blind to every folly if his own."

THERE are a numerous claſs of beings in the world who wonder at the imprudence, the weakneſs, or the guilt of others; who lament with outward, but with real ſincerity, the failings and the vices of mankind; are ſorry that there ſhould be ſo few who are influenced by the dictates of reaſon, and expreſs a ſincere indignation at the immorality and impiety of the age; but who, at the ſame time, forget that they themſelves are

are very frequently guilty of the follies for which they ſo readily condemn their fellow-creatures, and expreſs their aſtoniſhment and regret.

But although this practice may juſtly be ridiculed as ſome proof of weakneſs, it ought not to render ſatire or admonition uſeleſs, ſince whatever may be the neglect which any man diſplays for maxims which he endeavours to impreſs upon the minds of others, *they* muſt ſtill ſtand or fall in proportion to their intrinſic truth, without being rendered leſs forcible or juſt by *his* want of conſiſtency.

One of the moſt remarkable inſtances of this ſelf-love with which I am acquainted, is my friend Jack Maggot, who has lived to the 50th year of his age, in direct oppoſition to his own maxims and complaints, and who ſeldom ſpends a day without performing in the evening ſome action which he has condemned in the morning, or violating in the morning ſome duty which he has endeavoured in the evening to recommend.

If Jack has been introduced by accident into a family in which he perceives that the boys are impertinent, and the girls are idle, or that their parents forget the neceſſity of correction, and ſpoil them with too much indulgence, he breaks out, as ſoon as he is ſeated with his companions, into a very gloomy deſcription of the imprudence and the folly of the ſyſtem of modern education; he deſcants with much warmth upon the effeminacy and profligacy of our youth,

youth, and recommends the uſe of ſeverity, tempered with moderation, as the only means of training a child in the path of obedience, of learning, or of virtue. He obſerves with great acuteneſs the laxity of diſcipline, the want of learning, and the neglect of merit, which are viſible in our public academy; and wonders that any one can ſend their daughters to thoſe abodes of ignorance and vice which are generally called boarding-ſchools, where their hearts are corrupted and their minds debaſed by immorality and trifling.

If the ſubject of marriage be mentioned, the lamentations of Maggot are immediately excited by the haſte and the indiſcretion with which ſuch indiſſoluble connections are too frequently formed. He points out with all the eloquence in his power, the folly of ſelecting a companion for life, without paying regard to the ornaments of the mind, or merely captivated by a beauty which diſeaſe may diſtroy, or ill nature may render diſagreeable. "Can any one obſerve without aſtoniſhment and ſorrow, with what readineſs mankind are allured by ſuperficial attractions? How eaſily folly, concealed under the ſemblance of wit, can enſlave the mind of a female, or affectation, beneath the form of modeſty, ſeduce the affections of the men; and how little attention is paid by either ſex to good ſenſe, good humour, or to virtue, while the graceful eaſe of a ſalute, the uſe of flattery, or elegance of dreſs, will be preferred to ſincerity in the one ſex or learning in the other. How many inſtances of unhappineſs and diſcord do we perceive in the marriage ſtate, which a little timely conſideration

deration might have prevented; and how much of irremediable infelicity has owed his origin to the ſelection of thoſe who have allured us by the elegance of the perſon, rather than the beauty of the mind! With what levity the matrimonial contract is conſidered, muſt be evident to every one who ſees with what want of reflection thouſands are engaged in it, and how frequently thoſe whoſe hands are joined at the altar, are unacquainted with the conduct or the characters of each other."

The abſurdity of thoſe men who violate the ſecrecy of friendſhip, and betray that confidence which real or pretended affection has obtained, has always been a copious theme of rhetoric to Maggot. "With what reaſon, (he exclaims) can any one expect to gain the eſteem of mankind, who betrays the truſt which others have repoſed in him, and uſes the arts of inſinuation as a means of contributing to the inconvenience or anxiety of his friends? Surely no one can imagine that he will gain reſpect, or paſs through life admired and happy, who convinces the world that he is unworthy of confidence, and that his conduct is a mixture of hypocriſy and falſehood." Nor is he leſs eloquent in his recommendation of a careful choice of companions. "How much ſuperior (ſays he) are the pleaſures of real friendſhip, to thoſe of that intimacy which is formed from a ſimilarity of vice and folly! How much it is to be regretted that the world prefers the company of ignorance to that of virtue; that deceit ſhould be courted under the diſguiſe of politeneſs, and merit neglected under the garb of modeſty! Were every man to ſelect his friends

friends in proportion to their underſtanding or their integrity, how much greater would be the felicity of life: when our griefs or our cares might be communicated to one who would ſympathize with our ſorrows and our joys; alleviate the preſſure of calamity, or increaſe our enjoyment of happineſs."

Jack never perceives the quarrels of a maſter and a ſervant, without expreſſing his aſtoniſhment that any man can expect to be obeyed who knows not how to command. "What folly (he exclaims) muſt that man be guilty of who imagines that a look of ſeverity will excite reſpect, or that a wanton abuſe of authority will produce any other effect than ridicule or hatred? Every one may perceive how much more faithfully he is ſerved, whoſe mildneſs of temper and prudence excite the love of his domeſtics, than he who endeavours to terrify them by reproach or anger. The former is revered and obeyed with diligence; he perceives a ſmile upon every countenance at his approach, and is welcomed with cheerful alacrity. The latter is feared and deſpiſed; is obeyed with unwillingneſs, and ridiculed by thoſe in whom he endeavours to excite ſubmiſſion and fidelity."

Nor do the leſs perſonal follies of mankind paſs unregarded. Jack wonders what infatuation can induce any one to waſte his time in ſloth and inactivity, when exertion might add to his health and improvement; what motive can influence the world to remain in ignorance, when the moments which are ſpent in unhappineſs might be produc-

tive of learning and knowledge; or, why purſuits, which experience has convinced us can only yield vexation and diſappointment, are ſtill preferred to employments which might render us happy and contented.

It will, no doubt, be imagined, that Maggot has always reſpected opinions which he endeavours to inculcate with with ſo much anxiety; that he proves himſelf in reality a friend, a huſband, and a father; that his children are models of obedience and piety, that his wife is diſtinguiſhed by modeſty and intelligence, and that his houſe is the ſeat of felicity and peace. But Maggot, like more diſtinguiſhed moraliſts, forgets to enforce his precepts by his own example, and to teach the world that truth muſt always produce conviction: he was never entruſted with a ſecret which he did not betray; he never acquired knowledge without compulſion; his ſervants are diſhoneſt and inſolent; his ſon is ignorant and profligate; and his wife a ſcold, a flattern, and a fool.

I might, before I concluded my paper, take an opportunity of ſhewing, that I could excel many of the beaux of the preſent age in wit and irony. I might aſk a biſhop, whether he has not hurried over a ſermon upon temperance, that he might prepare to do the honours of a turtle feaſt; or provoke the anger of a phyſician, by enquiring whether he does not kill his patients by the ſame death-warrants which he condemns in his rival brethren: I might affect to believe that there are many who delight in the praiſe of charity, who live upon the property of orphans;

or

or that many recommend the virtue of honesty, who would have no objection to overreach another in a bargain: nay, I might rally my pretty neighbours upon the frequency with which they accuse their friends of slander, while they practise it themselves, or remark the artificial bloom upon the cheek of a rival, when their own is tinctured with rouge: I might shew that a statesman does not always keep the laws which he has created for the punishment of others; and that a moralist may descant upon the vanity of fame, whose mind is tortured by ambition:—but, as I must confess that I hold a bishop in very great veneration, that I fear the medical revenge of a physician, that I love the ladies too much to put them to the blush, and that the anger of a minister is to me a very terrible thing, I shall for the present relinquish these designs. A consideration which I have just mentioned seems indeed to warn me to beware of touching too much upon the foibles of others; to teach me that it is sometimes prudent to be silent; and to bring to my remembrance, that every excellence is not the lot of a real or a fictitious SAUNTERER.

No. 25.

Omni vafur vitium ridenti flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum, præcordia ludit,
Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.

JUVENAL.

He with a fly inſinuating grace
Laugh'd at his friend and look'd him in the face,
Would raiſe a bluſh where ſecret vice he found
And tickle while he gently prob'd the wound,
With ſeeming innocence the croud beguil'd
And made the deſperate paſſes when he ſmil'd.

DRYDEN.

TO expreſs our opinions upon ſubjects which have received much of the attention of the world, or upon queſtions which learning and genius have previouſly endeavoured to decide, is a taſk of acknowledged difficulty: our minds are influenced by the judgment of thoſe, whoſe abilities have entitled them to reverence, or our deviation from the prejudices of others muſt render us the objects of ſuſpicion or of ridicule. It cannot be expected that any oppoſition to the ſentiments of thoſe, whom the world has been accuſtomed to conſider as the arbiters of criticiſm and taſte, will be regarded with much lenity by their admirers; or that, on the other hand, the mind of a writer will remain unfettered by the authority of thoſe whom he cannot hope to excel, and is obliged to imitate.

The taſk of criticiſing the periodical eſſayiſts is peculiarly difficult to one of their ſucceſſors; ſince, whatever weakneſs or error he may condemn, or whatever learning or genius he may praiſe, he is in ſome meaſure obliged to judge his own productions—to expoſe abſurdities which may be diſcovered in himſelf, or to commend

commend thoſe beauties which muſt ſtand as a contraſt to his own deformities.

So much has been written upon the writings of ADDISON, that it is almoſt equally ſuperfluous to condemn or to praiſe him. His beauties have gained him admirers, who have conſidered him as an example of every excellence; while his imperfections have raiſed againſt him a hoſt of enemies, who have denied his claim to the title of a philoſopher, a critic, or a poet.

The ſtyle which Addiſon has choſen, however it may have been praiſed by Johnſon, as being equally free from pompoſity and weakneſs, is undoubtedly defective. His ſelection of words to expreſs the common occurrences of life is eminently happy, and he preſerves the eaſe of common converſation, without debaſing his diction by vulgarity of expreſſion. But while he is exact in the choice of his words, he has paid no attention to the harmony of his cadence. The words upon which the force of his ſentences principally depends, are frequently placed where they cannot be pronounced but by rendering the paſſage weak and inanimate, or the voice is broken by the ſudden interruption of the period. For this reaſon—a reaſon by no means unimportant—we ought not to conſider him as a model of the middle ſtyle, but as an example of it. If we wiſh to gain a ſtyle "familiar, but not a coarſe—elegant, but not oſtentatious"—we muſt apply our time to the volumes of the more modern moraliſts, many of whom have preſerved his eaſe, without copying his weak-

neſs; and have united to his purity of language a greater melody of period.

But it is not only the characteriſtic of a good writer, that his ſtyle in general is melodious and correct, but that the conſtruction of his period, and the ſelection of his words, are varied according to the nature of his ſubject. On light ſubjects he ſhould be eaſy, and on grave ſubjects dignified. He ſhould deſcant with elegance on the topics of the day, and employ the pomp of language to give energy to greatneſs of thought or ſplendour of imagery. If we examine the compoſitions of Addiſon by this rule, he will not deſerve much praiſe. Whether he endeavours to elevate us by ſublimity, or to pleaſe us by wit, his ſtyle is equally without animation. He employs as little of the force of rhetoric to paint the grandeur of the univerſe, as to deſcribe the pillar of a lady's head-dreſs; and deſcants with an equal profuſion of words upon the extent of eternity, and the affectation of a prude.

We ſometimes, therefore, turn from a paper, in which every power of learning and of judgment has been employed, without being much impreſſed by its dignity, or pleaſed with its truth. The ſtrength of his arguments, and the energy of his thoughts, are frequently inſufficient to preſerve our attention. We feel the merit of the writer, and admire his piety or his knowledge, but are diſſatisfied, we know not why, and cloſe his volume without regret. But this effect is not always produced.

There

There is sometimes an ingenuity of remark, and a justness of conception, which even the demerit of his style is unable to conceal. He is particularly fortunate in his selection of all that can add to the interest of his subject. When he wishes to convince, he is generally powerful; when he endeavours to persuade, he is always irresistible. To those papers which are distinguished by wit, or which describe the daily occurrences of life, his style is more particularly applicable. We are not in them disgusted by a dissimilarity of sentiment and language; but our fancy is pleased, and our judgment satisfied. It is true, that even in the style of these papers he may be excelled; but his conquerors must owe their elevation to his aid.

If we consider the sentiments of Addison, independent of his style, we shall find much to admire, and little to condemn. His writings display in every sentence the man of learning, the philosopher, and the gentleman. His remarks upon life are such as display that knowledge of the world, and that intimacy with the gay, the witty, and the polite, which are necessary to render the fruits of study more valuable and useful. He has the art of descanting upon trifles without minuteness, and of rendering the temporary follies of the day the vehicles of general instruction: the colour of a lady's slipper, or the magnitude of her fan, are converted in the hands of Addison into a theme for morality and wit. He seems to persuade as a friend, rather than to correct as a teacher; and ra-

ther

ther endeavours to allure our attention by a ſmile, than to command our reverence by a frown.

But with all his beauties, he cannot be conſidered as entitled to the applauſe of genius. He diſplays energy of thought, brilliancy of wit, and extent of learning; but he does not diſplay that creative power which animates the page of unlettered ignorance. The univerſality of his reading has enabled him to illuſtrate his arguments, and to enforce his precepts, by the talents and the authority of the writers of ancient and modern ages; but he never aſtoniſhes by unexpected ſplendour, and ſeldom delights by ſublimity of thought. He has done all that the wit, the ſcholar, and the gentleman could do; but he has done no more.

His claim to the title of a critic has been denied by men who were remarkable for miſtaking affectation for wit, and harſhneſs for dignity; who, from the throne of literary deſpotiſm, affected to look down with contempt upon all whoſe ſuperiority endangered their power; and who conſidered the taſte of Addiſon as a contraſt to their own laboured and pedantic oſtentation. But whatever reception may be given to the writer who endeavours to veil ſimplicity in learned obſcurity, and to render ſublimity unintelligible, the title of a critic muſt be finally allowed to that man, who diſplays the beauties of an author, and corrects his errors, without deviating from the laws of nature and of taſte. To this praiſe Addiſon is entitled. He does not judge of the beauty of a metaphor, by obſerving that

it

it is equalled by Homer; or inform us that a ſimile is mean, becauſe it might have been more exact in the hands of Virgil: when the palm-trees of Aſia are mentioned, he does not prove that the paſſage is contemptible, becauſe it does not agree with the deſcription of Strabo; nor cenſure a Milton as a dunce, becauſe mathematics will not ſhew the propriety of his images.

His merits as a critic will be beſt diſplayed, by enquiring of what his enemies have convicted him. They have proved that he praiſed an author in proportion to his adherence to nature and to truth; that he never diſguſted his readers by myſterious nonſenſe, nor employed a chapter in rendering perſpicuity intelligible; that he never ſoared upon the clouds of dullneſs above the bounds of comprehenſion, nor forgot the beauties of his author to admire the viſions of Pythagoras and Plato. Such are the charges of which Addiſon has been tacitly accuſed, by men whoſe formality will have conſigned them to oblivion, when time ſhall have matured the laurels which juſtice has planted around his tomb.

If it be allowed that he does not examine the merits of an author with all the ſubtilty of refinement, and that he diſplays delicacy of judgment rather than profundity of reaſoning, yet this conceſſion places him as a critic in the firſt rank. The writer who examines the genius of an author with rigorous ſagacity, and he who decides by the influence of taſte, have perhaps equally improved the judgment of the world though their purſuits are different. The enqui-

enquiries of the one are formed to gratify the ſcholar, and the eſſays of the other to pleaſe and to improve the reader.

His poetry diſplays the talents of a man who was incapable of ſublimity, and could avoid meanneſs. His compoſitions are ornamented by learning, but are not illuminated by genius. His ſimilies are generally falſe, and his metaphors imperfect. He ſeems to have aimed at correctneſs, but is frequently faulty in his rhymes, and ſometimes diſguſts by a deſigned repetition of his words. Johnſon has praiſed his *Campaign* as ſuperior to the other poems, which were written upon the ſame occaſion; but this is not a proof of the abilities of its author, but of the dullneſs of his rivals. His letter from Italy, and his verſes to Kneller, merit, in my opinion, the praiſes they have received; but if theſe be retained as the productions of a man, who appeared above contempt in whatever he purſued, the reſt of his poetry may be ſuffered to glide into oblivion, without injuſtice to its author, or injury to the world.

No. 26.

——" *Lalagen amabo*
" *Dulce loquentem.*"

——I will love
The ſweet ſpeaking Lalagen.

As

AS the faculty of ſpeech is, next after reaſon, that which moſt peculiarly diſtinguiſhes man from all other animals, and as indeed ſpeech and reaſon are ſo blended that the one without the other is of little value; one would expect to ſee ſo rare a diſpenſation eſtimated as of the higheſt importance, and ſo uſed as to be rendered ſubſervient to the happineſs of our lives in the moſt eſſential points. But every day's experience ſhews us, that this faculty, by which our habits, as ſocial beings, are generated, and which conſequently ought to make ſociety delightful, is by the general conſent of mankind ſo perverted from its obvious application, as ſeldom to be brought into play without an intention of plaguing or humbling thoſe with whom we converſe. A moraliſt addreſſing the world, inculcates duty; the politician, or the man of buſineſs, points out our intereſt; and each would have his followers ſquare their conduct by one or the other of theſe leading principles: but in the uſe, or rather the abuſe of converſation, we moſt glaringly act as much againſt our duty as againſt our intereſt. If, in purſuance of the great baſis of all morality, we ought to do as we would be done by, certainly we ought to make our companions as pleaſant and eaſy in our company as our talents and circumſtances admit; for, ſhould they fatigue themſelves in reſtraining their obſervations and anecdotes to ſuch facts and perſons as excite in us diſagreeable emotions, we ſhould wiſh them heartily out of the way; and therefore, if we are not careful to ſuppreſs all ideas that ariſe in our minds, the obvious tendency of which would be to excite uncomfortable recollections in thoſe to whom we addreſs our converſation

verſation, we are not doing as we would be done by, and conſequently are acting contrary to our duty. But it is no leſs true that this ſort of behaviour is contrary to our intereſt.—Is any man weak enough to fancy, that after he has been a whole afternoon talking of his equipages, his ſervices of plate, his rents, and his brokers, to one who can ſcarce make the two ends of the year meet, this poor gentleman ſhall go home with any ſentiments of cordiality for him, or any wiſh to promote his welfare. When Azarica goes to dine with the rector's lady, does ſhe make the party comfortable by proteſting it is impoſſible to get on, even for a month, at a watering place, without two cooks and two ſets of culinary utenſils? It is obvious that ſuch a mode of talking muſt excite an envious uneaſineſs in little minds, and a very ſovereign contempt to thoſe of ſtronger texture: but either of theſe ſenſations is incompatible with reſpect or attachment; and therefore, after ſuch a converſation, the parties who have been *ſhewing off*, if they think at all, muſt reflect that they have that day diſplayed, it is true, their magnificence, but have diminiſhed (in the proportion of thoſe they have thus obliquely inſulted) the number of perſons on whom, in caſe of ſuch exigences as wealth is liable to, they might rely for ſupport. We ſeem wholly to have loſt ſight of the ſimple reaſon why we meet together; we never remember that it is moſt likely the faculty of ſpeech was given to us, in order that by a communication of each individual's ideas the wants of each might be remedied, and the abilities of a community thrown as it were into a *hotch-pot* for the benefit of all its members; and ſtill leſs does it occur

occur to us, that the more refined uſe of language is to heighten the pleaſures of leiſure. In our method of carrying on ſociety, we take our tongues to a party as the Mohawks did their knives, for ſelf-defence, and to exhibit our ſuperiority, and not for the purpoſes of conviviality; for when we begin to talk with each other, it is obvious that our ſole motive is a deſire to aggrandize ourſelves, and obtain a character. We would appear men of connexions by talking of my Lord This, and the Biſhop of That—what Sir Peter told us, and what a good thing Jack ſuch a One ſaid at Newmarket; provided Jack ſuch a One be the ſon of an Earl, or grandſon of a Duke at any rate.—If a man carries you, under pretence of a ride out, from boundary fence to boundary fence, and from farm to farm, and tells you '*All this is my property*,' be aſſured he has no one quality to entitle him to reſpect, except his property: if he aſk you '*whether the old ſet were together at Boodle's, when you left London?*' depend on it he would have the reſt of the company ſtare at him for a *man of high faſhion about town:* and, in the ſame ſtrain, wits talk of compoſition and criticiſm before country gentlemen, country gentlemen talk of draining, bulls, and tup-ſhews, before young ladies; and theſe again throw out hints of their own perfections in muſic, dancing, &c. in the preſence of ſuch of their *friends* as are notoriouſly defective in thoſe accompliſhments—not at all with any view to inſtruct, or amuſe thoſe to whom they ſpeak, but with the ſole intent of convincing their companions, be they whom they may, that they enjoy very ſuperior endowments of mind and body, are converſant in matters far

beyond what occupies the thoughts of thoſe doomed to be thus humbled, and are, in ſhort, people that ought to be looked up to: but the natural conſequence of ſuch intercourſe is, that thoſe talked down to-day, turn the tables to-morrow, and give this *friendly* interchange of ideas the bent that will afford them an opportunity of enlarging on ſubjects of which their aſſociates are profoundly ignorant: the Miſs who draws overpowers the Miſs who dances, and the latter ſecretly hates the former; the country 'Squire curſes them both, and laments the deplorable miſtakes in female education; and the wit praiſes heaven that he has got out of a booby's clutches who talked him to death about profit and loſs, and ſeemed to have no conception of fine writing: and thus the ſeeds of diſlike are ſo generally ſown, that the bonds of ſociety become cankered, and very little cordiality is to be found among us. Short obſervations often ſink deep, and mankind is not endued with a ſufficient degree of candour to attribute to chance thoſe paſſages in converſation which call to mind faſſings, errors, or misfortunes. The oftener any ſet of perſons are together, and the cloſer they are bound to each other, the more attentive they ought to be to the obſervance of *civility*; a term which is as little applicable to modern breeding, as it is to the buckram ceremonial of our forefathers. Civility means a care never to do, and never to ſay any thing, which, if done or ſaid, might be unpleaſant to any individual in company; and it is a rule much eaſier to be obſerved than may appear on the firſt reflection; for if we are attentive to talk on cheerful ſubjects, and never to detract, we ſhall be pretty ſure to avoid all mention of facts and

and perſons which might irritate the minds of ſuch of our companions as are in a great meaſure unknown to us; and as to thoſe with whoſe hiſtory and connexions we are well acquainted, we muſt, from the very nature of that acquaintance, know what ſubjects and what perſons would, if brought on the carpet, excite irkſome emotions in their minds. I am not aware of one ſacrifice that is exacted by the attention to this civility which I recommend, except that of abuſing our neighbours; and I will venture to ſay, that if any one in company have a fancy ſo ſplenetic as not to furniſh out a reaſonable ſhare of lively converſation, without being exerciſed in detraction (for the niceſt touch of ridicule on abſentees is detraction) the general good humour of the party will not be one jot the worſe if that gentleman carry the obſervance of civility ſo far as to hold his tongue for the day.

There is one error into which really well diſpoſed perſons are apt to fall, that I muſt notice before I lay down my pen, becauſe they offend againſt my idea of civility with the beſt intentions in the world, and greatly hurt, even if they do not exaſperate, their friends by doing that which they labour at with a view to pleaſe them. What I allude to, is the prevalent cuſtom in little private parties to bring up for ſubjects of bitter animadverſion and cenſure, thoſe perſons who are on ill terms with ſome one in company. It is generally thought that by thus examining, condemning, and executing a man's enemies, you pay your court to him perſonally; but a diligent obſerver of the human mind will know that exactly the contrary

happens:—I, who have been injured, cannot help retracing in the ſilent involutions of my thought, all the wrongs I have ſuſtained, when you by your animadverſion forcibly impreſs on my attention the perſons at whoſe hands I have ſuffered; and conſequently, all the uneaſineſs, all the irritation which my temper undergoes from ſuch a retroſpect, is wholly occaſioned by your abſurd, ill-timed abuſe of thoſe perſons. It is true I do not at firſt confound in one ſentiment of diſguſt him who has injured and him who has thus unintentionally afflicted me; but where the ſame thing is often repeated, one cannot help in ſome meaſure connecting the two ideas ſo far as to feel diſpleaſed, though we may not know why, at our officious partizan; and thus it often falls out, that what was intended to conciliate eſteem, becomes the firſt ſtep to a coolneſs, if not a breach between friends. It can never be pleaſing to a man to hear his enemy's name mentioned, though it be diſreſpectfully; and my readers will be moſt obſervant of civility, if they do not even communicate to one apothecary that his competitor is dead. X.

No. 27.

——— *Ego apis matutina*
More, modoque. ———

Hor.

——— Or like the morning bee
That flies from flower to flower and culls their ſweets.

THE following poem is founded on the impriſonment of Mary Queen of Scots, in the caſtle of Lochlevin, in Scotland. It is an epiſtle ſuppoſed to have been written by her to Kirkaldy of Grange, who really was what he is here repreſented, a man of ſincerity and character. The incidents to which the poem alludes are admirably related in Stuart's Hiſtory of Scotland; and any one of my readers who may be unacquainted with them, will not miſpend his time if he ſhould take the trouble to peruſe that narrative.

AN EPISTLE

FROM

MARY QUEEN of SCOTS, to KIRKALDY of Grange.

Leagued as thou art with thoſe who ſeal my doom,
Hear once my voice! and leave me to the tomb.
Hear from theſe hateful walls a captive Queen;
Think what that captive is, and what has been.

What tho' thy numerous vaſſals crowd around,
Tho' fierce to arms the rattling trumpets ſound,
Thy patriot ſoul no mean emotion knows,
And what thy conſcience feels, thy lips diſcloſe:
'Tis Scotland's welfare only fills thy breaſt—
Pride, Envy, Fear, and Intereſt arm the reſt.

Ah, hapleſs Queen! whoſe memory ſtill remains,
Each wrong retraces and each pang retains:
My dreams of youth Pariſian pomp recals,
And joins the Louvre to Lochlevin's walls:
Now paints the time, ere Francis ceas'd to live,
Ere this unconſcious heart was taught to grieve,
When bleſt in love, ador'd by generous France,
Joy fill'd my ſoul and beam'd in every glance;
When troops of gallant knights on bended knee
No prize demanded but one ſmile from me:
When all was ſplendor, all was grace around,
And poliſh'd wit the gay carouſal crown'd.
But now—ah cruel! all the pageants fade,
And the black contraſts riſe in horrid ſhade!
The gallant knights, the pomp, the joys decay,
And Scotland's Lords appear in fierce array:
On Carberry's plain the griſly bands I trace,
Bands pledg'd and ſworn to work a Queen's diſgrace;
Still to my eyes my fainting troops appear,
And ſtill thy parley vibrates in my ear:
Still in my mind (Ah! loſt to thee) is borne
The firm aſſurance by Kirkaldy ſworn.

Heav'ns!

Heav'ns! ſhall Kirkaldy, whoſe untainted name
Upholds in diſtant realms the Scottiſh fame,
Whoſe faith unbroken ſtrong reliance draws,
And gilds with luſtre ev'n a Murray's cauſe;
Shall he, forgetful of his plighted word,
Point at a captive Queen his conq'ring ſword?
Oh! ſtill your knightly faith, your pledge obſerve,
Nor cruſh with fetters her you ſwore to ſerve.

Grant that the bond your curſt aſſociates gave,
No clouds of error caſt o'er Darnly's grave;
Grant (tho' abſolv'd by Scotland's rigorous laws,
And crown'd, inſidious, by his Peers' applauſe,)
That in ſuſpicious eyes Earl Bothwell ſtood
Diſgrac'd, and tainted with his ſov'reign's blood;
Grant ev'n that I, by amorous fancy led,
Sought, uncompell'd, a reeking traitor's bed,
Grant all the ſlanders of this monſtrous time,
Ev'n that myſelf was conſcious of the crime—
Yet was a compact ſworn on Carberry's field,
By all acknowledg'd, and by me fulfill'd!
Alone, unfriended, Bothwell left the plain,
His penitence, his paſt acquittal vain.—
Thine ears, Kirkaldy! heard my chilling word;
Thy eyes departing ſaw that hated Lord;
Led thro' my ſoldiers by thy honour'd hand,
Fearleſs I paſs'd to Morton's treacherous band,
Smil'd as with falſe reſpect he bent his knee,
And fear'd no treach'ry——for I truſted thee.

See then the ſad reverſe! allegiance gone,
Bonds are my ſceptre and a gaol my throne:
Hopeleſs, and torn from all my friends, I grieve;
And count the minutes by the ſighs I heave.
Well could my ſoul the pomp of rule forego,
State pleaſure, courtly ſmiles, and gaudy ſhew;
Theſe I regret not raviſh'd; but I mourn
The nobler powers that royalty adorn;
Of the ſweet privilege, long enjoy'd, debar'd,
To raiſe the drooping, and the good reward.
Nurs'd in the lap of wealth, my infant hand
Was train'd to bounty in a foreign land;
And two rich realms an ample ſource ſupplied,
As that unwearied hand the ſtreams applied,
Nor did theſe mighty Peers my gifts diſown;
I gave to all, for they were all my own;
Nor e'er (tho' ſtill to ſpurn the donor bold)
Did the reformer ſhrink from Mary's gold.
Then my great ſire, lamented Henry, ſmil'd,
And watch'd the opening virtues of his child;
With partial fondneſs o'er each feature hung,
And prais'd each accent of my liſping tongue;
Mark'd with fond hopes my dawning ſenſe unfold,
And years of greatneſs and of power foretold.

Ill-judging Prince! for other fortunes born,
Miſchance and ſorrow mark'd my natal morn:
So light a thing as beauty urg'd my fate,
And ting'd with envy four Eliza's hate:

No

No plots had ſhe, no freſh-coin'd treaſons known,
Had not her ſiſter's features dim'd her own;
Of Mary's charms ſhe learnt with ſullen ear,
Look'd in the glaſs, and found no beauties there;
Then ſtarting, ſummon'd aid for England's throne—
Alas! the traitors were theſe eyes alone.
Wretch that I am! what little, little good,
Has my ſhort life to royal birthright ow'd!
Juſt for a moment giv'n of bliſs to taſte,
Then left to judge the preſent by the paſt.
In youth I learnt affliction's pang to prove,
Reſt of the partner of my early love;
Deceiv'd by artifice, and trick'd to ſhame,
I loſt in Darnly's tomb my ſpotleſs fame;
And now ſee fierce rebellion fill my throne,
Shut from my laſt, beſt joy, my infant ſon.——
Ah! who now left of all the royal train
Screens the poor babe from inſult and from pain!
What tender arms that much-lov'd form infold
And ſoftly ſhelter from the winter's cold?
What tender arms the boiſt'rous crowd repel,
While o'er his eyes the dews of ſlumber ſteal?
Ah! who like me will huſh the tumults wild,
Gaze on his calm repoſe, and bleſs the child?

Sweet be his ſlumbers! mute the dire alarms,
That ring my knell, and force him from my arms:
For me alone may Heaven theſe ills prepare,
For me the miſeries of inteſtine war;

'Gainſt

'Gainſt me alone may Treaſon's hoſt appear,
And England's Queen exhauſt her rancour here.
To Zeal, to Faction, I reſign my crown—
Nay, let them take my life—but ſpare my ſon.

Yes, be it mine to feel a ſubject's power,
A lonely captive in Lochlevin's tower;
Unmark'd, unpitied, here in chains to groan,
And expiate crimes and treaſons not my own;
Still roll to me the ſame each circling year,
No ſports relieve me, and no converſe cheer;
Ne'er let me taſte a ſhort but grateful calm;
Even all conſoling Sleep withhold his balm,
Till my tir'd eyes at dawn begin to cloſe,
And feveriſh ſlumbers creep upon my woes;
Still may the barrier waves my gaol ſurround,
And all my ſchemes of liberty confound;
And haughty Douglas ſtill in frowns appear,
Deride my ſorrows, and inſult my fear;
New on my faded ſplendour ſarcaſm throw;
And, once a ſervant, boaſt to be a foe.—
Such is Queen Mary's fate.—For this thy word
Was pledg'd! behold the trophies of thy ſword;
For this dire end, ere yet the boiling realm
Had felt my gentle guidance at its helm,
The traitor Lords in ſavage compact ſwore,
And ſtamp'd my ruin ere I touch'd the ſhore:
For this his wiles inſidious Murray try'd,
My councils tainted, and my friends deſtroy'd;

And

And furious Knox, to fill the mad'ning band,
Blew the loud blaſt of ſchiſm oe'r the land.
Unequal conflict! Ill might I oppoſe
My youth unpractis'd to confederate foes:
No loyal Scot detected Murray's guile,
And ſhew'd the treaſons ambuſh'd in his ſmile;
Not one was near of all great Henry's train
To eaſe the cares of an ill-omen'd reign!
My ſiſter Queen but flatter'd to betray;
Cold in the grave my ſainted mother lay;
And her proud kinſman in that fatal hour
Reluctant ſtoop'd to Montmorenci's power.
No kind experience taught my trembling hand
To wield the ſceptre of this factious land;
No friend ſtood forth that ſceptre to protect—
All flam'd with hate, or chill'd me with neglect:
Till by advice deceiv'd, or threat'nings aw'd,
I gave the Earl my hand, and crown'd their fraud.

Ah! wherefore did no friendly tongue diſcloſe
That the dire act was plotted by my foes?
No—not a friend appear'd to ſtay my choice:
Erſkine was dumb, and mute Kirkaldy's voice:
The ſpirits of my fathers, from the tomb,
Sent forth no warning of their daughter's doom;
To cruſh one dame a nation's craft combin'd,
And through her female ſoftneſs ſapp'd her mind.
I paus'd, I trembled—all their Queen betray'd:
My ſoul revolted, but my hand obey'd.

But

But ſcarce the rite—ah, mournful pomp!—was done,
Scarce on the bridal feaſt had ſunk the ſun,
Ere my keen fears could all the fraud deſcry,
And read my fate in Morton's alter'd eye.
Then was I ſunk indeed; my conſcious pride
No more the ſhafts of calumny defy'd;
That conſcious worth from Mary's breaſt was flown,
Which whiſper'd peace when other hope was gone.

Of all the Peers who ſign the fatal deed,
Which forc'd their Queen to ſhare Earl Bothwell's bed,
Not one to grace our mournful court remain'd;
But all around a boding ſilence reign'd:
While to their bleak domains the chiefs retir'd,
And Bothwell's death and Mary's fall conſpir'd;
With fancied crimes the tale of ſlander ſwell'd,
And vow'd to puniſh what their power compell'd;
Inſidious Maitland ran from Peer to Peer,
And pour'd his ſpecious lies in every ear,
Till through the realm the baſe aſperſion ſpread,
And each fierce Lord his troops to vengeance led;
And ſoon—too ſoon—Kirkaldy's name adorn'd
The foul aſſociates whom his honour ſcorn'd.
The day ſhall come (nor yet a diſtant time)
When keen remorſe ſhall teach thee all thy crime;
Teach thee, too late, that nought can faith ſupply,
Nor virtue flouriſh if allegiance die.
This hollow league which binds thee now my foe,
Aims at thy creſt a ſurer, deadlier blow;

Too

Too late will Treaſon all her projects own;
Burſt her thin veil, and claim the Scottiſh throne;
Too late wilt thou awake to honour's call,
Start from the bands that work thy country's fall;
Too late, alas! my ruin'd cauſe defend,
And curſe the hour that made thee Morton's friend.

X.

No. 28.

" Mercatique ſolum, facti denomine Birſam,
" Taurino quantum poſſent circumdare tergo."

VIRG.

THE extraordinary ingenuity of modern conveyancers is very far exceeded by that tranſaction, which is recorded by Virgil in the paſſage from which I have taken the motto of this paper. A widow, called Dido, being deſirous of inveſting what ſhe could ſecure from the wreck of her late huſband's eſtate to the beſt advantage, bargained with a gentleman, called Jarbas, for ſo much land as ſhe could incloſe in a bull's hide; but by means of a little nicety in the wording of the releaſe, and throwing in among other words of conveyance (as is uſual to this day) one which might have the force of '*ſurround*,' the widow's attorney cut the ſaid hide into ſmall ſlips, and faſtening them to each other, took in a circuit of near four miles (according to Servius), and claimed the fee-

ſimple of the whole of that tract by virtue of this deed. I have often reflected on this ſtory with ſecret ſatisfaction. There is nothing in any of the ancient writers that leads one to think it was then conſidered as a very unuſual inſtance of dexterity; therefore I am willing to flatter myſelf that, even in thoſe early ages, the mind of man was as ſharp in matters of buſineſs as it is at this time: and that the ſcience of over-reaching is not, like the art of making gunpowder, merely modern; but has been practiſed from very remote antiquity, and may, in fact, be conſidered as coeval with property itſelf—a concluſion, which is not only ſatisfactory to thoſe who, out of a principle of pure philanthropy, like myſelf, rejoice in whatever tends to prove the native ſtrength of the human underſtanding, which is beſt done by tracing all arts and ſciences to an early origin; but muſt be exceeding conſolatory to ſuch of our profeſſional dealers in words as are afflicted with a certain hypochondriac diſorder, called qualms of conſcience, by ſhewing them great authority for their practices, and including them, if the worſt come to the worſt, in very good company.

However, I have been led from conſidering the fact above related in this manner, to view it in a wider point of view. From the circumſtances of the contract it is evident, that, at the period when it took place, it was the vogue to prefer land to the public funds; otherwiſe Dido would never have loaded herſelf with real property, more eſpecially, as it ſeems by this purchaſe ſhe brought upon herſelf the additional trouble of building: and a very wide

wide field of diſcuſſion from hence opens itſelf, in the contemplation of the long agitated queſtion, 'How to lay out money to the beſt advantage?' with reference to the uſages of antiquity. I would not have ſuperficial perſons ſneer at this notion: for a very learned body of men of this age have gone a great way towards making antiquity the ſtandard of wiſdom in all things, and have paſſed their lives in bringing forward notices on many ſubjects, either evident or allegorical, from the claſſic writers, highly to the edification of all mankind, and vaſtly to their own individual honour and emolument. Certainly one cannot conſider a ſubject of higher importance. The attention of wiſe men is uniformly bent on making the moſt of their capital; and as the modern world is agreed in giving credit for a high degree of wiſdom in its parent, the ancient world, notices from old writers can never be collected to more obvious benefit than on this ſubject. For, though I do not pretend that my reſearches (and numerous they have been among the very dregs and offals of antiquity, in hopes of recommending myſelf to the Antiquarian Society) can eſtabliſh any thing concluſive (which is indeed ſeldom the caſe with any reſearches at all), yet I conceive it a matter of no common curioſity, to trace the different leanings of the public mind as to purchaſes of land, real ſecurity, and the public funds, from the creation of the world down to the extinction of polite learning during the middle ages. In a diſſertation on this ſubject too, an author, I mean a *bona fide* ſcribbler, has a great advantage over the perſons from whom moſt of the treatiſes on money matters come: for as a byſtander

ſees more of the game than he does who is engaged in it, an author who has a preſcriptive claim to the honourable diſtinction of poverty, muſt have a clearer inſight into the myſtery of communicating to property the power of propagating itſelf, than they can poſſibly obtain, who are encumbered with the management of it. In this paper, therefore, I ſhall lay before my readers what notices I have been enabled to collect in ancient writers concerning ſo important a point: and I am ſo thoroughly convinced of the general deference now paid to antiquity, of the willingneſs with which we are all led to ſee allegorical meanings in mythological ſtories, that I ſubmit my diſquiſition to the public, without the leaſt apprehenſion of it being undervalued or miſunderſtood.

Among the earlier nations, I am induced think the Phrygians were averſe to funding their capital, and dealt largely in mortgages. Cybele, the tutelary goddeſs of theſe people, is identified with Veſta, or the earth; whence we might ſuppoſe the genius of the Phrygians led them altogether to making purchaſes. But, for another light on the ſubject, which is deducible from the ſame goddeſs, Cybele was imaged in a car—an emblem that their intereſt in the land was *tranſitory*, or ſubject to *redemption*: but Cybele was likewiſe crowned with a *tower*, having four, ſix, or eight embrazures; therefore the deeds (or *muniments*) of the land were made over, and four, ſix, or eight per cent. paid according to the exigency of the borrower; which method of regulating the rate of intereſt obtains among another Aſiatic people, the Jews, and to a ſtill

a ſtill greater latitude *upwards*, to this day. I am ſurpriſed that Mr Bryant, in his wonderful analyſis, has not hit upon this illuſtration of the myſtery hid under the worſhip of Cybele: it is capable of being demonſtrated yet more minutely, but the reader will think it ſufficiently obvious already.

During the war of the giants, I find the value of the land much depreciated. Tityus was a land-jobber, and *laid out his all* on a field of nine acres (a circumſtance greatly in favour of the antiquity of the Lancaſhire meaſure); but it turned out ſo bad a purchaſe, that he repented it as long as he lived. This plain, ſimple fact, the poets have told us in their way, repreſenting Tityus as a giant, who was ſtretched for his preſumption over a field of the above dimenſions, by Jupiter, with a vulture conſtantly gnawing his entrails; but the real circumſtances appear very clearly through this allegory. So too in reſpect to the other ſtory of Briareus and his companions piling mountain upon mountain, in order to gain the aſcendant over the Gods. Now the poets typified the *landed intereſt* by the denomination of *Sons of the Earth*; by the Gods they meant the ſtock-holders, whoſe property was *ſubſtantial*: and the fact was, that Briareus and Co. engaged in a large ſpeculation, buying landed eſtate upon landed eſtate, and engaging their credit very deep, in order to become greater men than the *Gods*, or *ſtock-holders*; but theſe latter combining together, the company could not raiſe money to complete their purchaſes, became bankrupt, and the venders got their ſeveral eſtates again: all

which is very ſublime, when properly ſwelled out into an account of heaping hill upon hill, of the rattling of thunder, and of the ſeveral mountains being reſtored to their places on the deſtruction of the giants.

Land, however, ſoon got up: for in the ages properly called heroic, the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons applied themſelves to improving the breed of cattle, with as much judgment and ſucceſs as Mr. Bakewell, Mr. Culley, or Mr. Collins, in our time. There was a king of Spain, and another eminent dealer in Thrace, who improved the breed of horſes, and ſweated the grooms who attended them ſo thoroughly to ſkin and bone, that they were ſaid to feed their favourites with human fleſh.—There was a queen of Mycenæ, who prided herſelf ſo much on a cow produced by a peculiar *crop*, and called Io, that ſhe hired a man to ſhew her all about the country, as we learn from Io herſelf, in one of the tragedies of Eſchylus: for machinery was carried to ſuch perfection on the Athenian ſtage, that Eſchylus was enabled to introduce this cow (whilſt on her travels) giving an account of her adventures in a very long ſpeech. It would be tedious to enumerate here all the *great breeders* of Greece; but the faſhion proves the general preference given to landed property at that time. Indeed I find no inſtance of the prevalence of the funds throughout the Grecian hiſtory, except in reſpect to Sparta, where the whole funding ſyſtem was carried by the law of the land to its greateſt extent, and a ſpecies of iron aſſignats introduced, which were preferable to our ſtamped paper, on account of their durability,

ity, however inferior they might be to ours in convenience of carriage.

What was the opinion of the Athenians on this point, during the latter periods of the republic, may be collected from a paſſage of Menander, which reprobates the ſtock-holders as a parcel of noodles. He ſays,

Ω φιλτατη γη μητερ, ὡς σεμνον σφοδρ' ει
Τοις νεν εχουσι κτημα.

which means (I tranſlate for the benefit of the country gentlemen) 'O deareſt parent earth! how reſpectable a *property* art thou conſidered by ſuch as have their wits about them!' and intimates pretty ſtrongly, that they who prefer government ſecurities are of a different deſcription. This was probably occaſioned by the fall of ſtock during the troubleſome times in which the poet lived: and I think I am warranted, from the whole review of Grecian hiſtory, in pronouncing, that whenever any one of theſe petty governments was flouriſhing, its funds were above par. Being, however, now arrived at thoſe limits which my ſheet preſcribes, I muſt refer the conſideration of this queſtion, as illuſtrated by other anecdotes reſpecting Greece, and by the whole Roman Hiſtory, to ſome future paper: in the mean time earneſtly requeſting my readers to recollect, that the nine acres of Tityus, and the mountains of Briareus, are reflected by many ſpeculations beſides thoſe which, according to my gloſs, are directly typified by the ſtory:—for diſappointment, re-

remorse, and humiliation are the necessary followers of inordinate grasping, be its object what it may.

X.

No. 29.

Men some to business some to pleasure take,
But every woman is at heart a rake.

Prodiga non sentit pereuntem fœnora census.

Juv.

BELPHEGOR, A TALE.

IN modern times, as Authors tell,
Strict order is observ'd in Hell;
A court of justice is erected,
And orphans' rights, like ours, protected:
Due aids the sov'reign's cares retrench;
A Chanc'ry, king's and common bench,
And ev'ry other solemn shew
Which here on earth we mortals know,
Is grown in common use below.
But once, when from the sitting court
My Lord Chief Justice made report,
That all men who came to his bar
(And few went upwards he could hear,)

Loudly

Loudly on womankind exclaim'd;
And wives for all their mis'ries blam'd;
Nay, call'd the ſex'man's greateſt curſe,
When ta'en for better or for worſe:
Satan aſtoniſh'd heard the tale,
And thought the rogues were leagued to rail;
Swore he had found them much more pleaſant;
When caught in Eden, damage feaſant;
Declar'd he thought the mortals lied,
And vow'd the queſtion ſhould be tried.

But who to take the inquiſition?
What Fiend of daring diſpoſition
Would leave the ſweets of Hell's domain
For pleaſures of an earthly ſtrain?
He knew the magic mint of Hell
Was ſafer than a gambler's ſpell;
And fear'd no Demon might be found
To quit his flames for upper ground,
And (e'en but for ſome years) to dare
The horrors of connubial war.

The black rod flew: the peers aſſembled;
Hell's concave with their coaches trembled.
When met at length in full divan,
Th' imperial Speaker thus began:—
"Tho' here we rule with ſingle ſway,
"And all our ſov'reign nod obey;
"Yet at this juncture we think beſt
"To broach the purpoſe to your breaſt,

And

" And your good counſel to require—
" Be grateful, and aſſiſt your Sire.
" Reflect how Eve in early times,
" The mother of terreſtrial crimes,
" By longing in a lucky hour,
" Advanc'd on earth Satanic power:
" Sure then that Lady's daughters merit
" Some gratitude from ev'ry Spirit,
" And all of ye, I truſt who hear us,
" The ſex's champions will appear as :
" My Lords, the Dames are in bad plight;
" I have it here in black and white
" (By oath of all who croſs the ferry)
" That man is never after merry.
" When once united to a wife :
" But ſhame, or penitence or ſtrife,
" Or Jealouſy, the wretch afflicts
" Till Fate diſpatch him o'er the Styx.
" Is then, ye potentates, mankind
" In one malevolence combin'd,
" To ſhift the nooſe from their one necks
" And ſcandalize the weaker ſex :
" Or, by a female as we trace
" Our right below to all the race,
" Has now the ſame bold ſex unfurl'd
" Our ſtandard in the upper world,
" And ſtretch'd our late confin'd domain
" Triumphant o'er the ſeats of men ?
" Haſte then, ſome Fiend, with ſpeed away,
" Infold himſelf in mortal clay,

" The

" The charge with ſtrict attention ſcan,
" And ſearch the ſource of woe to man."

The monarch thus his wiſh expreſs'd,
But fear clogg'd each infernal breaſt,
Nor could one Fiend, in all his legions,
Change for a wife thoſe duſky regions:
In expectation of reply,
Satan heav'd many an anxious ſigh;
At length—" Since all my friends" he cried,
" At ſuch a juncture are tongue-tied,
" The myſtic lots muſt end the ſtrife
" And ſettle which ſhall take a wife."
The lots were caſt: the luckleſs Devil
Doom'd to this utmoſt verge of evil,
Hight Belphegor—*prime Fiend* in Hell,
Tho' call'd *Archangel* ere he fell.

Demons take very little dreſſing;
Adieu, ſhake hands, and Satan's bleſſing;
With juſt one hundred thouſand ſterling,
Was all: when ſtraight his vans unfurling
He left the gloomy domes of Dis,
And paſs'd the ſplashy, dark abyſs,
Which (as old Milton has deſcrib'd,
Demons as well as all mankind
Muſt venture through to come to light,
Then bolted out our airy Sprite,
Within the precincts of the court,
Where (nightly) men of ſenſe reſort,

All

All for the good of circulation
And greater welfare of the nation;
Where ſtock is ſold in box of leather,
And dice and timber ſhake together.

For coach and ſervants firſt in town
Sir Belphegor Mac Eiead is known:
The Dames to ill by nature prone,
Declare Sir Bel is quite the ton:
His frame my Lady Mayoreſs eyes,
His noſe, his calves, his back, his thighs;
While, weſtward, green young Ladies dote
On the nice hanging of his coat:
His air o'ercomes the titled dame;
And all the town is in a flame.
But ſtill the men with envious lour
Beheld th' encroachments of his power:
He ſhakes his elbows—in a trice
The magic movement thaws the ice:
Strait the Beaumonde attends his levee,
Knights, Lords, and Dukes, and couns'lors Privy;
With rapture this his run of luck ſees,
And introduces him to Brookes's:
This makes a fete to entertain him;
That pimps, the eaſier to drain him;
'Till fixt ſecure and high in fame,
He thinks it time to play his game.
Who could withſtand? each daily print
Some buckiſh prank of his had in't:

Lord

Lord Kenyon had arraign'd his morals;
The Commons grac'd him with their laurels,
And Bow-ſtreet runners ſalv'd his quarrels.
And this is all that's wanting now
(Beſides a cropt head and good bow)
To make a daſhing fellow free
Of all *ſelect ſociety*.
He ſmiles—he woos—the nymph gives ear—
The daughter of a northern Peer.
What tho' but ſmall her fortune told?
Sir Belphegor had mines of gold;
Beſides i' th' Caſtle you might ſee
Beyond Macbeth her pedigree.
The day was fixt; the bride poſſeſt;
Sure never Fiend was half ſo bleſt;
He thought the ſun got up too ſoon,
For more than half the honeymoon;
Was always kiſſing, always toying,
Nor thought a wife could e'er be cloying:
But Lady Mary, tho' but young,
Knew for what heaven had given her tongue;
Well could ſhe that keen weapon wield;
But in the ſtops, alas! unſkill'd,—
Unwearied ſtill, with might and main
She rung the larum o'er again.
Beſides, like milk, as royal blood
If kept too long will not be good.
And ſtraining down, at ev'ry ſtage
Leaves ſediment from age to age;

So Lady Mary's high nobility
Was ſadly tinctur'd with ſcurrility;
And haughtineſs ſo ſwell'd her heart,
And canker'd Cupid's golden dart,
That ſoon her *dear* ſhe held in ſcorn,
And wonder'd where the wretch was born!
"And whence" ſay ſhe, "my knight deſcends?
"Who ever heard of the Mac Fiends?"
In ſhort her anceſtry ſo great
Had puff'd her pride to ſuch an height,
That 'twas a doubt with Belphegor,
If Lucifer himſelf had more:
'Till half a year's cloſe obſervation
Remov'd all farther heſitation,
And he maturely could decide
She far outdid his Prince in pride.
But ſtill he kept a jocund heart;
"For nineteen years—and then we part:"
For when the lot was caſt in Hell,
'Twas fixt for him on whom it fell,
That when twice ten ſhort years were paſs'd,
His miſſion ſhould no longer laſt,
But welcome Death untie the nooſe
And ſnatch the Devil from his ſpouſe.

But other ills were yet behind;
Poor Belphegor, to theſe was blind.
For Madam's kin he muſt provide;
Their bareneſs ſuited ill her pride:

"My

" My Lord, my brother, ſhan't be duan'd
" Pay twenty thouſand on his bond—
" My couſin David's bound for Bombay—
" To him you ſhall a good round ſum pay;
" Be't but a quarter of a plum—
" 'Twill do him good—and what's the ſum?
" On bottomry it might be lent—
" His note will do, and five per cent."

How ſhall I tell each added evil
That vext this miſerable Devil?
Coach, horſes, liveries, furniture—
His purſe was not a day ſecure;
Play debts and dreſs! immenſe expence—
Poor Belphegor produc'd the pence,
But well foreſaw the conſequence.
" My ſiſter has but little fortune;
" Sir Bel, you're rich enough to ſport one."
One miſchief follows cloſe another;
Near Groſvenor Gate My Lord, her brother,
Fell by his friend's unlucky ſhot—
There twenty thouſand went to pot:
And all the Captain's borrow'd ſtock
Split with him on a treacherous rock.

Soon as the Fiend theſe tidings heard,
He ſaid not to his love one word;
Stood not a moment—Shall-i, ſhill-i,
But whipt into an evening Dilli,

And long ere to his duns 'twas known
In London that the bird was flown,
Some hundred miles was out of town.
Now ſpreads the news: My Lady ſtorms;
A crowd of duns around her ſwarms:
No friend aſſiſts but with good wiſhes—
Writ after writ the Sheriff iſſues,
And ev'ry Bailiff had his warrant
To reconduct this devil Errant.
Old England roſe from end to end
To catch Sir Belphegor Mac Fiend;
The tipſtaffs hunt him, helter, ſkelter:
Now here, now there, he lurks for ſhelter;
Till tir'd, he manages to pop
Into a lean Empiric's ſhop,
And thus begins in accents civil—
"Don't be alarm'd—I am the Devil;
"Kindly aſſiſt a ſuppliant Fiend,
"And Satan's ſelf ſhall be thy friend."
But Galen thought the ſtranger flouted,
And his integrity much doubted;
Cries Bel, "my power ſhall wealth impart—
"Tho' weak my purſe, yet ſtrong my art:
"Oh let me but my duns evade,
"And be the envy of thy trade;
"This day let all proceedings ſtop;
"Bar up thy window, ſhut thy ſhop;
"Let me but here in petto lie,
"'Till the damn'd catchpoles are gone by.—"

No. 30.

Men ſome to buſineſs ſome to pleaſure take,
But every woman is at heart a rake.

Prodiga non ſentit pereuntem fœmina cenſus.

Juv.

BELPHEGOR, A TALE, *continued.*

THE quack complied; the league was made,
A plot between the two was laid,
That ſoon as Bel could ſafely ſtir,
To his old game he ſhould recur,
Make on ſome wealthy dame impreſſion,
And ſtubbornly maintain poſſeſſion,
Spite of perfumes and drugs and prayer,
Until this doctor ſhould appear;
But when the ſettled caſh was ready,
A whiſper ſhould relieve my lady.
Long time leſt ſome officious eye
Th' abſconding demon might deſcry,
Contemplative of future ills,
Behind a magazine of pills
Snug lay Sir Bel—defied the ſearch,
And left his bailiffs in the lurch.

Now freed, among the higher ranks
The grateful fiend began his pranks:
And firſt a wealthy counteſs enter'd;
No friend, not e'en her huſband ventur'd
With ſuch a rival to contend,
Or ſhare poſſeſſion with a fiend;
But quick they to the college hied;
The power of med'cine muſt be tried;
Theſe ſages never act alone;
Without a council nothing's done;
So till, the beſt in all the city,
Impell'd by hope of fee, and pity
Of dame poſſeſt, together met,
And on Sir Bel debating ſat.
Then was the patient bliſter'd ſore,
Veins breath'd that never breath'd before,
And copious draughts of Hellebore
(Beſides each well-approved device
Uſed by Monro in caſes nice)
Were given, in vain, for this diſeaſe:
The doctors bowed and took their fees.
Charms and dark ſpells were now applied,
And exerciſing rites were tried:
No jot the ſtedfaſt devil ſtirr'd,
Obſervant of his plighted word.

Fame ſeized her trump, and loudly blew;
All Europe ſoon the ſtory knew;
How Satan had quite pos'd the college,
And baffled every conj'rors knowledge,

The doctor grinding *Dale-Mercurius*,
Heard of this madneſs ſtrange and furious:
Whence it aroſe he gueſs'd the quarter;
He ſeiz'd his cane, laid by his mortar,
Took coach, arrived and made his proffers;
The earl accepting, op'd his coffers.
Fixt on the fee, and left the demon
And quack to fight it out between them.
Sore fear'd the doctor, leſt the fiend
Should now forget his former friend;
But alongſide my lady he crept,
"Good Sir, you recollect our ſecret?"
At once the punctual fiend obey'd;
The dame was cur'd, the doctor paid,
Now ſafely to his ſhop return'd,
Greedy for more ſuch fees he burn'd;
On drugs he plac'd no more reliance,
Puff'd with the thoughts of this alliance;
But deem'd each hour an age, before
He heard again of Belphegor.
Now flies the fiend to Delhi's plain,
And enters the imperial brain;
Again all med'cines were applied;
The Bramins here their ſcience tried.
In vain the court with hopes they fed;
In vain they purg'd, in vain they bled;
Their drugs were weak, their art was dull;
Sir Bel ſtuck cloſe to his Mogul;
Nor budg'd, till call'd by common fame
The doctor's ſelf to Delhi came.

Ah!

Ah! who can count each crone and hack
Demanded by th' infatiate quack?
Suffice it, that of ſuch a ſum
(No matter whether juſt a plum)
For his reward, the Treaſury they rob
As might have ſatisfied a Nabob,
In mute ſuſpence the Lords attend:
Then thus Sir Bel—"I think, my friend,
"Thus far you've made a decent bargain,
"And pocketed a pretty fair gain.
"But now obſerve: I leave this prey,
"And once more your commands obey;
"Secure your gold, and haſte away.
"If e'er again you dare come near,
"Or with my frolics interfere,
"You die, as ſure as I'm from hell:—
"Iv'e kept my word; and ſo—Farewell!"
He ceas'd; and quiet left his Highneſs:
The quack (not ſorry for his ſhyneſs
That this 'twixt him and Satan made,
And quite content to quit the trade)
Of each kind Omrah ſhakes the hand,
And takes his paſſage over land.
No croſs miſchance his journey marks;
At Scanderoon he ſoon embarks;
And puſh'd along by favouring gales,
For Venice ſpreads his crowded ſails.
But here began the doctor's care;
Chac'd, hail'd and ta'en by a corſair;

Doom'd

Doom'd as a ſlave to daily toil,
And plunder'd of his Indian ſpoil,
Sore griev'd he, captive at Algiers,
And curs'd Sir Bel and all his peers.
Now ſo it happ'd, that wicked ſprite
(In teaſing dames who took delight)
E'en at that time had made his prey
The chief Sultana of the Dey:
And all Algiers was in a riot
To calm her grief and keep her quiet.
But ſoon the doctor's art was known:
For rumour e'en from Delhi's throne
By ſea and land his ſteps had trac'd,
And all his late atchievments blaz'd?
Proceſs at Algiers is but ſhort,
They ſeize the doctor, bring to court,
And ſtrait command him, on his life,
To cure the gracious ſovereign's wife.
What could be done? Should he refuſe,
The mutes preſent the ready nooſe;
And ſhould he tempt the wearied fiend,
He fear'd at leaſt as bad an end.
But the nice matter weighing well,
He thought it beſt to truſt Sir Bel;
For mutes will often have their way,
Before they hear what you've to ſay;
And Bel had never yet been tried,
How far he might be mollified.
So to the Dey the trembling quack,
In private, told what he ſhould lack:

And

And labour'd to contrive a ſpell,
So ſave himſelf, and trick Sir Bel.
The time arriv'd: the moody queen
High on an ample ſtage was ſeen:
Juſt by, in ſtate, appear'd the Dey,
With mutes and guards in juſt array;
And all Algiers the place ſurrounded,
To ſee the cunning imp dumbfounded.
The quack, not eager to engage,
Was ſomething loath to mount the ſtage,
And trembl'd, for his heart miſgave him,
His deep-laid ſcheme might fail to ſave him.
Then, cloſe beſide the dame poſſeſs'd,
In whiſpers he the fiend addreſs'd,
And his quandary repreſented—
How by the corſair circumvented,
No choice was left him, but to loſe
His life by Bel or by the nooſe;
And urg'd full many a moving plea
To ſoothe the fiend to clemency:
In vain he wept, in vain he pray'd;
The ſullen devil ſhook his head:
In ſuch a caſe 'twas never heard
That any Devil broke his word:
And ſuch a noun as *clemency*
Was not in Hell's vocab'lary.
Now Bel prepar'd the *coup de grace*;
Death ſtar'd the doctor in the face;
When (as the Dey had given command,
If e'er the quack ſhould wave his hand)

A ſud-

A furious knocking ſhook the gate,
Behind the royal chair of ſtate;
And ſhrill-pip'd foot boys bawl'd aloud,
Room for the coach there! through the crowd:
The mob fall back—they ſqueeze, they ſtare,
The horſes kick, the lacquies ſwear,
Nor e'er had Algiers known before
Such ton, ſuch ſplendour, ſuch uproar.
Cries Bel, "How prodigal the age is
"In ſervants, trappings, equipages,
"And liv'ries, gold and ſilver clinquant—
"My heart miſgives me when I think on't,
"Zounds! what a tumult—I much wonder
"Who 'tis that makes the racket yonder.
"Here quack—canſt tell me whence yon noiſe is,
"Yon hateful jar of women's voices?
"Don't trifle with me on your life."
The Doctor grinn'd, "Sir, 'tis your wife—
"Your wife, who ſearching far and near
"To claſp again her *only dear*."
Up roſe the liberated queen:
For Bel had left her ſound and clean;
Heard nought the doctor had to ſay,
But ſlunk inviſible away;
Forgot to kill the queen or quack,
Thinking his wife was at his back,
Nor ſtay'd his flight, nor dropp'd his fears,
'Till ſeas lay 'twixt him and Algiers.

But

But whither went this bufy fiend,
In mere ſurmiſe our ſearch muſt end:
'Tis life, where'er he chuſe to dwell,
The place will ſhew ſome traits of Hell;
His foſt'ring influence there will nouriſh
The deadly ſins, and make them flouriſh;
Where'er Sir Bel has ta'en his ſtand,
Murder and fraud will mark that land;
Hypocriſy, with double tongue;
Courage, from ghaſtly famine ſprung;
Corruption, that proclaims its price;
Envy, and griping avarice;
Ambition, that for plunder gapes;
And cruelty in all her ſhapes,
Will rule the realm wherever lurks
This patron of ſatanic works.
But as we know no guilty ſoil,
Which all theſe deadly ſins defile,
'Tis vain to puzzle where he tarries;
But certainly it is *not* at Paris.*

X.

* The place of the damn'd is at Paris or Rome,
How happy for us that it is not at home. SWIFT.

No.

No. 31.

THE late ſeaſon has been ſo kindly to the vegetation of imperial titles that I, for one, begin to give much more credit than I uſed to do to thoſe eſſays on the marvellous which paſs under the name of books of Chivalry. "A Knight Errant is one whom to-day you ſhall ſee well curried and baſtinadoed, and to-morrow he ſhall forthwith become an Emperor." So ſudden a transformation did formerly appear very unaccountable to all ſober people; but we now ſee this definition reduced into practice, and the wonder ceaſes: a man is well curried, baſtinadoed, and bullied, and robbed to-day; and to-morrow he, *ex mero motu*, no one knows why or wherefore, puts on a new ſuit of titles with as much eaſe, and full as becomingly, as many people quarter on their arms what they have no ſort of right to by the laws of Heraldry, or as others throw in a few ſurnames, *ad libitum*, to give weight to their own ſimple addition.

In a company where I was the other day, the converſation ran upon the late changes in the imperial world. My neighbour Thorn, who is Lord of the Manor of Morland, declared that at his next court-leet, the ſteward ſhould make out a patent, inveſting him and his heirs for ever with the title of Emperor of Morland, and Grand Duke of all the farms which in the aggregate compoſe his eſtate:

and we all agreed that our government would be highly remiſs in their attention to the politics of the Continent, if they did not ſpeedily declare the dignity of a Poor Knight of Kew, hereditary in the family of all thoſe veterans who are now merely elective titularies under the ſtyle of Poor Knights of Windſor: The long habits of friendſhip exiſting between theſe kingdoms and the ci-devant Emperor of Germany, and the many pecuniary obligations we have received from that quarter, calling loudly on us for ſome ſuch acknowledgment of the propriety of his late ſelf-exaltation.

When I came to reflect on the ſubject of our diſcourſe, I could not help feeling the littleneſs of man. Fortune has not done enough for us when ſhe has inveſted us with power and wealth; it is not a ſufficient opiate to a perſon of an ambitious mind, that he has deſtroyed all his enemies, ſubverted the liberties of a nation, rendered himſelf an object of hatred to one half of mankind, and of terror to the other half; No; he muſt be addreſſed by a particular appellation, and muſt couch the warrants or mandates by which his will is made known to the petty ſovereigns on whom he ſmiles and trample at the ſame time, in a phraſeology which is to diſtinguiſh him from all the ſpecies except ſix or eight, and which, inſtead of adding to the ſecurity or ſtrength of his dominion, muſt raiſe up a terrible enemy to aſſail him, by planting envy in the breaſts of thouſands. This hankering after the ſplendour of title ſeems to be one of thoſe weakneſſes which is inherent in our nature, and is always a twin-brother with

am-

ambition. Providence not unfrequently furniſhes an antidote in the very place where its wiſdom permits the exiſtence of a poiſon; and I conſider this glaring weakneſs, which is often, if not always, ſo predominant in the hearts of our greateſt conquerors, to be implanted by the ſpecial bounty of heaven in order to counteract the ſhining qualities which might without ſuch an allay tend to the too great miſery of the human race. That it is an infatuation appears clearly from this: that it is not only inconſiſtent with the general character of generals and ſtateſmen, who look to the ſolid advantages of a campaign or treaty before they conſider the length of their ſoldiers' queues, or the fancy of their ambaſſador's ſervice of plate; but has proved to be ten times more dangerous to all who have attempted to carry it into execution, than any bold infraction of legal rights, or any rapacious plunder of thoſe whom they had previouſly reduced into the condition of ſubjects; for a man will ſuffer his own heart to whiſper that he is the creature of another perſon, but he will not ſuffer that other perſon to tell him ſo; and, in like manner as a nobleman who conſults his own eaſe, will always treat his led captains with exterior reſpect, and ſay, "Will you be ſo good as touch the bell?", inſtead of ſaying, "Captain, you know you are a dependent wretch, and are obliged to me for every crumb you eat, ſo ring the bell or I will kick you out!" So a ſkilful uſurper will never by manifeſto or otherwiſe inform his quondam fellow citizens that they are become his ſlaves; but leave them to find it out, as in good time no doubt they will. Whenever the contrary happens, the vain-glorious tyrant either

pays for his title with his life, as was Cæsar's case, or has more trouble in defending that gaudy feather than he had in purchasing the solid power which led him to the assumption of it. The whole tenor of precedents which might be adduced to illustrate this proposition, is lost on succeeding usurpers: the same passions which hurried those before them to the indulgence of the fatal vanity of their hearts, operates on these likewise, and, blinding their judgments to the obvious consequences of such an often attempted and often failing measure, they give way to the impulse which heaven contrives for the means of punishing them, and lose the substance for the shadow.

Observations of this sort apply to one of the newly promulgated Emperors, but by no means to the other: if we think it at all worth while to *reason* on his case, we must, I fear, refer to other precedents than Cromwell, Cæsar, and the long list of powerful and great usurpers; we must have recourse to Emperor Peter, or that other august personage whose grave and dignified deportment is also dwelt upon in the Tale of a Tub; but who, though he graciously gives you his hand to kiss, is, in fact, a mere taylor, run mad with pride. Here we have the echo of grandeur without the original voice; the Diadem without the head: it is a subject too humiliating to be pleasing, and I will hasten to consider that sort of title which has an intrinsic value, and which we cannot be too eager (under certain circumstances) to attain. What I allude to is that addition to a man's private family name, which is dispensed by the prerogative of the crown to deserving persons

perſons as a reward for ſpecial ſervices, and which tranſmits diſtinction to their deſcendants. The ſame avidity which ſtill greater perſons manifeſt, to aſſume the regal or imperial title, diſplays itſelf among their inferiors relative to the acquiſition of theſe ſubordinate titles, but with far better reaſon. I have no heſitation in aſſerting poſitively that a man's title may be ſaid to be worth money according to its rank, preciſely as his land is worth money in proportion to its quantity and quality: and if I be right in my opinion, it is not leſs rational in one man to voluntier one ſpecies of ſervitude in purſuit of this nominal decoration, than it is in another to venture his life daily in hopes of pay and prize-money. I have ſo great a reſpect for the members of the legiſlature, that I ſhall not even hazard an obſervation on the value of thoſe titles which among other benefits confer on the party poſſeſſing them a ſeat in the upper houſe; more eſpecially becauſe it is obvious that what I lay down on the advantages enjoyed by the *Dii Minores*, will apply ſtill more ſtrongly to the *Celicolæ* of whom I ſay nothing. Of the noble order of Baronets; bearing as the emblem of their deeds of arms a bloody hand, I wiſh I had more room to expatiate than the ſcanty limits of this paper afford me: they are a race of beings deſervedly looked up to, and in proportion as people are wiſe, ſo is their veneration for this order of minor mandarins: whence it happens that young ladies, who are generally obſerved to be the wiſeſt claſs of our ſpecies, are the moſt intenſe admirers of Baronets. If it were poſſible to obtain the honour of the baronetage in any other profeſſion than that of war; if Clergymen, Law-

yers, Merchants, Stock-jobbers, Underwriters, &c. &c. &c. were not quite ſhut out from all hopes of ſo honourable a diſtinction; and again, if *intereſt* or *money* had ever been known to annex the bloody hand to coat armour not otherwiſe ennobled, I would ſay that a father of a family could not lay out his property more advantageouſly to his children of both ſexes, than by purchaſing the ſimple addition of *Sir*, and the gay tack of *Bart.* to his ſubſcription. As far as concerns the daughters, their fortunes are made thus: being entitled to *place*, they are ſure to be taken notice of at all country balls; and as it is no ſmall feather among the beaux to lead off near the top of a dance, the honour of dancing with a Baronet's daughter is ſo coveted as to render particular devotion to nymphs ſo enviouſly diſtinguiſhed a matter of neceſſity: and hence follows intimacy, rivalſhip, and choice of connexion on the part of the lady. The fortune of the ſon is made exactly on the ſame principle. I knew a worthy Baronet who had juſt income enough to live in the great world, without ſaving treaſures for his family: he died, and what he had became nothing when ſpread into ſo large a channel as a jointure and younger children's fortunes made neceſſary: his eldeſt ſon, garniſhing a bad underſtanding, bad manners, and bad perſon with the *bloody hand*, made love to, and was accepted by a very elegant and a very ſenſible young lady, who cemented his ſhattered affairs with twenty thouſand pounds: his ſecond ſon, adding to the diſqualifications enumerated above, under the head of the young Baronet, a profligate character, and ſome traits of idiocy, carried off a widow with a jointure of 800l. per annum;

annum; ſo that I take credit from this inſtance for ſome *data* towards the value of a title, as well in the direct as in the collateral line: and, having this one fact confirmed by ſo many other caſes, that I might coroborate my *noſtrum's* efficacy with as much proof as any Empiric announces to reclaim people from the ſilly practice of dying, I venture to value a title of Baronet at a round ſum of thirty thouſand pounds to the male line, beſides *opportunities* to the daughters.

Thus, then, I hope I have ſhewn that rage for titular diſtinction is not in itſelf reprehenſible, but merely according to the intrinſic value or emptineſs of the title ſought. When a man has not every thing ſolid, he is a fool if he riſk the ſubſtance for the ſake of additional ornament; but where a man is ſo abſolutely contemptible as to have no one claim on earth to reſpectability *per ſe*, he will do well to lay out ſome money in purchaſing what cannot make him individually more deſpicable, but may be a very comfortable proviſion for his family.

X.

No. 32.

I KNOW not any thing which can tend more immediately to convince us of the trifling manner in which the time of millions is ſpent, than the contemplation of the progreſs of a man of gallantry.

As there are perhaps ſome of my readers who may be unacquainted with this ſpecies of beings, I muſt inform them, that a man of gallantry is one who profeſſedly dedicates his time to the ſervice of the ladies, who can pick his teeth without awkwardneſs, attend a lady to the ball, point out to her the faſhionables who are preſent, pick up her glove, enable her to eſcape from a preſs in the lobby of a theatre and hand her to her carriage. I wiſh I could ſay that his exploits ended here; but I am obliged to add, that he too frequently applies his talents to the ſeduction of innocence, and the ruin of domeſtic felicity; that he will, without compunction, endeavour to violate the wife of the man for whom he expreſſes the moſt ardent affection, and that he never uſes his freedom of intimacy but with a view to aſſiſt his deſigns againſt youth and beauty.

To guard againſt a man who profeſſes principles like theſe we might reaſonably imagine that the huſband or the father would not need much incitement, or at leaſt, that where neceſſity rendered intimacy unavoidable, the know-

knowledge of his arts would induce us to guard againſt his attacks on our honour or our peace. But ſuch are the effects of volubility, of flattery, and politeneſs, that the company of a man of gallantry is generally more acceptable, even in domeſtic retirement, than that of the man of knowledge and integrity, who has no other ornament than that of virtue or learning.

The company of a man of gallantry is not only agreeable, but his example is conſidered as ſo worthy of imitation, that he who wiſhes to ſhine as a gentleman imagines that he is obliged to copy his vices. The man who is too plain to be ſucceſsful with the ladies, endeavours to conſole himſelf for the contempt of his miſtreſs, and to gain the applauſe of his companions, by inſinuating that he has been as happy as he deſired.

Will Whiffle is a fellow of great volubility, and poſſeſſed of a tolerable fortune, but his perſon is plain, and in the place of gentility he employs impudence. As his father had riſen by degrees from poverty to wealth, the education of his ſon was neglected till too late. As Will ſoon diſcovered that he was not able to ſhine in the company of the neighbouring gentlemen, and as his diſpoſition was naturally volatile, he was ſtruck with the attentions which his handſome friend Beau Dapple received from the ladies, and was as much delighted by the eaſy air with which he related the ſucceſs of his amours: he therefore reſolved to become a man of gallantry, and having equipped himſelf in a dreſs in the ſummit of the faſhion, a coat

too

too ſhort to reach to his waſte, a hat which extended one inch and three quarters in the brim, and having received a competent number of inſtructions from his dancing-maſter, he thought himſelf ſufficiently qualified to come, be ſeen, and conquer. The firſt lady, however, to whom he addreſſed himſelf having treated his advances in a manner which he had not prepared himſelf to expect, he has never been able to muſter up ſufficient reſolution to purſue his object, but ſatisfies himſelf by gaining in appearance, what he loſes in reality. Will generally places himſelf, in the morning, near the houſe in which ſome celebrated beauty is known to reſide, and as ſoon as he perceives that he is obſerved, pretends to diſappear in the utmoſt confuſion. He ſometimes, however, is contented with allowing the world to gueſs at the name of his dulcinea, by dropping a nightcap in pulling out his handkerchief. When he goes to an aſſembly, he allows about two inches of a lady's garter to dangle from his pocket, or the head of a necklace to ſparkle on his finger. He is very expert at imitating a lady's hand, and has ſometimes addreſſed to himſelf very elegant compliments upon his beauty and politeneſs. If any one accuſes him of too familiar intimacy with a lady, he affects to be aſtoniſhed at the inſinuation, but at the ſame time takes care to inform you that to be ſure he once thought that ſhe did appear a little favourable to him; that ſhe had a little—he did not know what to call it—a little penchant—for him,—but it is very foolish in any one to imagine that he can be much favoured, as the lady has a huſband who watches her with ſo much anxiety; and as the daughters do him ſo much ho-

nour

nour as to think his company preferable to that of ſome other gentlemen. "To be ſure," adds *Will*, (looking in the mirror) "Lady D. did compliment me yeſterday upon my improved appearance, but it was nothing but civility—nothing more. For my part, I do not pretend to be a favourite of the ladies; I have had two little bits of affairs indeed, but they were nothing but trifles—nothing elſe upon my honour."

Impudence and confidence have a very great effect upon the female heart. I am acquainted with few ladies who do not love an admirer the better for the number of his conqueſts. *Will* had the fortune to excite a paſſion by the fame of his gallantries, and to be the object of love to a lady who, when his reputation was ſmall, had deſpiſed him. She appointed him an aſſignation in her bedchamber. Will having miſtaken the window, got into the chamber which belonged to his dulcinea's brother. Here, while the real lady was panting with expectation, *Will*, who imagined that it would be a pity to awake the ſuppoſed one, ſunk very ungallantly into the arms of Sominus. In what manner he might have proceeded when he had finiſhed his nap, I ſhall leave philoſophers to determine, and relate that the brother having diſcovered at midnight the partner of his bed, augurring rather unfavourably of the motives of his gueſt, confined him till the morning, when the trembling culprit was brought before a magiſtrate and examined. As *Will* is not poſſeſſed of the gift of ſecrecy, he readily declared the cauſe of the adventure, and was going to produce the proofs, when

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the brother accuſed him of a malicious ſlander. The magiſtrate interfered, and ordered his pockets to be examined, when, to the joy of *Whiffle*, and the aſtoniſhment of the brother, the following epiſtle, which I have copied verbatim et literatim, was diſcovered.

" My dear Whiffel,

" You woud no dout imagine, that I wiſhed to afrunt you when I danſed with Mr P. but you may depend on it, I am not inſenſibel to your attenſhons, whitch you will find if you will cum to my chambre window at ten.

Yours devotedley eaver.

But theſe are not the whole of his adventures. He has preſerved his life from five duels by ſubmitting to be caned; has cauſed three divorces by dropping a letter in a drawing-room, and condemned two beautiful young ladies to incurable melancholy by the pretended contemptuouſneſs of his glances and addreſs. He has prevented four matches by anonymous hints of his own previous ſeductions, and driven a huſband to deſperation by his remarks upon the paragraphs of a newſpaper.

If theſe murderers of reputation would conſider the effects which the gratification of their vanity may produce, the coolneſs or animoſity of friends, the reproaches of a lover, the revenge of a huſband, or the ſorrow of a father, they would ſurely conſider their own indiſcretion with remorſe. Whether the boaſts of a man of gallantry be authorized by ſucceſs, or be cauſed by a wiſh to ſhine, they

they are undoubted proofs of a fooliſh head and a corrupted heart. He muſt ſurely be no common villain who can blaſt the characters of others for the gratification of his own vanity: yet how much greater muſt be the depravity of him who can deſtroy the fame of one whom he himſelf has ſeduced by the ſemblance of affection from the path of innocence, to vice and miſery!

No. 33.

Mutavit mentem populus levis, et caletunæ
Scribendi ſtudio; puerique patreſque ſeveri,
Fronde comas vincti cænant, et carmina dictant.

HOR. EPIST. I. LIB. 2.

IMITATED.

Now times are chang'd, and one poetic itch
Has ſeiz'd the court and city, poor and rich;
Sons, ſires, and grandſires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays.
To theatres and to rehearſals throng,
And all our grace at table is a ſong.

POPE.

THE following correſpondent ſeems to be ignorant that many of the paradoxes by which he propoſes to gain celebrity, have been defended by very diſtinguiſhed philoſophers. As I am happy however to have an opportunity of giving circulation to opinions ſo *ſtrange* and conſequently ſo *delightful*, I ſhall inſert his letter without

any other alteration than that of placing the moſt elegant of his phraſes in Italics.

To the Author of the Saunterer.

SIR,

As you are a brother of the Quill and will conſequently be able to ſympathize with the fortunes of a fellow ſcribbler; and as I feel it neceſſary that ſome record may be given to the world of my progreſs through life, that the curioſity which will no doubt be great after I am gone may be gratified; I have ſent the following hiſtory to you, that it may be immediately given to the world and afford it an opportunity of comparing the elevation at which I ſhall probably arrive with the obſcurity of the condition from which I am emerged.

You muſt know then that my parents, notwithſtanding they have always endeavoured to curb my ſpirit, and to give me advice, are with all their pretences not half ſo well bred or ſo wiſe as myſelf. To tell you the truth *my father* does not underſtand Latin nor *my mother* French, *my father* has ſometimes made me bluſh by miſtaking JONSON the poet for JOHNSON the moraliſt, and *my mother* confounded me when I have been talking about the genius of DRYDEN, by ſaying that ſhe could not conceive what made me ſo partial to a poor dirty TEADEALER.

Well Sir, *my father* and mother, although they had as little money as wit, contrived to get me under the tuition of

of Mr. SPINTEXT, by whoſe wholeſome admonitions and frequent cudgellings, I at length (thanks to his ſeverity) got through a ſufficient quantity of Latin to be able to write ſome very claſſical verſes, and to gain the applauſe of my maſter and the envy of my ſchool-fellows by repeating extempore

Vox veritatis ad ſolam volat.

When I had now ſufficiently qualified myſelf to be able to aſtoniſh my companions by the ſplendour of my talents, I thought that it was time to throw off the ſhackles impoſed upon me by a ſchoolmaſter. I returned home to ſilence *my father's* wiſdom by my new-earned learning, and to confound *my mother's* volubility by a ſcrap of *Greek*.

My father, however, notwithſtanding my abilities, my rhetoric, and my gravity, actually inſiſted upon my chuſing a profeſſion, and to the diſgrace and ignominy of genius, the ſucceeding year brought the philoſophical, the learned, and the penetrating *Wildgooſe* behind the deſk of an attorney! You may eaſily imagine, Mr. SAUNTERER, that ſuch a ſituation as this, to a man of my ſpirit was intolerable. As neceſſity however has no law, I ſoon reſolved to make myſelf as contented as I could; to learn the quirks of conveyancing, to retire upon the eſtates of my clients, and then to aſtoniſh the world by my SENILITIES.

But luckily for me a ſcene was opened to my view which made me have higher expectations. A ſonnet

which I had written having fallen into the hands of Mr. DOUBLETEXT, the Rector of the Parish, he did me the honour to declare that it was very grammatically and cleverly composed. You will readily imagine, sir, that such a flattering encomium as this, had a proper effect on my mind. I now employed all my leisure hours in courting at the same time philosophy and the muses. Various were the acrostics, the rebusses, and the odes, which I distributed among my friends, all of whom expressed their rapture and admiration. I now grew a little bolder, and at length had the satisfaction of seeing my charades in the MONTHLY LOOKING-GLASS, and my amatory pieces in a conspicuous part of the Morning PASQUINADE. You will not expect, sir, that I was indifferent to such multiplied honours. I justly thought that obscuring myself in the vulgarity of business, would be (to use a simile of my own) like a pearl remaining in an oyster-shell. I therefore resolved as soon as my apprenticeship was expired, to commence my literary career with some notable production, and which I resolved to write during the intervals of business. This last undertaking indeed I had almost relinquished, as I met with innumerable difficulties in the execution of it. I have sometimes been called from comparing the poetry of Shakespear and Milton, to enable a miser to disinherit a prodigal, and have been interrupted in the middle of a paragraph by the hurry of a miss to secure her pin-money. I have been prevented from ending a sentence melodiously by the deed of an estate, and have lost the substance of a thought by my attention to the wisdom of a MARRIOTT.

I am,

I am, sir, at length released from this bondage of the body, and confinement of the mind, and have entered the emporium of literature, where I expected that learning was rewarded, and genius honoured. I have published my HISTORY OF LITERATURE, but would you believe it, Mr. SAUNTERER? *notwithstanding* it was universally admired by the friends who perused it, and considered by them as the most interesting production of the age, *notwithstanding* genius, diligence, and wit, were all employed in its composition, and *notwithstanding* I had the generosity to give two folio volumes, with *Russia backs* and *lettered*, for the moderate sum of five pounds five shillings, I have neither been rendered independent by the profits of its sale, nor honoured by a degree from the University of Oxford! Nay, what is worse, sir, the reviewers who sit like Minos, in literary judgment, and conduct the authors who appear before their tribunal, to the regions of poverty, or the temple of riches; notwithstanding my promises, my flatteries, and my bribes, have declared it to be the production of pedantry and ignorance! I have no doubt, however, but that in spite of the envy of these snarlers, my future productions will meet with the approbation of the age, that my abilities will be distinguished, and that my name will be considered as a sure recommendation of every literary trifle.

If you wish to know what plans I have laid for the foundation of my future eminence, I need only assure you that I have consulted the fashionable taste; I can *epithize* like Mrs. Robinson, the RAINBOWED VIOLET and THE

BLUSHING carnation. I have compoſed a poem in which I have taken care to uſe the *frolic* ſpring, the *frantic* eyeballs, the *lurid* clouds, the mellowed tints of the *red eyed* morn, and the *darkening frown* of the ſtormy ſky. I expect to convince the world that a man who has any pretenſions to wiſdom, will not be ſo fooliſh as to ſubmit to the influence of ſleep, and hope to gain the applauſe of the bucks, the bon vivants, and the philoſophers of the age; by ſhewing that if we reſolve to live we may bid defiance to the attacks of death. I intend to prove that Eve was black, and that the Europeans are degenerated from the colour which nature implanted on mankind; and propoſe to receive ſubſcriptions for a treatiſe which will convince the moſt obſtinate, that men were originally born with tails, and that with a little induſtry that ornament to beauty might be grafted on the future generation. I expect to convince the world that Dryden was without genius, and Pope a rhymer; that Stockdale is a wit, and Matthias a dunce; that Knight is inſpired by the muſes, and Bloomfield is poſſeſſed by the demon of dullneſs; that Aiken can improve the beauties of Johnſon, and Letitia Barbauld will command the applauſe of diſtant ages; that Wharton is dull and Melcombe dignified. And let it not ſurpriſe you, Mr. SAUNTERER, that though I have forgot all my learning but the Colloquies of Corderias, I expect to raiſe a reputation upon the literary ruins of Greece, of Italy, and France. I intend to cenſure Homer for effeminacy, and Virgil for harſhneſs; to confine the praiſe of Demoſthenes to wit, and that of Varro to eaſe; but to deny the energy of one, and the learning of the other: to prove that Boccaccio is inſipid, and

Dante

Dante inanimate, that Boileau is mean, and Voltaire ſublime.

You will no doubt begin to cenſure my impertinence, but theſe preliminaries were neceſſary to introduce a propoſal which I have to make you. If you will employ a paper in the praiſe of my writings, I ſhall in turn compliment the Saunterer. I flatter myſelf that this is a compromiſe which you will accept, when you conſider how faſhionable ſuch good offices are at the preſent day, and when you perceive the amazing ſucceſs which ſuch recommendations have in rendering dullneſs witty, ignorance learned, and affectation beautiful; and you ſurely cannot object, in return for my applauſe of your genius and penetration, to diſtinguiſh me by the title of the ingenious and learned

WILFRID WILDGOOSE.

London, May 3, 1805.

No. 34.

I HAVE ſometimes wiſhed, notwithſtanding my hatred of hypocriſy, that the preſent generation of mankind was more ſecret in its purſuit of pleaſure. The hypocrite does not pervert the principles of others by example, but, except to a few whom experience has enlightened, he ſupports,

ports, by his diſſimulation, the doctrines of morality and religion, and practiſes deceit, without ridiculing virtue.

The man of rank and power, whoſe example may improve the happineſs and virtue of mankind, or add vigour to immorality and impiety, muſt heighten the guilt of every crime and folly by the openneſs with which he practiſes it. Every man muſt hate the miſer who endeavours to perſuade us of his generoſity, or the voluptuary who wears perpetually the maſk of purity; but how much more ought we to cenſure and hate the miſer who allures others to the love of avarice, or the voluptuary who corrupts the innocence of youth by the ſcenes and maxims of debauchery.

Aſelgamus paſſed the early part of his life at the univerſity, in purſuits by no means favourable to learning. He could drink his third bottle without giving any ſymptoms of derangement, and throw a dice with eaſe and dexterity. I need not relate the number of riots he led, the ſingularity of the ſtratagems in which he was engaged, or the merit of the jeſts which ſet the table in a roar. His hours were paſt in all the extravagance of frolic and of whim, till at length he found himſelf free from paternal reſtraint, and bade adieu to ideal confinement, to taſte the fruits of pecuniary independence.

As his eſtate was large, and he was deſcended from one of the firſt families in the kingdom, he was ſoon diſtinguiſhed by the neighbouring *bucks* as one whoſe fortune and

and birth might render him a reſpectable member of the turf. He was therefore driven, without much perſuaſion, to *Newmarket*, and was ſo much allured by the huzzas of the mob, the manœuvres of the grooms, and the fineſſe diſplayed in the art of betting, that he enliſted himſelf a member of the jockey-club. Here his noviciate might have, perhaps, been unfortunate, had he not been initiated by one of the knowing ones, whom he releaſed from a priſon, in all the myſteries of jockeyſhip. A few heats in which his knowledge of the game was eagerly diſplayed, eſtabliſhed his reputation, and he ſoon had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the whole race of Dukes, Knights, and Earls, move like ſatellites around him. The opinion of Aſelgamus was neceſſary before the comparative fleetneſs of a race-horſe could be determined. His curricle, which was ſo contrived as to be driven at the rate of twenty-four miles in an hour, was the envy of all the ſporting amateurs in the kingdom. His ſkill in managing the manœuvres of his ſteed was equal to his knowledge. Amid the acclamations of his brother peers, he had the honour of riſking his neck in a match at Newmarket, and of arriving the firſt at the goal. It is true that he was not crowned with a wreath of laurel, like the victors of Olympia; but he gained the object of his ambition, in being complimented on his ſucceſs by all the grooms and jockies of the courſe.

The ſcience of jockeyſhip did not, however, engroſs the whole of his attention: he employed ſome of his time in gaining the favour of the ladies. As he could dance genteelly,

teelly, and talk with volubility, he did not find much difficulty in his progreſs. Modeſty he knew would retard his deſigns, and he therefore obeyed its contrary, impudence. The day he devoted to betting and tittle-tattle, and the night to the inſtructions of Cheſterfield: by the advice of that nobleman he formed his addreſs, and ſtudied the graces by a mirror every morning before his engagements required them. He read with diligence all the books of jeux d'eſprits and repartees, that he might uſe them extempore. A great part of his time was employed in beautifying his teeth, paring his nails, adjuſting his handkerchief, and forming his ſmiles. His hands were whitened every morning with *Soap of Ambroſia*, and his hair perfumed with the *Anima of Roſes*. He ſoon eclipſed all the beaus who attempted to rival him. The faſhions of the day were regulated by his fancy. He had the honour of taking two inches from the brim of the hat, and of inventing three faſhionable coats. Whenever he entered the boxes of the theatre, or performed the honours of an aſſembly, he was at once ſaluted by the ſmiles of envy and beauty; and no female party of pleaſure could be formed without his aſſiſtance. But enjoyments like theſe did not ſatisfy his deſires. To the extacies of love he united the joys of wine. From the enjoyment of the bottle he repaired to the temple of Venus; his vivacity encreaſed by the fumes of Burgundy, and his ſucceſs proportioned to his vivacity. He ſpent the day in conqueſt, and the night in the arms of an opera dancer.

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The approaches of age muſt at length be perceived; and thoſe who have haſtened its attacks muſt feel its imbecillity. But Aſelgamus was too much flattered by former ſucceſs, to think of returning from ſcenes in which he thought he had but to appear to conquer. The wrinkles of age were concealed by lotions, and its debility counteracted by pills and electuaries. His complexion was defended, during the night, by a maſk of muſlin, and his body preſerved erect by ſprings and girdles. His teeth were formed of ivory, from the hands of a celebrated dentiſt.

Yet, notwithſtanding theſe precautions, he was ſometimes mortified by perceiving that the ladies neglected him for men who appeared more able to perform the duties of a lover. He was ſometimes complimented upon the freſhneſs of his looks conſidering the advancement of his age, and ſometimes agitated by malicious congratulations on his birthday. The beaux enquired ſome particulars reſpecting the court of George the Second, and the ladies wiſhed to be informed of the circumference of the hoop.

Aſelgamus, however, ſtill continues inſenſible to the frowns of the fair and the laughter of the young. He is ſtill a perpetual attendant at every aſſembly, play, and rout in the metropolis. At the aſſembly he cannot dance, and the play he cannot hear. He ſeems to think, that to gaze at beauty is to poſſeſs every enjoyment of life. He may be ſeen every morning, his body ſhivering with the breeze and his head ſhaking with the tremors of old age, eyeing

eyeing the fleeting ſhadows of the fair as they glide from his view, and leave him to ſtruggle between the deſire of youth and the impotence of age.

It might be imagined that old age, while it brought along with it not only an inability for vice but a more imminent danger in purſuing it, would be conſecrated to a review of the earlier periods of life, and to ſome endeavours for amendment. If the profligacy of youth be attended with unhappineſs, how miſerable muſt be the profligacy of age? If a mockery of religion be madneſs in the bloom of life, what excuſe can be offered for the man who purſues vice on the borders of the grave? If the path of licentiouſneſs be difficult and dangerous when we are attended on our way by health, gaiety, and beauty, when the morning of life is illuminated by hope, and the flowers of pleaſure exhilirate us by their fragrance, how much more dreary and dangerous muſt be our way when debility, langour, and diſeaſe, retard our footſteps? when the ſtorm of evening lowers over our heads; when the clouds of night encircle us, and we ſtand on the brink of a precipice, which every moment ſinks beneath our feet, and threatens to hurry us to the bottom!

He who in his old age perſiſts in the vices of youth, will find it difficult to reform. His vices are the vices of a mind corrupted by early debauchery. While the guilty are hurried away by the violence of temptation, there may be ſome hope of their return to virtue; but what can be expected from the man who falls into vice when paſ-

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ſion is no longer powerful, and when the limbs are no longer able to execute the deſires of the will? A corruption like this is a corruption to which no human remedy can be applied; which only a power ſuperior to that of man can cure.

While we indulge in the pleaſures of youth, we flatter ourſelves that when old age arrives we ſhall be able to atone, by our piety, for our early profligacy. But were we certain that our atonement would be then accepted, our paſſions ought to be ſubdued while they are ſtill beneath our power, by reflecting upon the difficulty of aged reformation. He who has cheriſhed the hope of a late repentance, will perhaps find that with the imbecillity of age he retains the depravity of youth, without its pleaſures, its powers, or its hopes.

No. 35.

IT has been obſerved by LA ROCHEFECAULT, that hypocriſy is a tribute which vice is obliged to pay to virtue. No man, whatever may be his wickedneſs, can proſecute his deſigns with ſucceſs without wearing the garb of unblemiſhed integrity. Few are willing to repoſe in ſecurity on the friendſhip of one by whoſe want of ſincerity they may be endangered, and he, therefore, who hopes to be truſted, muſt give to the world ſome

aſſurance that he will not repay its favour with ingratitude.

If this neceſſity of preſerving the appearance of virtue be ſometimes productive of hypocriſy, it is frequently a preſervative from vice. Few of the paſſions are too ſtrong for indolence, and he who has once experienced the fatigue of perpetual ſimulation will at length be willing to purchaſe eaſe at the expence of imperfect enjoyment. We are ſometimes honeſt when the favour of the world depends on our integrity; but when the gratification of our paſſions is unattended with the neceſſity of concealment, we indulge them without caution or anxiety.

It is too frequently imagined, that actual virtue may exempt its practiſer from any regard to its outward appearance. They who know the purity of their own hearts, are apt to believe that to endeavour to preſerve that purity from ſuſpicion is beneath the dignity of innocence. He who is unconſcious of deceit or wickedneſs is ſeldom willing to believe that his actions are miſconſtrued. He imagines that the tenor of his life may preſerve him from the attacks of malice and malignity.

The principal ſource of this error is that ſelf-love which even virtue and experience are ſometimes inſufficient to ſubdue. There is a principle in the human mind which leads us to believe, whatever may be our follies and abſurdities, that we are objects of admiration or of love. The knave believes that his vices are concealed, and the virtuous

virtuous man that the approbation of the world is beneath the dignity of virtue. When he has performed an action which he remembers with ſelf-approbation, he eaſily believes that the world will do juſtice to his motives; he pleaſes himſelf with the conſciouſneſs of having deſerved the praiſe of his fellow-creatures, and finds at laſt that his actions have been aſcribed to the impulſe of pride, intereſt, or malignity. He has perhaps learned from converſation, or from books, that the world is cenſorious and deceitful; but ſelf-love inclines him to believe that to himſelf they are honeſt and ſincere.

Among the female ſex there are too many who imagine that their levity may be excuſed by the world, if they do not in reality violate the laws of chaſtity. There is no female character ſo common as that of the coquette; a woman who ſpends her hours in creating lovers for amuſement, or who merely through the dictates of caprice, ogles every man who appears in her company; while ſhe wears the robe of licentiouſneſs ſhe preſerves the tranquillity of her mind, by the conſciouſneſs of innocence, or rejects the reſemblance of virtue becauſe it is ſometimes uſed for the concealment of vice.

It ought to be remembered, that the world can judge only from appearances. The weakneſs of human nature may ſometimes lead us into vices from the ignominy of which a life of virtue will not be ſufficient to preſerve us. If the remembrance of a long continued courſe of virtue, therefore, be inſtantly obliterated by an act of

momentary weakneſs, how difficult muſt it be for him who diſregards the appearance of virtue to ſecure his reputation from attack? If a continual regard to the opinion of the world be ſometimes inſufficient to preſerve us from diſgrace, how much greater muſt be the fall of him who by the tenor of his life has excited the voice of ſlander and of ridicule?

To the fair ſex, in particular, a regard to outward appearances is not only neceſſary to preſerve the favour of the world, but is likewiſe a real ſafeguard to virtue. She who has once begun to hear without embarraſſment the jeſts and the impertinence of the licentious and the idle, will not long be able to ſtruggle with temptation; the bounds of decency, when once paſſed in idea, will not be ſufficient to ſecure us from ruſhing into the arms of vice. She who has once forgot the reverence which is due to the world, will forget in time the reverence due to herſelf and to virtue. While we are conſcious of the approbation of the world, we are ſecured from vice by the deſire of preſerving it; but when the ſtimulus which once excited us to virtue is withdrawn, we ſink into indifference, or ſubmit to the firſt impulſes of paſſion. When, by our diſregard of outward appearances, we have loſt the praiſe or the favour of mankind, we are no longer willing to toil in the path of rectitude without reward, we reſign ourſelves to the power of deſpair; and as we have been puniſhed with the guilty, we are eaſily hurried to the commiſſion of their crimes; we cannot relieve our minds by the conſideration of the injuſtice of the world, for he who

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ſubmits to the imputation of wickedneſs, through his indolence or pride, has little reaſon to complain if his virtue be ſuſpected.

But even independent of the praiſe or cenſure of the world, merely as it may affect ourſelves, it ought to be remembered that unleſs we preſerve the moſt ſcrupulous decency in our outward demeanour, our attempt at virtue is imperfect, and all our labour and anxiety uſeleſs. He alone fulfils his duty who ſupports, by the dignity of his outward behaviour, the truth of his opinion. Virtue, like the diamond, is unadmired by the world, and inſignificant in value, till poliſhed from its droſs, when it is not only gazed at for its beauty, but communicates a portion of its luſtre to ſurrounding objects. It is in the power of every man to influence, in ſome meaſure, the opinion of others by his addreſs and converſation; and he, therefore, who in appearance ſanctions vices which he perceives in reality with horror, or laughs at virtues which he practiſes in ſecret, is not only culpable by neglecting to employ perſuaſion in the cauſe of truth, but muſt likewiſe forfeit his claim to reward, by encouraging the errors of the vicious; he feels the mortification of virtue without its pleaſures, and is only diſtinguiſhed from the guilty by the ſuperior folly of his labours.

No 36.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many praiſes of ſolitude which have been ſo copionſly given to the world by a celebrated writer, I am afraid that his writings diſplay more of the warmth of an enthuſiaſt than of the rational coolneſs of a philoſopher. He does not ſeem to have obſerved the minute realities of life with ſufficient attention, but to have repreſented human nature as his fancy had formed it; always virtuous when ſecured from temptation, and ſufficiently impreſſed with the beauty of the univerſe to look through nature up to nature's God.

There is in the human mind a principle which continually influences us to be diſcontent with our preſent ſituation, and to look upon that of others with envy and deſire. Perhaps there is no vice to which ſolitude gives ſo much ſtrength as to this. Undiſturbed by intruſion, and without a variety of objects to divert our attention, we fall in the moments of ennui into a melancholy gloom, which leaves behind it even after time and reflection have enabled us to deſpiſe the object of regret, a moroſeneſs of temper, never ſatisfied by preſent enjoyment, but always recurring to the paſt or looking forward to the future.

Of ſimilar origin is that prejudice which leads us to regard the opinions which we have imbibed in our early years as the ſtandards of truth. The man of ſolitude, unuſed to that contrariety of ſentiment which is diſplayed in the mixed ſocieties of the world, eſpouſes a claſs of ideas which become too familiar to his mind to be eaſily obliterated, and every oppoſition to which he treats with contempt or ridicule. Unaccuſtomed to contradiction, he learns to conſider all his opinions as juſt, and is equally ſurpriſed and mortified, when he finds, on a further intimacy with mankind, that he is deſpiſed or laughed at.

Honorius was deſcended from one of the moſt repectable families in the kingdom, and after receiving a liberal education, was introduced at the age of twenty-five to all the diſſipation and the pleaſures of the metropolis. Diſtinguiſhed by his learning, the elegance of his form, and the eaſe of his addreſs, he was alike the favourite of the fair, the wealthy, the learned, and the gay. The old reſpected him as the apparent heir to the honours of his father, and the young as one whoſe rank and manners entitled him to an influence in the empire of faſhion. The ſtudent admired him for his knowledge, and the beau for the elegance of his dreſs. His deciſion upon the merits of a particle, or the value of a necklace, was equally deciſive. In the ſocieties of literature he was the philoſopher and the ſcholar, and in the circles of politeneſs the man of faſhion and the gentleman.

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While he was thus indulging in all the pleasures which his rank, his talents, and his supposed riches could procure him, his father expired, and upon an examination of his affairs, it was discovered, that by gaming and other extravagance the estate which devolved to Honorius was merely sufficient to support him in the rank of a country gentleman. As he was too proud to owe that rank which he once claimed as his right to the courtesy of others, and too refined to associate with men whose conversation he had learned to despise, he resolved to seclude himself from the world, and to employ his hours in the cultivation of his estate. Here in the company only of his books, his mind was insensibly tinctured with melancholy. He passed the evening in watching the rays of the setting sun, or in tracing the meanderings of the stream which glided through his grounds, in silent reveries of thought, till the voice of the neighbouring peasantry roused him from reflection, or he was surprised by the shades of night. As his seclusion from the world became more austere, he gradually lost his remaining vivacity. He would frequently sit whole hours without allowing his mind to be engaged by any of the usual relaxations of life: he became moroſe, watchful, and suspicious, and at length in a silent paroxysm of passion to which he had been led by comparing the elevation of his early life with his present insignificance, he ordered his servants to deny him to any of the neighbouring gentry who might visit him; he dropt the correspondence of his friends, and sought a refuge from the pangs of thought in the amusements of study. As envy, regret, and pride, preyed in his bosom, he insensibly

bly became a miſanthrope. The happineſs of others haraſſed him perpetually with the remembrance of the ſplendour which the imprudence of his father had denied him. His mind was by turns perplexed with jealouſy and ambition, and his time waſted in ſilent exclamations of regret and diſappointment.

Such was the ſtate of mind in which *Honorius*, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, after thirty years ſecluſion from the world, was welcomed by the intelligence that his uncle had expired, and that he was declared to be the lawful inheritor of his fortune. Honorius bade therefore an adieu to the ſolitudes of W. not without being in ſome meaſure diſordered by the change, and arrived in the metropolis of faſhion in which he had once performed a conſpicuous part, and which he ſtill ſelected as the ſphere where his accompliſhments would be diſplayed to the beſt advantage; his heart panted with anxiety as he reflected upon the ſcenes in which he had paſſed the ſprightlineſs of youth, and he again believed himſelf able to regulate the etiquette of a drawing-room, to decide on the minutiæ of honour, and to enliven the pretty and the gay by his wit and gaiety.

But he found that the ſyſtem of politeneſs was changed; his obſervance of the ceremonials of former times, which he conſidered as the ſtandards of perfection, rendered him the object of courtly ridicule. His ignorance of etiquette rendered him uneaſy and conſtrained. He could not enter a room or move his hat without committing ſome violence

to

to decorum and the graces. The ſpencers, the ſhort coats, the unpowdered hair, excited at once his ſurprize and laughter. Of thoſe who had once delighted him by their beauty or their wit, ſome were retired from the ſtage of fathion to regret the miſapplication of their time, and others were long ſince forgotten in the grave. The beau whoſe volubility had once raiſed the envy of his rivals, was now transformed into the antiquated bachelor, the railer againſt the coquetry of the age; and the belle, to whom the flatteries of faſhion had been willingly allowed, was now condemned to rail at the treachery of man, or to ſooth her mind by the remembrance of her early conquests. The empire of faſhion was uſurped by men whom Honorius remembered liſping on the knee, and a new race of beauties claimed the adoration of the gallant and the young. Wherever Honorius went he found that to ſhine amidſt the young and the gay, it is neceſſary that we ſhould like them poſſeſs youth and gaiety. The beaus received him with real indifference, and the ladies with pretended warmth. As they treated him with ridicule, he beheld them with contempt. In comparisons with the companions of his youth, the beaux appeared frivolous, and the belles affected. The warmth of attachment, and the innocence of freedom, which he remembered as the characteriſtics of his youthful contemporaries, amidſt all the refinements of politeneſs, ſeemed to have vaniſhed. At length diſguſted with what he thought the frivolouſneſs of the age, he bade adieu to the ſociety of vivacity, politeneſs, and beauty, to ſeek the ſociety of men of learning.

But

But in the ſociety of men of learning he was equally alone; they ſometimes happened, indeed, to diſcuſs topics of which he was a maſter, but retirement had given him prejudices which were every moment attacked. From the brows of the wits of Queen Anne's reign, whoſe names he revered with enthuſiaſm, he found that a new race of writers had gained the wreath of Genius. The poetry of Addiſon was no longer conſidered as ſublime. The periods of the Rambler were quoted in the circles of literature, while the ſentences of the Spectator were forgotten. Energy was more admired than wit. The criticiſms of Warburton had yielded to thoſe of Johnſon, and the comedies of Cibber to thoſe of Cumberland. The poetry of Cowper had the applauſe of criticiſm, and the novels of Mrs. Burney had been allowed a place near thoſe of Richardſon.

All theſe changes were perhaps natural, and ſuch as might have pleaſed Honorius had he lived long in the commerce of the world, but they were not ſuch as had pleaſed his imagination, and they appeared ridiculous. After having ſpent a month in fruitleſs reſearches after happineſs, he returned to his retirement, and died at the age of ſeventy-five, in the firm perſuaſion that the men of faſhion of the preſent age had not the leaſt pretenſion to ſenſe or politeneſs; that our belles were leſs beautiful, leſs chaſte, and leſs modeſt, than the belles of the court of George the Second, and that our literature was unworthy of the age of Anne, and only remarkable for obſcurity, pompoſity, and dullneſs.

No.

No. 37.

——— *Meum qui pectus inaniter angit*
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

HOR.

IMITATED.

'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns,
Enrage, compose with more than magic art,
With pity and with terror tear my heart,
And snatch me o'er the earth, or thro' the air
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

POPE.

To the Author of the Saunterer.

SIR,

IT has been frequently observed that he who wishes to excite applause ought rather to glide imperceptibly into notice, than to excite jealousy or expectation by premature display of his talents or genius. Every one who boldly claims the favour of the world without a regular solicitation of its suffrage, is not only liable to the shafts of envy, but to the censure of the credulous and the sanguine. They who have listened to the voice of fame, will have formed a picture of ideal excellence. Of the original, every beauty will be lessened, and every fault exaggerated. The general tales of rumour are a sufficient

cient apology for ſuch a weakneſs. *Chaucer* has deſcribed them as receiving ſome addition from every tongue, till at length they are deſtroyed at the approach of truth, as the clouds which appear to the eye of the peaſant in the form of an army or a city, before the rays of the meridian ſun vaniſh into air.

Such were the reflections which were naturally excited in the mind on the arrival of Maſter Betty at the Newcaſtle theatre. Unwilling to believe that he whoſe talents had been acknowledged by the juſtice of criticiſm was unworthy of the laurel which criticiſm had granted, yet afraid to indulge in too ardent expectations, leſt they might end in diſappointment, the writer of this article waited with a mixture of impatience and fear, till the Young Roſcius appeared in the character of Douglas. That his fears were huſhed, and his expectations gratified, is no mean praiſe. He has ſeen Maſter Betty, and, like the reſt of the world, has ſeen him to admire.

The character of Douglas, heroic, animated, and virtuous, ſtruggling between poverty and ambition—between the ties of affection and the hatred of deceit, was ſufficiently varied to afford a competent diſplay of his powers. The modeſt dignity of a youth, who, though at firſt unconſcious of his own importance, breathes the ſpirit of manly independence, was depicted with every power which art or talent could ſupply. When, after mentioning the lowlineſs of his birth, he recites his own exploits, beginning with the line,

" For I had heard of battles, and I long'd," &c.

and ending with—

" An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,"

the expreſſion of his countenance and action ſeemed to inſpire the ſpectators with equal energy. His fall from the height of animation to a conſciouſneſs of his own meanneſs, was equally admirable. His manner was equally free from timidity and bluſtering. His modeſty was viſible, but it was the modeſty of a hero.

The delivery of the ſpeech—

" Small is the ſkill my lord delights to praiſe,
" In him he favours," &c.

was given in the moſt impreſſive manner. The averted fire of his eye; the changes in his countenance, from unimpaſſioned reflection to temperate animation, and from animation to calmneſs, and the graceful dignity of his action, altogether formed a figure which a Raphael might have gazed on with rapture.

His pronunciation of—

" ——— Mild he ſpake,
" And ent'ring on diſcourſe ſuch ſtories told
" As made me oft reviſit his ſad cell,"

was literally an echo to the ſenſe. His delivery of the paſſage—

" Mighty

"Mighty God! my brother!
"Oh! my brother!"

was defective. It was the expreſſion of tenderneſs rather than of horror and aſtoniſhment.

But the part in which he moſt eminently ſhone, was in the animated expreſſion of proud exultation—

'Bleſt be the hour I left my father's houſe;
"I might have been a ſhepherd all my days,
"And ſtole obſcurely to a peaſant's grave.
"Now if I live with mighty chiefs I ſtand,
"And if I fall with noble duſt I die!"

The enthuſiaſm was communicated to every boſom. His countenance and air expreſſed the pride, the triumph of a high-born chief. If I may ſpeak poetically, the earth ſeemed too little for his graſp. The exclamation ſtruck the audience more forcibly, as it might with ſome alteration be applied to himſelf.

If he ever failed it was in the ſcenes of tenderneſs. His eye melts into tears, and his countenance is expreſſive. He does not fail for want of power, but through exceſs of refinement. The tone of his voice is too artificial. It is not the tone of real, but of pretended affection. His words are pronounced with too ſtudied a melody. The broken voice and the half-choaked utterance are totally wanting. He diſplays ſomething of nature, but too much of art. From this cenſure, however, muſt be excepted his delivery of the words—

" Art thou my mother?"

which were delivered with pathos and nature. When he pronounced the word *thou*, his eye was expreſſive at once of doubt and tenderneſs. His emphaſis ſeemed at the ſame time to aſk the queſtion, and to expreſs that affection ſhe had previouſly inſpired.

His taunts upon Glenalvon were better expreſſed than by any other performer I remember to have ſeen:—

" And though I have been told that there are men
" Who borrow friendſhip's tongue, to ſpeak their ſcorn,
" Yet in ſuch language I am little ſkill'd;
" Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counſel."

His expreſſion, by his action and his voice, of the line—

" Now thou may'ſt ſcoff in ſafety,"

was juſtly rewarded with a thunder of applauſe.

His dying ſcene was the moſt pathetic which I ever witneſſed. The mingled ſentiments of abhorrence, regret, affection, and reſignation, were admirably expreſſed. He diſplayed nature in her moſt affecting form. When faint and breathleſs he ſunk upon the ground in the agonies of death, he again appeared to forget his wound, in the remembrance of the din of battle:—

" Oh had I fall'n as my brave father fell!
" Turning with great effort the tide of battle!"

His

His voice was again animated; he roſe from the ground for a moment, but his ſtrength failed him, and, overcome with agitation, he expired, gazing upon his mother.

Upon the whole, his performance of Douglas was correct, poetical, and animated; ſuch as commanded applauſe and gratified expectation. That it was faultleſs cannot be aſſerted. His principal defect is too great a diſplay of art. He is too refined for nature. His action and elocution are, like the numbers of Pope, poliſhed into weakneſs. In the Iliad Jove thunders in echoing cadence, and in the theatre Douglas dies like a hero and a gentleman. This cenſure will perhaps add to his merit in the eyes of many of his admirers. The imitation of a player may perhaps be compared with propriety to the production of a poet, and there are more of thoſe who are pleaſed by the melody of Pope, than of thoſe who are delighted with the magnificence of Dryden. But ſtill his refinement is a fault. We admire Betty, and forget Douglas.

In Tancred we behold a monarch diſtracted with love, jealouſy, ſorrow, and revenge. It is in *violence* of paſſion, and in ſolemn dignity, that Maſter Betty appears with the greateſt excellence. His loud, ſonorous, and hollow voice, is equally expreſſive of rage and animation. The majeſty of his attitudes cannot eaſily be conceived by thoſe who have not ſeen him. The fire of his eye, and the flexibility of his countenance, are formed to expreſs the workings of hatred, horror, and deſpair. His performance of Tancred was in many ſcenes ſuperior to that of Doug-

las: he diſplayed more of nature and leſs of art. This applauſe, however, muſt not be granted to ſome of his tender ſcenes with Segiſmunda. His expreſſion of love was too declamatory; it was the well-poliſhed perſuaſion of an orator, rather than the warm and trembling accent of a lover. The words—

> " Let me exhale my ſoul in ſofteſt tranſport,
> " Since I again behold my Segiſmunda,"

were delivered with the coolneſs of artifice rather than with real warmth of feeling. That he has never felt the paſſion of love, is an excuſe which would ſeem to indicate (what cannot be admitted) that he is only excellent as a boy; neither is it of much weight, ſince, if to expreſs the paſſions with excellence it were *always* neceſſary previouſly to have felt them, how would Betty be able to imitate that of jealouſy?

In the ſcenes of madneſs, dignity, and horror, he was more happy. The words—

> " What doſt thou mean? thy words, thy look, thy manner,
> " Seem to conceal ſome horrid ſecret——heavens!
> " No!—that was wild—diſtraction fires the thought,"

thrill'd through every heart. The ſpeech—

> " Inſolent Oſmond know
> " This upſtart king will hurl confuſion on thee,"

was delivered with majeſtic dignity. The attitude is all that is ſtriking in this ſpeech, and it was admirable.

His

His picture of madneſs exceeded every thing which imagination could conceive. The audience were at once agitated with horror, aſtoniſhment, and pity.

" Hah! my brain is all on fire;
" A wild abyſs of thought
" Th' infernal world diſcloſes! ſee! behold him!
" Lo! with fierce ſmiles he ſhakes the bloody ſteel,
" And mocks my feeble tears!"

His expreſſion of the fooliſh laughter, which often ſucceeds the paroxyſm of madneſs, was happily imagined, and wonderfully executed. He ſunk down near the body of Sigiſmunda, amidſt the applauſe, the horror, and the tears of the audience.

Z.

Gateſhead.

No. 38.

To the Author of the Saunterer.

SIR,

THE next appearance of Maſter Betty (Thurſday, Auguſt 22.) was in Hamlet, a character which has always been conſidered as one of the chief teſts of an actor's powers. In this part, more than in any other, he was ſubjected to a compariſon with the veterans of the ſtage,

ſtage, and he perhaps will not ſuffer by the compariſon. The woe-worn countenance, and the affected madneſs of the unhappy prince, were depicted with great excellence. His voice is well ſuited to the tones of melancholy. If his performance of Hamlet was not in general ſo faultleſs as that of Douglas, yet in particular ſcenes it was ſuperior. In Douglas we applaud the performance in general;—in Hamlet we are ſurpriſed by unexpected beauties. Douglas never wearies the attention; Hamlet frequently melts the audience into rapture.

The ſcene with his father's ghoſt was admirable. Some celebrated performers have imagined, that becauſe the ſpirit of his father was expected, Hamlet ought not to be very violently agitated. But this is a miſtake. Every man who ſees danger at a diſtance, feels himſelf more powerfully intimidated at its approach. A company of heroes advancing to battle would be at firſt terrified by the thunder of the enemy. The ſame is the caſe with reſpect to aſtoniſhment. Though we expect ſomething wonderful, our fear and our wonder are excited by its appearance. The action of Maſter Betty, therefore, upon the appearance of his father's ſpirit, when he ſtarted back with violent ſurprize, was juſt and natural. After his firſt emotion was ſubſided, he gazed upon the ghoſt in mute amazement. His attitude and eye were expreſſive of terror and curioſity. When he addreſſed his father in the words—

"I'll call thee Hamlet,
"King, Father, Royal Dane—Oh anſwer me!"

He

He ſunk upon his knees as if at once inſpired by fear and duty. His expreſſion of the word *father* was pathetic and beautiful.

The delivery of the ſpeech,—

> " What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
> " That he ſhould weep for her? What would he do
> " Had he the motive and the cue for paſſion
> " That I have?"

was inimitable. His boſom ſeemed to be labouring with unutterable woe. If his expreſſion of this paſſage may be judged by its effect upon the audience, it was the expreſſion of nature herſelf.

His ſoliloquy—

> " To be, or not to be," &c.

was juſt and impreſſive. For a man it was excellent, but for a boy it was wonderful. He ſeemed to feel every ſentence he uttered—a praiſe which is not always due even to Betty.

His delivery of the beautiful eulogy on man was not natural. It did not appear to ariſe from the peculiarity of his ſituation or his feelings, but from a deſire to diſplay the power of his voice and action. It was the exclamation

clamation of a player, not of Hamlet. His expreſſion of the words—

" In apprehenſion how like a God,"

was, however, more affecting.

His ſpeech to the players was admirably delivered. His action and voice exemplified his precepts. This praiſe perhaps includes every other. With Kemble, who has been much admired in this ſcene, I am unable to compare him.* The ſlight remembrance I have of Cooke induces me to prefer his performance of this part to that of Betty. Cooke is more ſtriking—Betty more correct. In his enunciation of the word *bellow*, which has been ſo much admired by the London critics, there was nothing remarkable.

He excels much in irony, and even frequently falls into it without the authority of his author. Hamlet's taunts upon the king were a perfect ſpecimen of this excellence—

" 'Tis a knaviſh piece of work, but what o' that; your Majeſty " and we that have three ſouls, it touches us not. Let the gall'd jade " go wince; our withers are unwrung."

But

* It is now near four years and a half ſince the writer of this article had an oppportunity of ſeeing Kemble's performance of Hamlet, when he had not attained his 14th year, and was conſequently incapable of retaining any very ſtrong impreſſion of it.

But the climax of his performance of Hamlet was in the cloſet ſcene. In this he diſplayed every excellence of the actor; juſtneſs of attitude and action, expreſſion of countenance, and propriety of emphaſis. But what is of more importance and independent of all theſe, he appeared to feel the paſſion he repreſented, and inſpired it in others. His compariſon of the portraits of his father and his uncle was the moſt impreſſive part of his performance:—

"Look here upon that picture and on this,
"The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers;
"See! what a grace is ſeated on this brow;
"Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himſelf;
"An eye like Mars to threaten or command;
"A ſtation like the herald Mercury,
"New lighted on an heaven-kiſſing hill;
"A combination and a form indeed;
"Where every God did ſeem to ſet his ſeal
"To give the world aſſurance of a man.
"This was your huſband. Look you now what follows!
"Here is your huſband."

The ſpectators were melted into tenderneſs. His eye ſpoke his thoughts more powerfully than his tongue. The rapture with which he kiſſed the picture of his father enchanted the feelings of the audience.

His ſcene with the grave-diggers was well performed. He was arch, correct, pathetic, and natural. This praiſe includes every excellence.

Of

Of his fencing ſcene I have a too imperfect knowledge of the art to be able to judge. But by the graceful eaſe and apparent dexterity with which he performed it, the amateurs ſeem to think that he is a proficient in the ſcience. There is however, much room for deception. As a ſtage-fencer he is, perhaps, without an equal.

Upon the whole, his performance of Hamlet was ſuch as to do honour to his talents and his name. He often ſurpaſſed expectation, and ſeldom diſappointed it. He is, however, too fond of treading the boards. He ſometimes cauſes a languor in the ſcene, by "fretting and ſtrutting an hour upon the ſtage." He appears to imagine that an actor ought to be the ſame time in performing an action, as a real hero. A little more activity in this play and Douglas would be an improvement. His attitudes and motion, likewiſe, though eaſy and majeſtic, are too regular. In the dignified ſcenes of Tancred, Douglas, and Hamlet, his attitudes was nearly the ſame. Whenever he wiſhes to expreſs grief or agitation, the ſame motion of his head is ſure to follow. We are ſometimes reminded of his dancing-maſter. This fault, however, is not remarkable till he has been ſeen more than once, and may be eaſily corrected.

In Achmet all his attractions were united; while he was refined and poliſhed, he was pathetic and natural. The ſcene with Irene, which has been cenſured by the London critics, was the beſt part of his performance. His expreſ-

ſion

ſion of love was much ſuperior to his efforts in Tancred. His pronunciation, however, of

" Thou ſum of every worth! thou heaven of ſweetneſs!"

was too vehement. The reſt of this ſcene was faultleſs. To this praiſe his expreſſion of the following ſpeech was likewiſe entitled:—

" O thou haſt rous'd a thought on which revenge
" Mounts with redoubled fire!———
" ———————Oh bleſſed ſhade!
" If yet thou hover'ſt o'er thy once lov'd clime,
" Now aid me to redreſs thy bleeding wrongs;
" Infuſe thy mighty ſpirit into my breaſt
" That undiſmay'd
" I may purſue the juſt intent, and dare
" Or nobly to revenge or bravely die!"

The ſcenes with his mother were well executed. If in Douglas and Tancred he failed in the expreſſion of tenderneſs, he cannot be charged with this defect in Barbaroſſa. He ſtole from nature and made the theft his own. In the ſcenes of horror and agitation, he never ſuffered the attention to cool, but hurried the paſſions of his audience along with him. Expectation was wound up to the higheſt pitch, and every mind trembled with hope, anxiety, and fear, till the fall of Barbaroſſa. This is a higher panegyric than it is in the power of criticiſm to give. Something may be aſcribed to the merits of the play, but all the power of imagery, verſification, or invention,

dramatic weak, unless aided by the genius of the actor. If the tears of an audience be moved by distress, the actor must have pictured that distress with pathos and feeling. Thousands have read Barbarossa with indifference, but few have seen Master Better perform Selim without emotion.

His performance of Romeo I have not seen. In Richard it was not Gloucester who trod the stage, but Master Betty. On his performance of Frederic I have no remarks to add to those of which the public have been long in possession.

In my next paper, in a general estimate of Master Betty's powers as an actor, I shall add some other cursory remarks upon the plays I have already mentioned. I have only to lament the inadequacy of my talents to the subject. The remarks I have already made must be rather recommended by their candour than their ability. A theatrical criticism cannot be expected to delight by elegance of language. The words, *delivery*, *expression*, *pronunciation*, *attitude*, and *action*, continually recur. A literary criticism may be read by all with pleasure, for all have an opportunity of considering its justice; but a theatrical critique must be, to many of its readers, insipid and obscure.

Z.

Gateshead

No. 39.

To the Author of the Saunterer.

SIR,

I shall now proceed to give my general estimate of the character of Master Betty, not only as it will enable me to exemplify some of my former observations, but as it will perhaps give more pleasure to your readers than a more particular criticism.

To nature Master Betty is much indebted; his form is elegant, his eye expressive, and his voice melodious. Perhaps his countenance is too florid and voluptuous. To the gifts of nature he has added the ornaments of art. His action and elocution have been improved by continual practice and instruction. *Upon the stage* he can seldom be detected in an awkward attitude, or a false pronunciation. Every sentence is uttered with tuneful harmony, and every motion performed with grace and majesty. His transition from one passion to another, however rapid or abrupt, is easy and dignified. Tears succeed to smiles, and madness to sorrow, without suffering the spectators to feel languor or disappointment.

It cannot be denied, however, that his performance is too artificial and refined. He sometimes appears not to

feel the paſſion he endeavours to expreſs. The falls of his voice are too frequent and unnatural: he ſhews too much of ſtage deception. We do, indeed, admire the eaſe of his attitudes, and the harmony of his ſentences, but we admire the player, not the hero. He has likewiſe another very ſtriking fault, which I know not how he will correct—his voice is always the ſame. A good actor ſhould be able to aſſume a different voice in Hamlet, Tancred, Douglas, and Richard. Maſter Betty has not yet attained this excellence. After ſeeing him for the ninth time, we are at once wearied and delighted.

It has been aſſerted by a writer of reſpectable talents, that he is rather indebted to diligence and inſtruction for celebrity than to native genius. Yet if this be admitted of Betty, it muſt likewiſe be admitted of Garrick, of Barry, and of Kemble. Nor does it leſſen the merit of Maſter Betty, for where ſhall we find another boy, who with equal inſtruction, can diſplay equal excellence? Maſter Betty cannot be praiſed for performing what he was never taught, but for profiting by the leſſons he has received. If he do not poſſeſs that power which we diſtinguiſh by the name of genius, yet he poſſeſſes thoſe talents which form the actor. It is ſurely ſufficiently wonderful that a boy of 13 years of age can be inſtructed to tread the ſtage with eaſe and intrepidity, and to move the horror or the pity of an audience!

It perhaps will not be doing him an injuſtice to compare him with a youthful prodigy of the eighteenth century;

tury; to one who, with superior genius, was condemned to waste his life in poverty and sorrow—to linger for a while beneath the frown of insolence and pride, and to pay by grief, indigence, and labour, for a literary immortality.

To form the actor are required elegance of form, melody of voice, vivacity of the eye, and expression of the countenance; a mind observing and intelligent, formed readily to receive impressions, and to retain them; a memory retentive and capacious, a conception rapid and acute.

To form the poet are required, as to form an actor, acuteness and rapidity of conception, and retention and capaciousness of memory. But to these must be added an intimacy with the human heart, profundity of thought, and readiness of invention; that genius which creates, that imagination which amplifies; a knowledge of nature and of man, an acquaintance with science and with books.

The powers of Betty were discovered when it was yet easy to mature them. Before he ventured to appear upon the stage, his talents had been improved by instruction, and his efforts encouraged by praise. In the lap of leisure, secure from the storms of indigence, he was never condemned to mourn over the pages of Shakespeare by the feeble gleamings of a midnight taper. He enjoyed all that affection and indulgence could procure—a mind

exempted from pecuniary anxiety—a day unclouded by the frown of inſolence.

Chatterton owed his improvement to his own genius and fortitude: he had no praiſe to animate—no care to cheriſh—no guardian to protect. By him excellence was purſued in defiance of poverty, reſtraint, and inconvenience. In the hours ſtolen from labour, and perhaps from ſorrow, he raiſed his own future immortality. The moſt valuable of his productions were the offspring of difficulty and diſtreſs: Genius alone enabled him to ſoar above the clouds of ignorance. To example or inſtruction he owed nothing.

The ſuperiority of natural powers muſt therefore, without heſitation, be allowed to Chatterton. If it be difficult to arrive at excellence, when encouraged by leiſure, indulgence, and applauſe, what muſt be the genius of him who can reach the magnificence of poetry amid grief, poverty, and ignorance? Betty, in the arms of leiſure, was enabled to attend to the precepts of his friends—to correct the faults of negligence or habit—to ſnatch new beauties, and to improve excellence. Chatterton, beneath the power of poverty, had neither opportunity to correct, nor leiſure to poliſh. He did not arrive at excellence like Betty, by gradual improvement, but appeared at once in perfect luſtre. Betty may be compared to the riſing ſun, which aſcends ſlowly to its zenith—Chatterton to the riſen ſun, which diſperſes the clouds that obſcure its radiance, and burſts upon the ſight in meridian ſplendor. All that aſto-

aſtoniſhes in the works of Chatterton was his own creation—all that pleaſes in the performance of Maſter Betty, has been acquired by unwearied attention. The genius of Chatterton conquered difficulty—the talents of Betty equalled his inſtruction. Chatterton is the child of nature—Betty the pupil of art.

The admirers of Maſter Betty will have no reaſon to accuſe me of partiality to Chatterton, for I am doubtful whether, to conſtitute an actor, genius is neceſſary. By genius, I mean that power, without which judgment, acuteneſs, penetration, and knowledge, are of no avail; that power which conquers reſtraint, and animates the page of unlettered ignorance. He who is poſſeſſed of elegance of form, expreſſion of countenance, acuteneſs of perception, retention of memory, and power and melody of voice, may, by attention, become an actor; but of what avail are all theſe qualifications to form the poet? The poems of Bloomfield and of Burns were compoſed at the plough, but where ſhall we find a Kemble or a Betty who attained, in the ſame ſphere, an equal excellence? No one can believe that, to form the poet, requires leſs obſervation or intimacy with the world, than to form the player; but obſervation alone will perfect the player, while genius alone will form the poet. The art of an actor may be acquired, but that of the poet can only be improved.

In acquired powers, the ſuperiority muſt be allowed to Betty, but thoſe powers were not more happily employed

in

in proportion to the number of advantages he poſſeſſed. Chatterton, under the impreſſion of fear and anxiety, attained a conſiderable ſmoothneſs of verſification. Maſter Betty, in the lap of ſecurity and indulgence, attained propriety of accent and emphaſis, eaſe of motion, and grace of attitude.

The ſuperiority of Chatterton will be ſomewhat diminiſhed by the difference of age. Maſter Betty appeared to the world before he was twelve years of age—Chatterton when he was fifteen. This difference, however, will not appear conſiderable, when is remembered that Chatterton had but two hours a day in which he could employ his pen. His manuſcript muſt have been a conſiderable time beneath his hands, and opportunity could not allow him to make much correction. But there is a more important conſideration. A boy at any age, if he have every other requiſite, will be able to expreſs the paſſions by his voice and countenance; but the words of a language, after every other requiſite is acquired, muſt be gained by obſervation. The player, it is true, muſt feel the words he pronounces, but there is a very material difference between this knowledge and that which is neceſſary to apply them. Every ſchool-boy can read *Virgil*, but how many will be found that can put a tranſlated ſentence of the Eneid into its original language? It is more extraordinary, if every other circumſtance had been equal, that Chatterton ſhould have wrote the Battle of Haſtings at ſixteen, than that Maſter Betty at twelve ſhould have played Douglas.

The

The rewards which Chatterton and Betty have reſpectively received, are like the circumſtances under which they attained excellence.

Betty roſe at once to fame and affluence. *He* was never condemned to feel the ſtings of inſult and of want, to ſtrive againſt poverty, or to bow to inſolence and pride. His talents were at the ſame time admired and rewarded. He found himſelf, at the age of fourteen, the poſſeſſor of a fortune fully adequate to all the elegancies of life; the companion and the favourite of the great—the wonder and the idol of the vulgar; for him no honour was thought too high—no reward too liberal; even the voice of cenſure was employed in vain, or if heard, was heard without attention.

To Chatterton, the voice of praiſe and the ſmiles of fortune were equally unknown. *He* had no wealth to purchaſe enjoyment—no name to command attention. To him the ephemeræ of faſhion were the inſulters of poverty, and the mockers of diſtreſs. Hope never brightened his proſpects—no friend to genius ever lightened his labours. *He* did not languiſh away his youth in the poſſeſſion of pleaſure, elegance, or comfort. *A penny tart was to him a luxury.* He lived in miſery, and died by poiſon!

My colouring of theſe two potraits is not too high. I do not, however, think that the fate of Chatterton does ſo much diſhonour to the age itſelf, as ſome ſeem to imagine. Had Chatterton procured to his works the publicity which neceſſa-

neceſſarily attended the exertions of Maſter Betty, he would have been, perhaps, equally rewarded. He ſeems to have believed that, becauſe he had diſcovered one example of avaricious pride, all our nobility were proud and avaricious. Chatterton *deſerved* equal honours with Maſter Betty; but it does not impeach the candour of the age that they were not granted, for how can he be rewarded who is not known? This neglect can only reflect diſgrace upon a few individuals. Chatterton truſted to a Walpole, and Betty ſubmitted to a Hough. The former was an *Oxford*—the latter was a *man*.

In this opinion of the age I hope that I am not miſtaken: I have, indeed, ſome reaſons for fear. In what circumſtances are *the relations* of Chatterton? It is eaſy to ſee an error after it has been committed, but our repentance ought to render us more cautious. Perhaps the contemporaries of Chatterton would have declaimed with vehemence againſt their predeceſſors, had Chatterton lived the contemporary of Addiſon. *The ſincerity of this or a future age will be beſt diſplayed upon the appearance of another Chatterton.* Z.

No. 40.

Nihil tam absurdum quod non dictum sit ab aliquo philosophorum.

CICERO.

There is nothing so absurd as not to have been asserted at some time by some philosopher.

THERE is perhaps nothing so injurious to the cause of truth as the cowardice of authors. It is sometimes dangerous for a writer, in pursuit of fame, to hazard opinions which, though just, may subject him to the imputation of singularity, and to the attacks of all who with to gain popularity, by fighting in a cause already victorious by its age and numbers. It is necessary for him who wishes to rise in the estimation of the world, to assent in silence to its judgment till his fame is above the reach of envy and declamation; to a period when he will be heard with greater attention, and more implicit reverence.

But when an author, by the superiority of his genius or a favourable concurrence of circumstances, has gained this eminence, he generally feels that an acquiescence in the judgment of others has led to an adoption of their prejudices, or that with the power to undeceive mankind he no longer retains the ardour of his early years. He is willing to preserve in peace the laurels he has already gained.

gained, without incurring the danger of disgrace by unnecessary diligence, and leaves the task of enlightening mankind to more bold and generous adventurers.

Perhaps, too, the pleasure of descanting on a laboured topic, and of displaying eloquence and learning in support of what few will have the courage to deny, may seduce the votary of literary fame. It is easier to employ elegance of language and beauty of imagery on a common subject than to express a new idea with propriety. It is easy to glide before the torrent of opinion, but intrepidity and courage are required to oppose it. A few only can be expected to act alone, but millions are formed to follow others.

Some of the same causes which tend to the perpetuity of one opinion may lead to the universality of another. The authority of a name, even without the sanction of time, will influence the decision of the ignorant or the easy. To reject an old opinion may be dangerous, but to reject a new one is unfashionable. The few who are placed at the head of politics or literature are the only men who can think for themselves without interest or fear, and even they may be biassed by affection or vanity; the minor wits and scribblers of the day will echo alike their wisdom and their folly, their justice and absurdity.

The universality of an opinion is not, however, so dangerous as its perpetuity. The leaders of fashion are too capricious to retain with constancy their friendships or their

their hatreds. The idol which they have one day erected will the next be driven to the ground. The work which they once conſigned to oblivion will ſoon be praiſed as the nobleſt monument of human genius. In one month Southey is a Milton, and in the next a Milbourn.

In literature it is eaſier to examine the juſtice of popular opinion than in politics. The abilities and reſources of a ſtateſman cannot be judged of but by their apparent effects; plans which ended in ruin and diſgrace may have been the production of wiſdom and of vigour; enterprizes crowned by ſucceſs may have been formed by cowardice and folly: but of the merit of an author every one has the means to judge; his weakneſſes are the fruit of imbecillity, and his beauties the production of taſte and genius; every man has before him at once his plan and execution, and difference of opinion can only be cauſed by a variety of taſtes, prejudices, and paſſions.

This eaſineſs of examination, however, while it gives to every one the means of judging for himſelf, muſt be likewiſe allowed to add to the influence of ſloth, and to cauſe a falſe confidence in the deciſions of criticiſm. When we know that a ſubject eludes the moſt vigilant enquiry, we are not willing to ſubmit in ſilence to the authority of another; but in caſes which are more eaſily examined we truſt to the opinion of others, ſince we believe that we can add nothing to their remarks. Even when the critic changes his opinion, we do not think that he would have retracted his ſentiments on ſubjects which

are ſo eaſily examined without ſufficient reaſons. The critic, therefore, while he is in ſome meaſure free from the ſuſpicion which attends the politician, may be expected to retrieve his errors with greater publicity and willingneſs. The political apoſtacy of any character weakens, in the opinion of the world, the cauſe he chances to eſpouſe. The errors of literary opinion, which are very univerſal, may eaſily be rectified when the original propagators of thoſe errors retract their ſentiments; but in politics, the deſerter of a party ſtrengthens its followers by his deſertion. In literature every one poſſeſſes the means of judging of the cauſes of a change of opinion, or believes that he poſſeſſes them; but in politics, as we feel ourſelves unable to account for the conduct of a ſtateſman, we readily aſcribe it to ambition or avarice.

If it ſometimes happens, therefore, that literary prejudices retain their ſtrength for a long period of time, we muſt be forced to allow that their firſt propagators really believed the opinions they eſpouſed, and that error continued till it was too late to retrieve it; what firſt owed its ſucceſs to its plauſibility, is now ſanctioned by the authority of a name, and will ſtill influence the majority of mankind, till the cloud of prejudice be diſperſed by ſome later champion of mental and literary freedom.

Theſe are, perhaps, the common-place remarks of literature, but they are remarks which are ſometimes neceſſary to be remembered.

Among

Among the writings which have received the greateſt ſhare of the applauſe of the preceding century, may be numbered the lectures and ſermons of Blair. We are informed by his panegyriſts and biographers, that at the firſt publication of his works they were quoted at once "by the learned and the young, the witty and the gay; that the rapidity of their ſale was never equalled by any other production of the eighteenth century; and that for the fourth volume of his ſermons he received the ſum of two thouſand pounds!" Yet little can be found in any of his productions which diſplays much ſpirit, judgment, or philoſophy. His ſermons are remarkable for little more than an eaſy elegance of ſtyle, and a common-place mediocrity of thought. His lectures diſplay the beauties of a mind improved by education, but little indebted to native genius or vigour. As a critic, when compared with Addiſon, (who like him endeavoured to familiarize his criticiſms to the underſtanding of the vulgar,) he will be found much inferior to his rival. About half of his work may be conſulted as an uſeful abridgment of the beauties of his predeceſſors, and the reſt as a collection of popular abſurdities.

The eſſays of Knox have been praiſed by Boſwell as ſucceſsful imitations of thoſe of Johnſon; but to the ſublimity or profundity of the Rambler Mr. K. can lay no claim. His ſtyle is not remarkable for harmony or ſtrength; it is laboured and exact, without ſmoothneſs or elegance. His thoughts are ſeldom new or ſplendid, but are frequently juſt and ingenious. In attempting to ſur-

priſe or elevate, he frequently falls into inſipidity or bombaſt. His tribute to the memory of Chatterton I could never read without wiſhing that its author would expunge it from the future editions of his work, or preſent it to the world with important and numerous corrections. That Dr. Knox diſplays the learning and reading of a ſcholar it would be fooliſh to deny; but theſe accompliſhments are too frequently obſcured by the laboured ſtiffneſs of his diction. Were he to form his ſtyle by the ear rather than the hand, many of his faults would be avoided. I have obſerved with regret, that the alterations he has made in the later editions of his eſſays have greatly injured their ſpirit and their ſtyle.

I have heard Johnſon cenſured for not giving Cunningham a place in the lives of the poets. But I cannot help thinking, that by becoming his biographer, Johnſon would have waſted his time and abilities. Cunningham is one of thoſe poets whom all think it neceſſary to read, but few ſincerely admire. To ſome readers, indeed, the eaſy feebleneſs of his verſe, and the artificial ornaments which ſupply the place of ſublimity and nature, may be a principal recommendation; but I believe that few of the readers of Goldſmith, Dryden, Pope, or Walcot, can receive much delight from the forced thoughts and nerveleſs lines of Cunningham. The poems of Prior have been juſtly cenſured as containing too much allegory and fable for the language of nature, and the ſame cenſure will apply to the paſtorals of Cunningham. The following ſtanzas contain inſtances of unnatural abſurdity. In

the

the firſt the breath of Phillis is compared to the breeze of the bean-flower bed, and in the fifth the roſes cannot do leſs than fade ſince *Damon* is falſe to his vows.

The roſe, tho' a beautiful red,
Looks faded to Phillis's bloom;
And the breeze from the bean-flower bed
To her breath's but a feeble perfume.

The dew-drop, ſo limpid and gay,
That looſe on the violet lies,
Tho' brighten'd by Phœbus's ray,
Wants luſtre, compar'd to her eyes.

A lily I pluck'd in full pride,
Its freſhneſs with her to compare,
And fooliſhly thought, till I tri'd,
The flow'ret was equally fair.

How, Corydon, could you miſtake,
Your fault be with ſorrow confeſt,
You ſaid the white ſwans on the lake
For ſoftneſs might vie with her breaſt.

The roſes that crept to our mutual receſs,
And reſted among the ſweet boughs,
Are faded,—*they droop—and they cannot do leſs,*
For DAMON *is falſe to his vows.*

The verſes entitled *Morning*, *Noon*, and *Evening*, contain much juſtice of deſcription, but little that can intereſt the feelings. It is not neceſſary that the paſtoral poet ſhould deſcribe every appearance of nature, but that he ſhould ſelect ſuch incidents as can move the paſſions, and embelliſh them by juſt imagery, and natural deſcription. Even ſublimity tires when the attention is not relieved, nor the heart affected by the expreſſion of ſentiment or the delineation of manners.

When we read the verſes of Gray—

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twittering from its ſtraw-built ſhed;
The cock's ſhrill clarion or the echoing horn
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed,

we are very differently affected than by the lines of Cunningham—

In the barn the tenant cock,
Cloſe to Partlet perch'd on high,
Briſkly crows, (the ſhepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge
See the chattering ſwallow ſpring;
Darting thro' the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick ſhe dips her dappled wing.

In

In the lines of Cunningham deſcription ſupplies the place of ſenſe—in that of Gray the images are employed to adorn the ſentiment.

I do not mean, however, that all deſcription is lifeleſs when unaided by incident or reflection; the grand, terrific, and ſublime, will ſtill poſſeſs a power over the feelings, but the compaſs of imagery to which the paſtoral poet is confined prevents him from moving the paſſions, but by the introduction of human paſſions and manners into the buſineſs of his poem.

When I ſay that the verſe of Cunningham is feeble, it may, perhaps, be anſwered, that he aimed at ſimplicity, and that he attained it; but even allowing him the praiſe of ſimplicity, this does not excuſe his want of vigour, ſince vigour and ſimplicity are not incompatible with each other. Smollet's Ode to Leven Water poſſeſſes every characteriſtic of ſimplicity, yet is equally remarkable for energy and ſpirit. As it preſents us likewiſe with a beautiful inſtance of the union of deſcription and ſentiment, I ſhall make no farther apology for inſerting it.

On Leven's banks while free to rove
And tune the rural pipe to Love,
I envy'd not the happieſt ſwain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.
Pure ſtream! in whoſe tranſparent wave
My early limbs I wont to lave,

No

No torrents ſtain thy limpid ſource;
No rocks impede thy dimpling courſe,
That ſweetly murmurs o'er its bed,
With white, round, poliſh'd pebbles ſpread;
While lightly pois'd, the ſcaly brood,
In myriads cleave thy chryſtal flood;
The ſpringing trout, in ſpeckled pride,
The ſalmon, monarch of the tide,
The ruthleſs pike, intent on war,
The ſilver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And edges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks ſo gaily green
May num'rous herds and flocks be ſeen,
And laſſes chaunting o'er the pail,
And ſhepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And induſtry embrown'd with toil,
And hearts reſolv'd and hands prepar'd
The bleſſings they enjoy to guard.

The following verſes of Peter Pindar likewiſe unite ſimplicity with ſtrength, and breathe the real language of love and nature.

Oh thou whoſe love inſpiring air
Delights, yet gives a thouſand woes,

My

My days decline in dark deſpair,
My nights have loſt their ſweet repoſe.

Yet, ah, who once like me was bleſt,
To others ere thy charms were known,
When fancy told my raptur'd breaſt,
That Cynthia ſmil'd on me alone.

Nymph of my ſoul! forgive my ſighs;
Forgive the jealous fears I feel,
Nor blame a trembling wretch who dies
When others to thy beauties kneel.

For theirs is every winning art,
And fortune's gifts, unknown to me;
I only boaſt a ſimple heart
In love with innocence and thee.

I do not mean that the works of Cunningham are totally unworthy of attention; they certainly deſerve peruſal, and may amuſe and improve an idle hour; but it is ſometimes leſs invidious to cenſure than to praiſe. The poetry of Cowley and Tickell might have yet been read, had friendſhip or vanity been leſs laviſh of its encomiums.

Though the following pieces have little connection with the preceding ſubjects, yet they cannot be more properly introduced than at the end of ſuch deſultory obſervations.

THE

THE RESOLUTION.

When firſt by youthful warmth inſpir'd
I ſought the joys of life to prove,
The ſparkling bowl my boſom fir'd,
And nature taught my heart to love.

Amid the feaſt, the dance and ſong,
The goblet's liquid juice I prais'd,
Drawn by mirth's whirling ſtream along,
By wit allur'd, by madneſs rais'd.

Oh! then by health, by fortune bleſs'd,
The rapt'rous dreams of youth were mine;
My glaſs I fill'd, my girl I preſs'd,
And prais'd the joys of love and wine.

Alas how fleet life's pleaſures glide
Before misfortunes howling ſtorm;
How vain are youth and beauty's pride,
The piercing wit, the angel form!

How falſe is beauty's willing ſmile,
The accent ſoft or ſwelling tear;
How vain the lover's ceaſeleſs toil,
The ſigh ſuppreſt, the jealous fear.

How weak the purple cordial's power!
To charm each grief, each care, how vain!
Alas! the poiſon charms an hour,
And leaves behind an age of pain,

A rival's

A rival's form, a rival's art
Seduc'd the weak, the fickle fair;
He charm'd her eye, he ſtole her heart;
That heart too falſe, his vows too fair.

Too ſoon diſeaſe with tort'ring power
Fills my hot veins with liquid fire,
Now racks the ling'ring midnight hour,
And bids each joy, each hope, expire.

No more the pangs of love I'll feel,
No more the fever's fires be mine,
I'll from each treach'rous folly ſteal,
And bid adieu to love and wine.

Lines to her who will underſtand them.

Oft as o'er Skiddaw's wilds I rove,
And mourn the vaniſh'd hours of love;
When the loud wind with boiſt'rous power
Drives o'er my form the ſtormy ſhower,
Tho' hoarſe the pealing thunders roll,
And lightnings flaſh from pole to pole,
The thoughts of thee ſhall cheer my way,
And make the howling tempeſt gay.

When in the cheerful circle's round
Where wit and gaiety are found,
When the blythe dance, and merry tale,
And frolic, mirth, and joy prevail,

When

When converſe ſweet, and beauty's ſmile,
Shall both the happy hours beguile,
From love and friendſhip's arms I'll flee,
And ſeek a miſtreſs and a friend in thee.

And when the haughty foe draws nigh,
When to my country's aid I fly,
When the loud cannon's thund'ring roar
Echo reſounds from ſhore to ſhore,
When death and horror round me ſpread,
And carnage multiplies the dead,
When danger's weapons point to me,
I'll raiſe my arm, and think on thee.

And when life's journey's almoſt o'er,
When youth and ſtrength can charm no more,
When my laſt breath is almoſt fled,
And death flies hov'ring o'er my head,
When all the world flies from my view,
And friendſhip weeps its laſt adieu,
When the laſt ſigh ſhall break from me,
I'll in that ſigh remember thee.

No 41.

Ingenium ſibi quod vacuas deſumſit Athenas,
Et ſtudiis annos ſeptem dedit, inſenuitque
Libris et curis, ſtatua taciturnius exit
Plerumque et riſu populam quatit.

HOR.

IMITATED.

The man who ſtretch'd in Iſis' calm retreat
To books and ſtudy gives ſeven years complete,
See! ſtrow'd with learned duſt, his night cap on,
He walks an object, new beneath the ſun,
The boys flock round him, and the people ſtare,
So ſtiff! ſo mute! ſome pedeſtal you'd ſwear
Stept from its pedeſtal to take the air.

POPE.

THERE is perhaps nothing more neceſſary to the happineſs of a man of letters than an habitual indifference to the praiſe or cenſure of the world. He who learns to regard with much anxiety the opinion of others, and to regulate his happineſs by their frown or approbation, ſubjects himſelf to the malice or caprice of all whom envy or vanity may excite to oppoſe his claims. In proportion to his anxiety for fame, will be his difficulty to gain it. The man who awaits in ſilence till the applauſe of the world rewards his labours, has ſeldom much reaſon to repent his caution; but he who betrays impatience for its praiſe, or

anger at its cenſure, preſents, by his irritability and imprudence, an object to mankind of ridicule or hatred.

Did this folly, however, extend to the circles of literature alone, it might affect the fame of its practiſer, but it would not injure him in the general eſtimation of ſociety. But it is too frequently carried into the circles of common life, and extends its influence to the receſſes of domeſtic privacy. The man who knows the extent of his own abilities, and whoſe talents or learning have gained him the applauſe of literature, is too apt to imagine that the ſame homage will be paid him in the uſual intercourſe of mankind. He therefore obtrudes his remarks and opinions upon the attention of every company into which he is admitted, without any regard to propriety or decorum, and is ſurpriſed to diſcover in the end, that neither his learning nor judgment have excited admiration or reſpect.

It ſhould be remembered, however, that literature is not to all the chief purſuit of human life, that the mind muſt ſometimes be relieved from the cares of buſineſs or of ſtudy; that reflection and anxiety muſt ſometimes be laid aſide for gaiety and pleaſure, and that, in the moments of relaxation, the convivial friend will be more willingly received than the dignified inſtructor. If the man of letters do not gain that applauſe in common converſation which he expected, he has not any reaſon to diſtruſt his own abilities, but may reaſonably aſcribe his failure to the paſſions and diſpoſitions of mankind. It may

may be doubted whether even the converſation of Johnſon would have been agreeable to a circle of men aſſembled in the purſuit of gaiety and pleaſure. Dignity and knowledge are neither reſpected nor admired by the votaries of faſhion and frolic; but are rather conſidered as intruders upon the general happineſs, and are therefore neglected or deſpiſed.

It is deſirable, indeed, to unite the man of faſhion and the ſcholar; to pleaſe the frivolous by dignity and eaſe, and the grave by philoſophy and learning; but ſuch attempts are ſeldom made without debaſing the dignity of the ſcholar, or deſtroying the politeneſs of the gentleman. That ſecluſion which is required to form and improve the ſcholar, and that intercourſe with ſociety which is neceſſary to poliſh the man of faſhion, it is ſeldom in the power of human induſtry to unite. It is poſſible, indeed, to ſupport both of the characters *with decency*, but it is not eaſy to *ſhine* in one without relinquiſhing the other.

As I before obſerved, even the converſation of Johnſon was not probably ſuch as would delight an aſſembly of men of faſhion. Amid the playfulneſs of his humour, and his readineſs of wit, there appears a bitterneſs of ſarcaſm and a ſolemnity of expreſſion, which would be little reliſhed at a levee or a card-table. His form, indeed, was ſuch as to prevent that eaſineſs of addreſs which is the characteriſtic of the gentleman; but it cannot be proved that with all the advantages of external appearance he

would have diſtinguiſhed himſelf equally as a courtier and an author.

Of Addiſon it is known that though in the company of his friends he diſplayed wit, humour, eloquence, and learning, yet in the mixed ſociety of the world, he was affected with a timidity which obſcured the luſtre of his talents. He probably poſſeſſed the manners of a gentleman, but he wanted that confidence which is required to ſhine in faſhionable converſation.

Pope and Warburton are ſeldem mentioned as above or below mediocrity. The behaviour of Swift was a compound of whimſicallity and rudeneſs. Gray was haughty and ſupercilious. Cowper was oppreſſed by unconquerable timidity. Bolingbroke, though he ſhone in converſation, is rather known for his perſonal accompliſhments and his political intrigues, than for any depth of philoſophy or extent of erudition. Chatterton ſays of himſelf, that he had the happy art of pleaſing in converſation, but beſides allowing for the illuſions of youthful vanity, we ſhould remember that his learning was but mean, and the perſons with whom he formed his intimacies were perhaps neither remarkable for penetration nor politeneſs. Goldſmith was generally conſidered as a fooliſh but good natured companion. Adam Smith was ſilent and unobtruſive. Cheſterfield was a maſter and practiſer of politeneſs, but he is principally indebted for his literary fame to his knowledge of courts and

and men, and not to originality of compoſition, or energy of thought.

There have, indeed, been ſome inſtances of men uniting at once the erudition and knowledge of the ſcholar, and the eaſe and the ſuavity of the gentleman. But ſuch men have generally owed their excellence to ſome favourable peculiarity of circumſtances, which attended their application and induſtry. The man of letters has not any reaſon to be diſſatisfied with his own ſucceſs, though he ſhould not reach the eminence of a Fox. To feel the pangs of envy and diſcontent becauſe we are inferior to a few, is to forget our gratitude to that being who enabled us to ſoar above the ſphere of the unlettered and the ignorant.

In the ſocieties of literary men, there is allowed a freedom of opinion which is totally unknown in the daily intercourſe of civility. In the common circles of the world, whatever is apparently ridiculous or ſtrange, is readily conſidered by the vain and the ſuperficial, as the object of laughter and of wonder; and he, therefore, who wiſhes to deſcend to the eaſe of a companion, muſt lay aſide much of his vehemence of ſpeech, and conform himſelf to the comprehenſion and the prejudices of his hearers. This complaiſance, however, is a virtue which is ſeldom practiſed by the man of learning, and its abſence is therefore one great obſtacle to his power of pleaſing.

Theſe obſervations, however, are only directed againſt that inordinate deſire of applauſe which deſtroys the happineſs of its poſſeſſor, and renders him contemptible to the world; but there is a civility of manners which is abſolutely neceſſary in the common intercourſe of life, and which it is in the power of every man to acquire. That dogmatiſm and irritability which are ſo frequently the characteriſtics of literary men, are generally the conſequence of a childiſh indulgence of the paſſions, and may be conquered by circumſpection and perſeverance. The attainments of a ſcholar may only excite the envy or the hatred of the ignorant and the fooliſh; but good-humour is equally pleaſing to the vulgar and the polite, the unlettered and the learned.

If the man of letters be not able to ſhine in the circles of gaiety and faſhion, yet he has little reaſon to complain of the infelicity of its lot. A conſcioufneſs of our own powers is the beſt-preſervative againſt diſcontent and envy. It is not the lot of every one to aſtoniſh or improve the world by the ſplendour of literary talents. He who by his genius and knowledge has gained the applauſe of the learned and the good, may look with intrepidity and triumph on the oppoſition or the laughter of ignorance and folly.

No. 42.

IN that period of the world which the poets have diſtinguiſhed by the title of the ſilver age, when the gifts of plenty were gained without toil, and the charms of pleaſure enjoyed without guilt, the world was ruled by CONTENT, a lovely goddeſs, whoſe ſmile diſpelled the demons of ſolicitude and care; who preſerved the minds and the bodies of her votaries in perpetual health; who enabled age to preſerve the happineſs of youth, and youth to baniſh the anxieties of age.

But at length the tranquillity of her reign was diſturbed by war, attended by ambition, who hurried her from her throne, and condemned her to retire for ſecurity to the cottages of poverty. Attended by innocence and peace, and arrayed in the garb of paſtoral ſimplicity, with a baſket hung careleſsly on her arm, which contained ſome fruits from the garden of the celeſtials, ſhe ſometimes reſted in the cottage of a ſolitary peaſant, whoſe orchard ſupplied him with food, and whoſe thirſt was quenched by a neighbouring rivulet, and ſometimes mixed in the ſports and dances of the ſhepherds: but even theſe abodes of ſimplicity and privacy were diſturbed by malice and revenge, the miniſters of war; and Content perceiving that ſhe could no longer receive the adoration of mankind without ſharing in their guilt, diſappeared from the

the earth, and has never ſince re-viſited the habitations of mortals.

Upon the diſappearance of Content, MIRTH, the ſon of folly, and SORROW, the daughter of misfortune, appeared on the earth. Mirth was arrayed in a robe of purple on which were depicted the victories of love and the amours of Venus. In his right hand he held a goblet of nectar, and in his left a garland of flowers whoſe fragrance overpowered reflection and lulled the ſenſes to forgetfulneſs. His brows were entwined with a wreath of myrtle, and his hair perfumed with ambroſia. He promiſed to all who ſhould follow him eternal youth and unmixed gaiety. The time of his followers was ſpent in perpetual feſtivity and nocturnal revelling—in tuning the harp to the ſongs of gladneſs, or liſtening to the jeſts of merriment and laughter.

The face of Sorrow was overſpread with a ſickly paleneſs. Her eye was always fixed upon the earth, unleſs the voice of hope rouſed her from her reverie. She was arrayed in the robes of night, without ornament or elegance. Her diſhevelled hair hung down in ringlets, and flowed on the boſom of the winds. The revelry of mirth was huſhed at her approach; the verdure of the ſpring faded beneath her ſteps. She ſometimes reclined upon the banks of a rivulet, whoſe murmuring ſoothed the ſenſes to complacency, and ſometimes overhung the battlements of a rock, while the noiſe of the ſcreech-owl was imperfectly heard in the bluſtering of the ſtorm, and the roar-

roaring of the winds inſpired the mind with melancholy horror.

Mirth allured to his train the favourites of fortune, the gay, the giddy, and the young, all who had taſted of the ſtream of pleaſure, and all whom wealth or flattery could ſeduce. The footſteps of Sorrow were followed by all whom calamity or age had rendered inſenſible to the allurements of Mirth; by diſappointed lovers and unprotected orphans; by thoſe who remembered the friendſhip of the dead or felt the inſults of the living. Each led its reſpective followers from the paths of reaſon. The diſciples of Mirth, intoxicated by the garland of forgetfulneſs, paſſed their hours in debauchery without the power of reflection. The votaries of Sorrow waſted their ſtrength in the arms of langour, or were driven by deſpair to the depths of eternity.

But it ſometimes happened that the votaries of Mirth deviated into the ſteps of Sorrow, and that the votaries of Sorrow were perſuaded to join the feſtivities of Mirth. Hope painted to the mourning the felicities of joy, and reflection repreſented to the gay the uncertainty of pleaſure. As it was ſoon perceived, however, that by this inconſtancy of mankind the power of both was endangered, they agreed to reign with divided empire; Mirth preſided over the feſtivities of marriage, and Sorrow ruled the ſolemnities of death. But it was eaſily found that the caprice and inconſtancy of mankind ſometimes paid to one power the homage which belonged to the other; the

the widow appeared at the altar of Mirth, and the bride worſhipped at the ſhrine of Sorrow. In order, therefore, to preſerve the power of each, and to prevent theſe inconveniences, they married, and brought forth CHEERFULNESS. She inherited the gaiety of her father, with the feeling of her mother. Beneath her reign the extacy of joy or the violence of grief were equally unknown. Health, ſimplicity, and innocence, were again the attendants of the cottage and the throne, and the earth was bleſſed by the ſmile of tranquillity and peace.

No. 43.

Memorabilia.

AS the Saunterer has nearly approached its concluſion, I may, perhaps, be allowed the liberty of introducing into this paper a number of miſcellaneous obſervations, which were too trifling to ſtand alone, but which, when collected together, may not be unentertaining or uſeleſs.

When, in a former number, I praiſed the author of the Purſuits of Literature, I alluded to the general character of his writings. He is ſometimes, however, obſcure, inflated, and affected in his ſtyle, and frequently acrimonious and violent in his ſentiments. His poetry, though it be in general forcible and eaſy, diſplays little of that arch-

archneſs or ſpirit which diſtinguiſhes the ſatires of Pope and Dryden; and is ſometimes rendered weak and proſaic by the aukward introduction of characters and names, without regard to order or connection. His matter is loaded with imagery and metaphor, and his diction obſcured by unſucceſsful attempts at ſimplicity. His illiberality and violence are the principal deformities of his work, and materially injure its effect. He does not oppoſe his opponents with the calmneſs or politeneſs of a philoſopher or a gentleman, but attacks them with the fury and the anger of a political madman. There is a warmth of expreſſion, indeed, which may ſometimes break forth amid the agitation and the noiſe of literary controverſy; but the exceptionable paſſages of the Purſuits of Literature are not the momentary effuſions of party zeal, but breathe the uninterrupted ſpirit of bigotry and prejudice. When he mentions Peter Pindar, he introduces, as frequently as poſſible, the epithet *obſcure*; yet the celebrity of that gentleman alone could give him a place in the Purſuits of Literature. When I ſpeak in this manner of the Purſuits of Literature, I do not ſpeak with the reſentment of a democrat or an infidel. Its principles are ſuch as I have always ſupported, to the beſt of my ability, by my writings and converſation. It diſplays extenſive erudition, great command of language, and a *knowledge* of the juſt principles of Engliſh compoſition. Though I have mentioned its faults, I am not inſenſible to its merits, and ſtill think that its author deſerves the gratitude of every man who regards with reverence the conſtitution and religion of his country.

The

The writer, however, who attacks the characters of others ſhould give them an opportunity of confronting their accuſer. That the unworthineſs of a ſatiriſt diminiſhes the influence of his ſatire, is an opinion which the works of Dryden and of Pope may prove to be erroneous. Was *their* poetry leſs ſucceſsful when accompanied by their names than if it had been given anonymouſly to the world? Did vice or folly feel with leſs ſenſibility the dart of ſatire becauſe they knew the hand from which they received it? Did Hogarth regard the ſatire of Churchill with greater indifference becauſe he ſupported his attack by the authority of his name? The apparent cowardice and meanneſs of anonymous ſatire materially diminiſhes its force. The world is unwilling to credit the aſſertion, or regard the cenſure, of a man who dare not ſupport the juſtice of his cenſure, or the truth of his aſſertion, by his perſonal teſtimony; even the objects of his ſatire, however guilty they may be, will triumph over the caution of their accuſer, and deny the juſtice of a charge which cannot be ſupported by the perſonal authority of its author.

The propriety of *frequent* quotation likewiſe, for which the author of the Purſuits of Literature is ſo ſtrenuous an advocate, may be reaſonably doubted. He who thinks himſelf qualified to write upon any ſubject, ſhould be poſſeſſed of the power to expreſs his meaning without labour or obſcurity; but he who employs quotations to expreſs his meaning, is only a ſelector of the eloquence of others, and betrays, by the frequency of the practice, his own poverty

poverty of language. When we praiſe Johnſon as the greateſt of the Engliſh writers, and introduce, to illuſtrate our opinion, the words of Horace, "Sed vatem egregium," &c. &c. we only give a proof of our own barrenneſs of invention. Quotations ſhould only be employed at the head of a paper, to convey ſome idea of the nature of its ſubject, as illuſtrations of criticiſm, or to decide ſome diſputed point in hiſtory or literature. Perhaps the Purſuits of Literature owes its celebrity, in ſome meaſure, to the frequent quotations from ancient and modern claſſics; yet any man may form ſuch a collection of literary reliques, without any other qualifications than much induſtry and a ſlight knowledge of the languages.

Notwithſtanding the praiſes which have been ſo laviſhly beſtowed upon the writings of Voltaire, he is, perhaps, one of thoſe writers whoſe name will be forgotten by future ages. As a poet he ſeldom riſes to ſublimity, and frequently falls below mediocrity; he is frequently eaſy and ſprightly, but ſeldom vigorous or pathetic. The higheſt praiſe which can be given to his ſmaller tales is that of amuſing trifles. His Candide diſplays much ſprightlineſs of fancy, and ſome knowledge of mankind, but little philoſophy, judgment, or genius. As an hiſtorian he is flippant, inaccurate, and fanciful. Whenever he can find an opportunity to indulge a ſneer at the government or politics of England, he ſacrifices to his object every conſideration of truth and probability. His criticiſms are too frequently the offſpring of prejudice or vanity, and

diſplay little energy of judgment or extent of learning. As a philoſopher, he is in general weak, ſuperficial, and viſionary; he purſued an hypotheſis till his fancy was wearied, without regarding the arguments by which it was oppoſed, or the weakneſs of the reaſonings on which it was originally founded. His ſtyle is neither remarkable for ſtrength nor ſplendour, but is eaſy and elegant. Except his hiſtory of Charles XII. his dramas are the only productions in which he has diſplayed much judgment, and they are remarkable for little more. Of the vigour or ſublimity of Shakeſpeare, whom he fooliſhly attempted to rival, they do not poſſeſs the ſmalleſt portion. He may be juſtly conſidered as a man of ſome wit, much variety of knowledge, and conſiderable fancy; but as one who poſſeſſed little ſtrength of mind or profundity of erudition; as one rather formed to amuſe than to aſtoniſh or inſtruct; to improve the plans and the works of others rather than to delight the world by the greatneſs or perfection of his own ideas. Condorcet's Life of Voltaire is one of the moſt unintereſting books I have ever read.

The following letters, as they relate to the Saunterer, (No. 39) may, perhaps, be inſerted with propriety:—

To the Editor of the Tyne Mercury.

SIR,

While peruſing the compariſon of Betty with Chatterton, * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

it

it appeared to me that the only point of agreement between those celebrated characters, is their early maturity of genius. The difference of their fates must excite painful recollections in every mind not dead to feeling; but we should pause ere we censure the age at large for suffering the poet to linger out his short life in misery, while every earthly blessing awaits the command of a Roscius: and consider whether this striking contrast do not necessarily arise from the different pursuits of literature and of acting.

Mind alone is the instrument of an author, and only minds of equal power can justly appreciate his merit; but he who possesses the faculties of sight and hearing may be enraptured with an actor, whose excellence depends so much on externals. How few of the applauders of Master Betty could taste the beauties of Chatterton! A good writer can never experience the personal enjoyments of a successful candidate for theatrical fame. He never hears the thousandth part of the praise his works may receive; but an actor is at once gratified by the applause of the fair, the learned, and the noble—even royalty itself repeats his eulogium. Alone and unsupported, the votary of literature may consume the best of his days in mental labour: the work which is produced may be of distinguished excellence, and yet his only reward be a scanty pittance while living, and an elaborate panegyric on his tomb! The experience of ages confirms the truth of this melancholy portrait. Look to our great moralist,

Johnſon, whoſe papers may enlighten the moſt diſtant poſterity, not honourably ſubſiſting on the fruits of his genius, but depending on a penſion for ſupport! The Ayrſhire bard, whoſe poems reflect honour on his country, was rewarded, like ſome ſuperannuated valet, with a place in the exciſe. Can the fate of the unfortunate Chatterton then ſurpriſe? it ſhould be recollected too, that if he really compoſed the Battle of Haſtings, he commenced his poetical career by impoſture. Whatever be its merits, he diſclaimed them. Could he expect the reward of original genius for merely tranſcribing the manuſcripts of Rowley? His acknowledged, and later productions, are generally deemed inferior to thoſe which he attributed to the monk of Briſtol.

The ſtability of a work, though it extend the fame of its author, renders it to him leſs advantageous. To repeatedly enjoy the beauties of a poem, were repeated purchaſes neceſſary, a poet need not envy the fortune of a Roſcius: but a book, placed in a public library, may long yield inſtruction and delight to thouſands, without its author deriving any pecuniary advantage whatever. Lewis and Home have no ſhare in the triumph and reward which the theatrical phenomenon enjoys in the characters of Oſmond and Douglas. None can taſte or feel *his* beauties without purchaſing the gratification. For rivals of his fame, he has only his countrymen and contemporaries. An author enters the field againſt every genius of every country, and of the moſt diſtant ages—he may

may be ſaid even to contend with futurity. When the mere actor quits this mortal ſtage, he leaves nothing for poſterity to admire—his powers are felt only when they can be rewarded; but the poet enjoys a ſpecies of immortality, and extorts applauſe when reward cannot reach him. Perhaps, if the beauties of a poem expired with the poet, his life would be more honoured, and his death more ſincerely lamented. In every other profeſſion, diſtinguiſhed talents enſure an ample fortune, while a celebrated author ſeldom enjoys the proud ſatisfaction of obtaining an honourable ſupport by his genius. Patronage or penſion, though it reflects honour on the man who beſtows it, is degrading to him, and depreſſes that noble ſpirit of independence, which is the ſure concomitant of genius, and which ſhrinks at receiving dignified alms from unlettered ignorance. Great indeed muſt be the love of fame—ſweet the whiſperings of hope, to induce any one voluntarily to devote his days to a profeſſion, in the purſuit of which, it is probable, he muſt ſubmit to receive from compaſſion, what he feels aſſured is his right; to kiſs the hand which humbles him to the duſt! Indeed, the annals of literature render the queſtion no longer doubtful whether, were another Chatterton to ariſe, his

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,"

would be remunerated with the affluence of a Betty.

O.

* *To the Editor of the Tyne Mercury.*

SIR,

I ſhould not have troubled you with the preſent trifling communication, had it not appeared to me that the writer of the obſervations, ſigned O. in your laſt week's paper, had, in ſome degree, miſtaken my meaning. I did not point out the fate of Chatterton as any diſgrace to the age itſelf, but as a diſgrace to individuals, and as a ſubject of melancholy reflection. Whether a boy of the age of ſixteen ought, for ſuch an artifice as that of Chatterton, to be condemned to obſcurity and want, the limits of my paper will not allow me to enquire. Whatever may have been the deceit of Chatterton, his genius was known to Walpole, and that alone deſerved ſome attention. Had he even appeared to be the copyiſt of another, his early curioſity and acuteneſs deſerved the kindneſs and aſſiſtance of the great; but in this caſe Walpole acknowledges that he believed the poems to be the compoſitions of Chatterton himſelf, and that the diſcovery of the impoſture alone prevented him from offering his patronage. Mr. Pinkerton, however, had deceived the world with as much ingenuity as Chatterton; yet the former gentleman was the friend of Walpole, and had the honour to raiſe a literary monument to his memory. Perſonal reſentment, it appears, had greater influence than an hatred of deceit;

and

* This letter firſt appeared under the ſignature of Juſtus. The ſpirit is preſerved, though the expreſſion is altered, as the original impreſſion was loſt. The latter part of it, which alluded to other ſubjects, is expunged.

and what in a youth was a deteſtable and daring crime, in a man was a trivial and pardonable error!

HEWSON CLARKE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas ſeveral literary ladies and gentlemen, particularly William Godwin, Lord Malmſbury, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Southey, Mr. Lambe, the late Editors of the Analytical Review, and the friends of the late Lord Monboddo and Mrs. Robinſon, have claimed ſeveral of the images and opinions which appeared in my letter to the Saunterer, I think it a neceſſary juſtice to myſelf to aſſure the public that I have not copied a ſingle line from the works of Mrs. Robinſon, Lord Monboddo, the Editors of the Analytical Review, Mr. Lambe, Mr. Southey, Mrs. Smith, Lord Malmſbury, or William Godwin, as witneſs my hand, this 10th day of June, 1805.

WILFRID WILDGOOSE.

No 44.

Et mihi purgatam crebro qui perſonet aurem;
Solve ſeneſcentum mature, ſanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.
NUNC ITAQUE VERSUS ET CÆTERA LUDICRA PONO.

Hor.

IMITATED.

A voice there is, which whiſpers in my ear,
('Tis reaſon's voice which ſometimes one can hear,)
Friend CLARKE be prudent, let your muſe take breath,
And never gallop Pegaſus to death,
Leſt ſtiff and ſtately, void of fire and force,
You limp like *Briſted* on a Lord May'r's horſe.
FAREWEL THEN VERSE, AND LOVE, AND EVERY TOY,
THE RHYMES AND PLAYTHINGS OF TH' UNBEARDED BOY.

IT is in ſome meaſure neceſſary for him who wiſhes to promote his reputation, that he ſhould not diſcloſe himſelf till he finds that he has inſpired ſome conjecture and enquiry. When a book is publiſhed without the addition of a name, attention is excited, and curioſity employed in examining the peculiarities of its ſentiments and diction. If it be the production of genius, its fame is increaſed by the rumours which ſucceſſively aſcribe it, like the Phillipics of *Junius*, to the orator, the philoſopher, and the ſtateſman; but if its faults are more numerous than its beauties, candour is willing to excuſe thoſe errors of which the author, by his ſilence, appears to be conſcious. To a periodical writer, ſecrecy is peculiarly favourable

able. If he ſatirizes the vagaries of faſhion, and unites to the erudition of the ſcholar the eaſe of the gentleman, he is painted by the fancy of his reader, as the favourite of the fair, or the companion of the great; his ſallies are quoted by the beaux, and admired by the belles. The polite are gratified by the appearance of a paper conducted by a *maſter of the ceremonies*, and which enables them to ſhine without the toil of thinking; and the vulgar are willing to receive the inſtructions of a man who appears to be intimate with the circles of politeneſs.

But if he diſplay profundity of thought and extent of knowledge, he is conſidered as a ſage whoſe life has been ſpent in the purſuit of ſcience and philoſophy; as one to whom the circles of learning are familiar, and whoſe opinions may be heard without diſtruſt, as the fruits of continual meditation and retirement.

The period has at length arrived which muſt conclude the labours of the SAUNTERER. He muſt now relinquiſh the dignity by which he has endeavoured to command attention, and muſt ſtand before the judgment of the world unaided by imaginary importance.

That all have read my eſſays without wearineſs, or that many have been impreſſed by the truth of my opinions, it would be fooliſh to imagine. My dullneſs may have been cenſured when I have aimed at wit, or my affectation ridiculed where I have attempted elegance. Some may regret that I have not more frequently deſcended to temporary ſubjects, and others that I have ſo

ſeldom

ſeldom indulged in ſallies of pleaſantry. The gay may wiſh that I had attended to the progreſs of faſhion, and the amorous that I had endeavoured to inſtruct the lover or the man of gallantry. In the circle of a provincial newſpaper, there are many to whom an eſſay on morality or criticiſm is uſeleſs. The politician would perhaps be more highly gratified by the conjectured ſagacity of a Roſe, than by the wit or the politeneſs of a Cheſterfield; and the tradeſman would probably prefer a liſt of the prices of ſtock to the pages of the Rambler.

I have not, however, any reaſon to complain of indifference. The enquiries of the learned are ſeldom directed to the columns of a newſpaper; but wherever the circulation of the Mercury has extended, I have been read, and where I have been read I have received ſome attention. The praiſe of men, neither degraded by pedantry nor ignorance, I have always conſidered as the moſt ſatisfactory applauſe; for what can excite that praiſe, but ſentiments which the experience of every man has proved to be true, or opinions which have flattered the votaries of wickedneſs and folly. Of the latter, after a minute examination of my own writings, I have not made any diſcovery; it is therefore reaſonable to conclude that my writings have been in ſome meaſure recommended by the regard which I have endeavoured to expreſs for the cauſe of virtue and of truth.

In thoſe eſſays which I have devoted to perſonal ſatire, I have endeavoured to render that ſatire inapplicable but by

by its likeneſs. I have not traced the peculiarities of a character with minute exactneſs, but have endeavoured to diſtinguiſh thoſe features which, though peculiarly applicable to one, may be applied to many. The concluſion of my paper has prevented me from purſuing my plan to ſuch an extent as I could have wiſhed, not from the pleaſure which is yielded by the ſketches of folly, but from my deſire to hold up to the world the portraits of living virtue.

For my *verba ardentia* I ſhall make no apology. The ſentences which the cold ſeverity of criticiſm may pronounce too warm, may have a powerful effect when employed to ſupport the virtuous, or animate the indolent.

Except thoſe papers ſigned X. and the billet ſigned O. page 290, I have not received any aſſiſtance.

When I look back upon my own labours, whatever may be their inſipidity or weakneſs, I am ſurpriſed at my own attempts. My writings, it is true, muſt be equally praiſed or condemned, whatever may be the ſituation or the motives of their writer. But ſurely if the author be diſgraced, the man may be excuſed, when it is known, that they were not compoſed in the ſhades of retirement, or in the moments of eaſe and penſive luxury, by the man of pleaſure or the votary of ſcience; but amidſt the buſtle of buſineſs, and the murmur of a crowd; by one whoſe days have been ſpent in commercial activity, and who, without diſplaying the genius, has perhaps furniſhed by his writings an example of the youth, the temerity, and the pride of CHATTERTON. If

If, notwithſtanding my labour and my hopes, the literary fabric which I have reared, ſhould be doomed to ſtand only for a while a mouldering monument of uſeleſs labour, I ſhall at leaſt receive ſome conſolation by reflecting that I have not compoſed a line which, in the hour of ſickneſs or of death, I could wiſh to blot. It is not in my power to command the praiſes of learning and greatneſs, but I have endeavoured to deſerve the favour of piety and virtue.

HEWSON CLARKE.

Gateſhead, June 13, 1805.

ERRATA.

Page 51. Line 7. for *negligence* read *uglineſs.*
p. 56. l. 4. for *and without volubility* read *and witty without, &c.*
p. 57. l. 25. for *upon* read *them.*
p. 61. l. 12 for *this* read *his.*
p. 91. l. 16. dele *it*, and l. 20. for *poſſeſſed with* read *poſſeſſed of.*
p. 95. l. 2. for *breeve* read *breve.*
p. 127. l. 29. for *ſtudying* read *ſtudy.*
p. 132. l. 6. for *Oldſworth* read *Creech*, and l. 11 for *aborations* read *aberrations.*
p. 147. l. 5. for *fælus* read *ſcelus.*
p. 153. l. 8. for *much* read *little.*
p. 173. in the mottoes, for *matutitnæ* read *matinæ*, and for *morning* read *mountain.*
p. 250. l. 20. for *three ſouls* read *free ſouls.*
p. 252. l. 18. for *attitudes* read *attitude.*
p. 266. l. 19. for *that error* read *that their error.*
p. 271. l. 9. for *paſſions* read *actions.*
p. 274. l. 24. for *to charm* read *to calm.*

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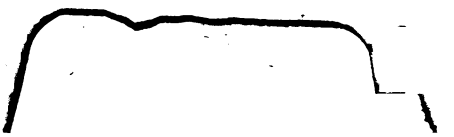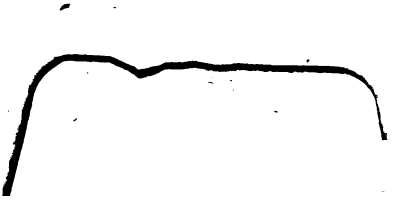
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